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KIT MARLOWE'S WORKS.

VOLUME II.

EDWARD THE SECOND.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

THE MASSACRE AT PARIS.

DIDO QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

Thomas White, Printer,
Crane Court.



THE
WORKS
OF
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.



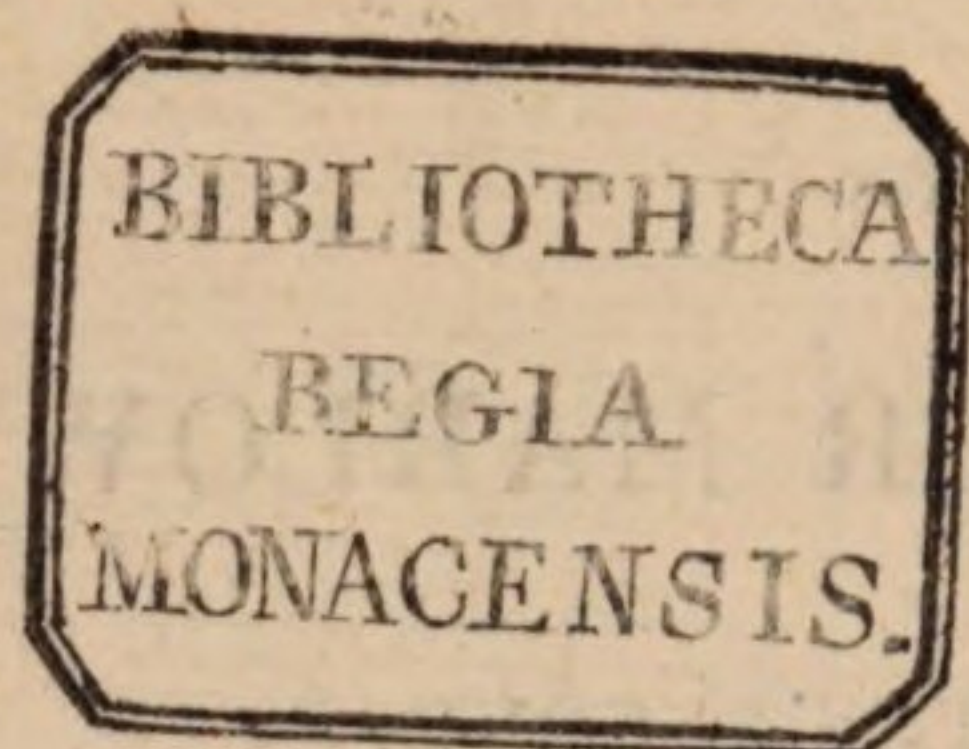
" Marlowe renown'd for his rare art and wit
Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit."

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDON:

WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE;
TALBOYS AND WHEELER, OXFORD;
T. COMBE AND SON, LEICESTER.

M.DCCC.XXVI.



Vol. I. page 11 line 1. for "etiam" read "etiam".
Vol. I. page 11 line 12. for "etiam" read "etiam".
Vol. II. page 11 line 1. for "etiam" read "etiam".
Vol. II. page 11 line 12. for "etiam" read "etiam".
Vol. III. page 11 line 1. for "etiam" read "etiam".
Vol. III. page 11 line 12. for "etiam" read "etiam".

ERRATA.

- Vol. I. page 14. line 3. for "God's" read "Gods."
275. line 13. for " ; " read " , "
28. line 3. read " *a* dainty gallery."
Vol. II. page 76. line 1. for "Lord's" read "Lords."
130. line 29. for "had" read "hath."
163. line 11. for "at the hard heels" read "hard at the heels."
Vol. III. page 429. line 19. "for line 19." read
"Aurora whither slid'st thou? down again,"
455. line 3. for "line 3," read
"Nepenthe, Heav'ns drink, most gladness brings,"

EDWARD THE SECOND.

EDWARD THE SECOND

The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the Second, king of England: with the tragical fall of proud Mortimer: and also the life and death of Piers Gaveston, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty favourite of King Edward the Second. As it was publickly acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Pembroke his servauntes. Written by Chri. Marlow, Gent. Imprinted at London, by Richard Bradocke, for William Jones, dwelling neere Holbourne Conduit, at the signe of the Gunne, 1598, 4to.

This tragedy was entered on the book of the Stationers' Company in July, 1593, and was printed in 1598; again in 1612, 4to. and a third time in 1622, 4to. It is not in the former editions divided into acts.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

EDWARD II.
EDWARD III.
GAVESTON.
OLD SPENCER.
YOUNG SPENCER.
EARL MORTIMER.
YOUNG MORTIMER.
LANCASTER.
LEICESTER.
EDMUND, EARL of KENT.
ARUNDEL.
WARWICK.
PEMBROKE.
ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY.
BISHOP of WINCHESTER.
BISHOP of COVENTRY.
BEAUMONT.
SIR JOHN HAINAULT.
LEVUNE.
BALDOCK.
MATREVIS.
GURNEY.
RICE AP HOWEL.
LIGHTBORN.
ABBOT.
MESSENGERS, &c.

QUEEN ISABELLA.



EDWARD THE SECOND.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter GAVESTON, reading a letter from the king.

GAV. 'My father is deceas'd! Come, Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.'

Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight!

What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston,

Than live and be the favourite of a king!

Sweet prince, I come; these, these thy amorous
lines

Might have enforc'd me to have swam from France,

And like Leander, gasp'd upon the sand,

So thou wouldst smile, and take me in thine arms.

The sight of London to my exil'd eyes

Is as Elysium to a new-come soul;

Not that I love the city, or the men,

But that it harbours him I hold so dear—

The king, upon whose bosom let me lie,

And with the world be still at enmity.

What need the arctick people love star-light,

To whom the sun shines both by day and night?

Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers;

My knee shall bow to none but to the king.

As for the multitude, they are but sparks,
Rak'd up in embers of their poverty;—
Tanti; I'll fawn first on the wind
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.
But how now, what are these?—

Enter three poor MEN.

MEN. Such as desire your worship's service.

GAV. What canst thou do?

1 MAN. I can ride.

GAV. But I have no horse. What art thou?

2 MAN. A traveller.

GAV. Let me see—thou wouldst do well
To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-
time;

And as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.
And what art thou?

3 MAN. A soldier, that hath serv'd against the
Scot.

GAV. Why there are hospitals for such as you;
I have no war, and therefore, sir, be gone.

3 MAN. Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
That would'st reward them with an hospital.

GAV. Aye, aye, these words of his move me as much
As if a goose would play the porcupine,
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.
But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope. [*Aside.*
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not view'd my lord the king;
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

OMNES. We thank your worship.

GAV. I have some business. Leave me to myself.

OMNES. We will wait here about the court.

[*Exeunt.*

GAV. Do ; these are not men for me ;
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please.
Music and poetry are his delight ;
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows ;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad ;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay.
Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring ; and there hard by,
One like Acteon peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,
And running in the likeness of an hart,
By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall seem to die ;—
Such things as these best please his majesty.
By'r lord ! here comes the king, and the nobles,*

* In the old editions of this play we read, *My lord here comes*, &c. This reading is evidently incorrect, and we have, therefore, ventured on the above emendation.

From the parliament. I'll stand aside.

*Enter the KING, LANCASTER, MORTIMER, senior,
MORTIMER, junior, EDMUND EARL of KENT,
GUY EARL of WARWICK, &c.*

EDW. Lancaster!

LAN. My lord.

GAV. That earl of Lancaster do I abhor. [*Aside.*

EDW. Will you not grant me this? In spite of
them

I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeas'd.

E. MOR. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.

GAV. That villain Mortimer, I'll be his death!

[*Aside.*

Y. MOR. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,
Were sworn unto your father at his death,
That he should ne'er return into the realm:
And know, my lord, e'er I will break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up.

GAV. *Mort dieu!* [*Aside.*

EDW. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these
words.

Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?

Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?

The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,

And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.

I will have Gaveston; and you shall know

What danger 'tis to stand against your king.

GAV. Well done, Ned! [*Aside.*

LAN. My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honour you
But for that base and obscure Gaveston?
Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster—
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester,
These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm;
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.

EDW. Barons and earls, your pride hath made me
mute;

But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope,
I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Piercy of the North, being highly mov'd,
Brav'd Mowbery in presence of the king;
For which, had not his highness lov'd him well,
He should have lost his head; but with his look
Th' undaunted spirit of Piercy was appeas'd,
And Mowbery and he were reconcil'd.
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face;
Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads,
Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.

WAR. Oh, our heads!

EDW. Aye, yours; and therefore I would wish you
grant.—

WAR. Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.

Y. MOR. I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak.
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.

Come, uncle, let us leave the brainsick king,
And henceforth parley with our naked swords.

E. MOR. Wiltshire hath men enough to save our
heads.

WAR. All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.

LAN. And northward Lancaster* hath many friends.
Adieu, my lord and either change your mind,
Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
To float in blood; and at thy wanton head,
The glozing head of thy base minion thrown.

[*Exeunt Nobles.*]

EDW. I cannot brook these haughty menaces:
Am I a king, and must be over-rul'd?
Brother, display my ensigns in the fields;
I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.

GAV. I can no longer keep me from my lord:

EDW. What, Gaveston! welcome—Kiss not my
hand—

Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.

Why shouldst thou kneel?

Know'st thou not who I am?

Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston!

Not Hylas was more mourn'd of Hercules,
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile.

GAV. And since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

EDW. I know it—Brother, welcome home my
friend.

* Gaveston, in the old editions.

Now let the treach'rous Mortimers conspire,
And that high-minded earl of Lancaster:
I have my wish, in that I 'joy thy sight;
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land,
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.
I here create thee lord high-chamberlain,
Chief secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, king and lord of Man.

GAV. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

KENT. Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

EDW. Cease, brother; for I cannot brook these
words.

Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart;
If for these dignities thou be envied,
I'll give thee more; for, but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleas'd with kingly regiment.
Fear'st thou thy person? thou shalt have a guard.
Want'st thou gold? go to my treasury.
Wouldst thou be lov'd and fear'd? receive my seal,
Save or condemn, and in our name command
What so thy mind affects, or fancy likes.

GAV. It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the BISHOP of COVENTRY.

EDW. Whither goes my lord of Coventry so fast?

BISH. To celebrate your father's exequies.

But is that wicked Gaveston return'd ?

EDW. Aye, priest, and lives to be reveng'd on thee,
That wert the only cause of his exile.

GAV. 'Tis true; and but for reverence of these robes,
Thou shouldst not plod one foot beyond this place.

BISH. I did no more than I was bound to do ;
And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaim'd,
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

GAV. Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

EDW. Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,
And in the channel christen him anew.

KENT. Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him,
For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.

GAV. Let him complain unto the see of hell,
I'll be reveng'd on him for my exile.

EDW. No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods :
Be thou lord bishop, and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain :
I give him thee—here, use him as thou wilt.

GAV. He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

EDW. Aye, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou
wilt.

BISH. For this offence, be thou accurst of God !

EDW. Who's there ? Convey this priest to the
tower.

BISH. Do, do.

EDW. But, in the mean time, Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard

To see it done, and bring thee safe again.

GAV. What should a priest do with so fair a house?
A prison may best beseem his holiness. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*Enter both the MORTIMERS, WARWICK and
LANCASTER.*

WAR. 'Tis true, the bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston.

LAN. What! will they tyrannize upon the church?
Ah, wicked king! accursed Gaveston!
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless sepulchre, or mine.

Y. MOR. Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard
him sure;
Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.

E. MOR. How now, why droops the earl of Lancaster?

Y. MOR. Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent?

LAN. That villain Gaveston is made an earl.

E. MOR. An earl!

WAR. Aye, and besides lord chamberlain of the
realm,

And secretary too, and lord of Man.

E. MOR. We may not, nor we will not suffer this.

Y. MOR. Why post we not from hence to levy men?

LAN. My lord of Cornwall now at every word!
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing of his bonnet, one good look.
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march:

Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits;
And all the court begins to flatter him.

WAR. Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods, and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.

E. MOR. Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

LAN. All stomach him, but none dare speak a word.

Y. MOR. Aye, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster.

Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
We'd hale him from the bosom of the king,
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up;
Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, and a
MESSENGER.*

WAR. Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.

LAN. His countenance bewrays he is displeas'd.

ARCHBISH. First were his sacred garments rent and
torn,

Then laid they violent hands upon him; next
Himself imprison'd, and his goods asseiz'd:

This certify the pope;—away, take horse.

[Exit Messenger.]

LAN. My lord, will you take arms against the
king?

ARCHBISH. What need I? God himself is up in arms,
When violence is offer'd to the church.

Y. MOR. Then will you join with us, that be his
peers,
To banish or behead that Gaveston?

ARCHBISH. What else, my lords? for it concerns
me near;—

The bishoprick of Coventry is his.

Enter the QUEEN.

Y. MOR. Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?

QUEEN. Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now, my lord, the king regards me not,
But doats upon the love of Gaveston.
He claps his cheek, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;
And when I come he frowns, as who should say,
Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston.

E. MOR. Is it not strange, that he is thus bewitch'd?

Y. MOR. Madam, return unto the court again:
That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
Or lose our lives; and yet ere that day come
The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,
And courage too, to be reveng'd at full.

ARCHBISH. But yet lift not your swords against the
king.

LAN. No; but we'll lift Gaveston from hence.

WAR. And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

QUEEN. Then let him stay; for rather than my lord
Shall be oppress'd with civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolick with his minion.

ARCHBISH. My lords, to ease all this, but hear me
speak:—

We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent

Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.

LAN. What we confirm the king will frustrate.

Y. MOR. Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

WAR. But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?

ARCHBISH. At the New Temple.

Y. MOR. Content.

ARCHBISH. And, in the mean time, I'll intreat
you all

To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

LAN. Come then, let's away.

Y. MOR. Madam, farewell!

QUEEN. Farewell, sweet Mortimer; and, for my
sake.

Forbear to levy arms against the king.

Y. MOR. Aye, if words will serve, if not, I must.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter GAVESTON and the EARL of KENT.

GAV. Edmund, the mighty prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone toward Lambeth—there let them remain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Enter NOBLES, and the ARCHBISHOP of CAN-
TERBURY.*

LAN. Here is the form of Gaveston's exile;
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.

ARCHBISH. Give me the paper.

LAN. Quick, quick, my lord;

I long to write my name.

WAR. But I long more to see him banish'd hence.

Y. MOR. The name of Mortimer shall fright the
king,

Unless he be declin'd from that base peasant.

Enter the KING and GAVESTON.

EDW. What, are you moved that Gaveston sits
here?

It is our pleasure, we will have it so.

LAN. Your grace doth well to place him by your
side,

For no where else the new earl is so safe.

E. MOR. What man of noble birth can brook this
sight?

Quam male conveniunt!

See what a scornful look the peasant casts!

PEM. Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?

WAR. Ignoble vassal, that like Phaeton,
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun.

Y. MOR. Their downfall is at hand, their forces
down:

We will not thus be fac'd and over-peer'd.

EDW. Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer!

E. MOR. Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston!

KENT. Is this the duty that you owe your king?

WAR. We know our duties—let him know his
peers.

EDW. Whither will you bear him? Stay, or ye shall die.

E. MOR. We are no traitors, therefore threaten not.

GAV. No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home!

Were I a king—

Y. MOR. Thou villain, wherefore talk'st thou of a king,

That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

EDW. Were he a peasant, being my minion, I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.

LAN. My lord, you may not thus disparage us. Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston.

E. MOR. And with the earl of Kent that favours him.

EDW. Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king, Here, Mortimer, sit thou on Edward's throne: Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown: Was ever king thus over-rul'd as I?

LAN. Learn then to rule us better, and the realm.

Y. MOR. What we have done, Our heart-blood shall maintain.

WAR. Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?

EDW. Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

ARCHBISH. Why are you mov'd? be patient, my lord,

And see what we your counsellors have done.

Y. MOR. My lords, now let us all be resolute, And either have our wills, or lose our lives.

EDW. Meet you for this? proud over-daring peers!

Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
This isle shall fleet upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde.

ARCHBISH. You know that I am legate to the pope;
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.

Y. MOR. Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we
Depose him, and elect another king.

EDW. Aye, there it goes—but yet I will not yield:
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

LAN. Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.

ARCHBISH. Remember how the bishop was abus'd!
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presently discharge these lords
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

EDW. It boots me not to threat—I must speak
fair: [*Aside.*

The legate of the pope will be obey'd.
My lord, you shall be chancellor of the realm;
Thou, Lancaster, high-admiral of our fleet;
Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;
And you, lord Warwick, president of the North;
And thou of Wales. If this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left,
To frolick with my dearest Gaveston.

ARCHBISH. Nothing shall alter us—we are resolv'd.

LAN. Come, come, subscribe.

Y. MOR. Why should you love him

Whom the world hates so?

EDW. Because he loves me more than all the world.
Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men,
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston;
You that are noble born should pity him.

WAR. You that are princely born should shake
him off:

For shame, subscribe, and let the loon depart.

E. MOR. Urge him, my lord.

ARCHBISH. Are you content to banish him the
realm?

EDW. I see I must, and therefore am content:
Instead of ink I'll write it with my tears.

Y. MOR. The king is love-sick for his minion.

EDW. 'Tis done—and now, accursed hand! fall off!

LAN. Give it me—I'll have it publish'd in the
streets.

Y. MOR. I'll see him presently dispatch'd away.

ARCHBISH. Now is my heart at ease.

WAR. And so is mine.

PEM. This will be good news to the common sort.

E. MOR. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

[*Exeunt Nobles.*]

EDW. How fast they run to banish him I love!
They would not stir, were it to do me good.
Why should a king be subject to a priest?
Proud Rome! that hatchest such imperial grooms,
With these thy superstitious taper-lights,
Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,
I'll fire thy crazed buildings, and enforce

Thy papal towers to kiss the lowly ground !
With slaughter'd priests make Tiber's channel swell,
And banks raise higher with their sepulchres !
As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,
If I be king, not one of them shall live.

Enter GAVESTON.

GAV. My lord, I hear it whisper'd everywhere,
That I am banish'd, and must fly the land.

EDW. 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston—Oh ! were it false !
The legate of the pope will have it so,
And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd.
But I will reign to be reveng'd on them ;
And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough ;
And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou dost,
I'll come to thee ; my love shall ne'er decline.

GAV. Is all my hope turn'd to this hell of grief ?

EDW. Rend not my heart with thy too-piercing
words :

Thou from this land, I from myself am banish'd.

GAV. To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston ;
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessedness of Gaveston remains ;
For no where else seeks he felicity.

EDW. And only this torments my wretched soul,
That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.
Be governor of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here take my picture, and let me wear thine ;
O, might I keep thee here as I do this,

Happy were I! but now most miserable!

GAV. 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

EDW. Thou shalt not hence—I'll hide thee, Gaveston.

GAV. I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.

EDW. Kind words, and mutual talk, makes our grief greater:

Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part—

Stay, Gaveston, I cannot leave thee thus.

GAV. For every look, my love drops down a tear:
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

EDW. The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill;
But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way.

GAV. The peers will frown.

EDW. I pass not for their anger—Come let's go;
O that we might as well return as go.

Enter KENT and QUEEN ISABEL.

QUEEN. Whither goes my lord?

EDW. Fawn not on me, French strumpet! get thee gone.

QUEEN. On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

GAV. On Mortimer! with whom, ungentle queen—
I say no more—judge you the rest, my lord.

QUEEN. In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston:
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honour thus in question?

GAV. I mean not so ; your grace must pardon me.

EDW. Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy means is Gaveston exil'd ;
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconcil'd to me.

QUEEN. Your highness knows it lies not in my
power.

EDW. Away then! touch me not—Come, Gaveston.

QUEEN. Villain ! 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord.

GAV. Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.

EDW. Speak not unto her ; let her droop and pine.

QUEEN. Wherein, my lord, have I deserv'd these
words ?

Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,
Witness this heart, that sighing for thee, breaks,
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.

EDW. And witness heaven how dear thou art to me !
There weep ; for till my Gaveston be repeal'd,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.

[*Exeunt Edward and Gaveston.*]

QUEEN. O miserable and distressed queen !
Would, when I left sweet France, and was embark'd,
That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my shape, or that the marriage day,
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison,
Or with those arms that twin'd about my neck,
I had been stifled, and not liv'd to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me !
Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries ;

For never doated Jove on Ganymede
So much as he on cursed Gaveston :
But that will more exasperate his wrath :
I must entreat him, I must speak him fair,
And be a means to call home Gaveston :
And yet he'll ever doat on Gaveston ;
And so am I for ever miserable.

Enter the NOBLES.

LAN. Look where the sister of the king of France
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast !

WAR. The king, I fear, hath ill-treated her.

PEM. Hard is the heart that injures such a saint.

Y. MOR. I know 'tis long of Gaveston she weeps.

E. MOR. Why, he is gone.

Y. MOR. Madam, how fares your grace ?

QUEEN. Ah, Mortimer ! now breaks the king's
hate forth,

And he confesseth that he loves me not.

Y. MOR. Cry quittance, madam, then : and love
not him.

QUEEN. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths :
And yet I love in vain—he'll ne'er love me.

LAN. Fear ye not, madam ; now his minion's gone,
His wanton humour will be quickly left.

QUEEN. Oh never, Lancaster ! I am enjoin'd
To sue unto you all for his repeal ;
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
Or else be banish'd from his highness' presence.

LAN. For his repeal, madam ! he comes not back,
Unless the sea cast up his shipwreck'd body.

WAR. And to behold so sweet a sight as that,
There's none here, but would run his horse to death.

Y. MOR. But, madam, would you have us call
him home?

QUEEN. Aye, Mortimer, for till he be restor'd,
The angry king hath banish'd me the court;
And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tender'st me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.

Y. MOR. What! would you have me plead for
Gaveston?

E. MOR. Plead for him that will, I am resolv'd.

LAN. And so am I, my lord; dissuade the queen.

QUEEN. O Lancaster! let him dissuade the king,
For 'tis against my will he should return.

WAR. Then speak not for him, let the peasant go.

QUEEN. 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.

PEM. No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease.

Y. MOR. Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish
Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead;
I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston,
That now I hope floats on the Irish seas.

QUEEN. Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me awhile,
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight,
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.

Y. MOR. It is impossible; but speak your mind.

QUEEN. Then thus, but none shall hear it but
ourselves.

LAN. My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer,
Will you be resolute, and hold with me?

E. MOR. Not I, against my nephew.

PEM. Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.

WAR. No, do but mark how earnestly she pleads.

LAN. And see how coldly his looks make denial.

WAR. She smiles, now for my life his mind is chang'd.

LAN. I'll rather lose his friendship I, than grant.

Y. MOR. Well, of necessity it must be so.

My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston

I hope your honours make no question,

And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,

'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail:

Nay, for the realms behoof, and for the king's.

LAN. Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself!

Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him?

And is this true, to call him home again?

Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.

Y. MOR. My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.

LAN. In no respect can contraries be true.

QUEEN. Yet, good my lord, hear what he can alledge.

WAR. All that he speaks is nothing, we are resolv'd.

Y. MOR. Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?

PEM. I would he were.

Y. MOR. Why then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.

E. MOR. But, nephew, do not play the sophister.

Y. MOR. This which I urge is of a burning zeal

To mend the king, and do our country good.

Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,

Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,
As he will front the mightiest of us all ?
And whereas he shall live and be belov'd,
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

WAR. Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaster.

Y. MOR. But were he here, detested as he is,
How easily might some base slave be suborn'd,
To greet his lordship with a poignard,
And none so much as blame the murderer,
But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
And in the chronicle enrol his name,
For purging of the realm of such a plague ?

PEM. He saith true.

LAN. Aye, but how chance this was not done before ?

Y. MOR. Because, my lords, it was not thought
upon :

Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us
To banish him, and then to call him home,
'Twill make him vail the top-flag of his pride,
And fear to offend the meanest nobleman.

E. MOR. But how if he do not, nephew ?

Y. MOR. Then may we with some colour rise in
arms :

For howsoever we have borne it out,
'Tis treason to be up against the king ;
So we shall have the people on our side,
Which for his father's sake lean to the king,
But cannot brook a night-grown mushroom,
Such a one as my lord of Cornwall is,
Should bear us down of the nobility.

And when the commons and the nobles join,
'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston;
We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.
My lords, if to perform this I be slack,
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

LAN. On that condition, Lancaster will grant.

WAR. And so will Pembroke and I.

E. MOR. And I.

Y. MOR. In this I count me highly gratify'd,
And Mortimer will rest at your command.

QUEEN. And when this favour Isabel forgets,
Then let her live abandon'd and forlorn.
But see, in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the earl of Cornwall on his way,
Is new return'd; this news will glad him much;
Yet not so much as me; I love him more
Than he can Gaveston; would he lov'd me
But half so much, then were I treble-bless'd!

Enter KING EDWARD, mourning.

EDW. He's gone, and for his absence thus I
mourn.

Did never sorrow go so near my heart,
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston!
And could my crown's revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gain'd, having bought so dear a friend.

QUEEN. Hark! how he harps upon his minion.

EDW. My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,

And makes me frantick for my Gaveston.
Ah! had some bloodless fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forc'd to leave my Gaveston!

LAN. Diablo! what passions call you these?

QUEEN. My gracious lord, I come to bring you
news.

EDW. That you have parley'd with your Mortimer?

QUEEN. That Gaveston, my lord, shall be re-
peal'd.

EDW. Repeal'd! the news is too sweet to be true!

QUEEN. But will you love me, if you find it so?

EDW. If it be so, what will not Edward do?

QUEEN. For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.

EDW. For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st Ga-
veston,

I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.

QUEEN. No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord; nor let me have more wealth
Than I may fetch from this rich treasure—
O how a kiss revives poor Isabel!

EDW. Once more receive my hand; and let this
be

A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.

QUEEN. And may it prove more happy than the
first!

My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look,

And on their knees salute your majesty.

EDW. Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king;
And as gross vapours perish by the sun,
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile.
Live thou with me as my companion.

LAN. This salutation overjoys my heart.

EDW. Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court,
Than gaudy silks, or rich embroidery.
Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.

WAR. Slay me, my lord, when I offend your
grace.

EDW. In solemn triumphs, and in publick shows,
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.

PEM. And with this sword Pembroke will fight
for you.

EDW. But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?
Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
Or if that lofty office like thee not,
I make thee here lord marshal of the realm.

Y. MOR. My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

EDW. And as for you, lord Mortimer of Chirke,
Whose great achievements in our foreign war
Deserve no common place, nor mean reward;
Be you the general of the levied troops,
That now are ready to assail the Scots.

E. MOR. In this your grace hath highly honour'd
me,

For with my nature war doth best agree.

QUEEN. Now is the king of England rich and strong,
Having the love of his renowned peers.

EDW. Aye, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.
Clerk of the crown direct our warrant forth,
For Gaveston to Ireland: Beamont, fly,
As fast as Iris, or Jove's Mercury.

BEA. It shall be done, my gracious lord.

EDW. Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.

Now let us in, and feast it royally.
Against our friend the earl of Cornwall comes,
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemniz'd.
For wot you not that I have made him sure
Unto our cousin, the earl of Glouster's heir?

LAN. Such news we hear, my lord.

EDW. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost; we will requite your love.

WAR. In this, or aught your highness shall command us.

EDW. Thanks, gentle Warwick: come let's in
and revel. [*Exeunt. Manent the Mortimers.*]

E. MOR. Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou
stay'st here.

Leave now t' oppose thyself against the king,
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And seeing his mind so doats on Gaveston,

Let him without controulment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions :
Great Alexander lov'd Hephestion ;
The conquering Herc'les for his Hilar wept ;
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd.
And not kings only, but the wisest men :
The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius ;
Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain, light-headed earl ;
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

Y. MOR. Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not
me ;

But this I scorn, that one so basely born
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot with the treasure of the realm.
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And Midas like, he jets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd.
I have not seen a dapper jack so brisk ;
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap,
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While others walk below, the king and he,
From out a window, laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.

Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

E. MOR. But, nephew, now you see the king is chang'd.

Y. MOR. Then so am I, and live to do him service :

But whilst I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.

You know my mind ; come, uncle, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter Young SPENCER and BALDOCK.

BALD. Spencer, seeing that our lord the earl of Glou'ster's dead,

Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve ?

Y. SPEN. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side ;

Because the king and he are enemies.

Baldock, learn this of me, a factious lord

Shall hardly do himself good, much less us ;

But he that hath the favour of a king,

May with one word advance us while we live :

The liberal earl of Cornwall is the man

On whose good fortune Spencer's hope depends.

BALD. What, mean you then to be his follower ?

Y. SPEN. No, his companion ; for he loves me well,

And would have once preferr'd me to the king.

BALD. But he is banish'd, there's small hope of him.

Y. SPEN. Aye, for a while ; but, Baldock, mark the end.

A friend of mine told me in secresy,
That he's repeal'd, and sent for back again ;
And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king ;
And as she read she smil'd, which makes me think
It is about her lover Gaveston.

BALD. 'Tis like enough ; for since he was exil'd
She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke off,
And that his banishment had chang'd her mind.

Y. SPEN. Our lady's first love is not wavering ;
My life for thine she will have Gaveston.

BALD. Then hope I by her means to be preferr'd,
Having read unto her since she was a child.

Y. SPEN. Then, Baldock, you must cast the
scholar off,

And learn to court it like a gentleman.
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet cap'd cloak, fac'd before with serge,
And smelling to a nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
Or making low legs to a nobleman,
Or looking downward, with your eye-lids close,
And saying, truly an't may please your honour,
Can get you any favour with great men :

You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then stab, as occasion serves.

BALD. Spencer, thou know'st I hate such formal
toys,
And use them but of mere hypocrisy.
Mine old lord while he liv'd was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pins' heads, blame me for the big-
ness ;

Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kind of villainy.
I am none of these common pedants, I,
That cannot speak without *propterea quod*.

Y. SPEN. But one of those that saith, *quando-
quidem*,
And hath a special gift to form a verb.

BALD. Leave off this jesting, here my lady comes.

Enter the LADY.

LADY. The grief for his exile was not so much,
As is the joy of his returning home.

This letter came from my sweet Gaveston :

What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself?

I know thou couldst not come and visit me:

I will not long be from thee, though I die. [Reads.

This argues the entire love of my lord,

When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart: [Reads.

But stay thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.

Now to the letter of my lord the king.—

He wills me to repair unto the court,

And meet my Gaveston : why do I stay,
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day ?
Who's there, Baldock ?
See that my coach be ready, I must hence.

BALD. It shall be done, madam. [Exit.]

LADY. And meet me at the park-pale presently.
Spencer, stay you and bear me company,
For I have joyful news to tell thee of;
My lord of Cornwall is a coming over,
And will be at the court as soon as we.

SPEN. I knew the king would have him home again.

LADY. If all things sort out, as I hope they will,
Thy service, Spencer, shall be thought upon.

SPEN. I humbly thank your ladyship.

LADY. Come, lead the way ; I long till I am there.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter EDWARD, the QUEEN, LANCASTER, MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, KENT, and ATTENDANTS.

EDW. The wind is good, I wonder why he stays ;
I fear me he is wreck'd upon the sea.

QUEEN. Look, Lancaster, how passionate he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion !

LAN. My lord.

EDW. How now ! what news ? is Gaveston arriv'd ?

Y. MOR. Nothing but Gaveston ! what means
your grace ?

You have matters of more weight to think upon ;

The king of France sets foot in Normandy.

EDW. A trifle! we'll expel him when we please.
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device,
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

Y. MOR. A homely one, my lord, not worth the
telling.

EDW. Pray thee let me know it.

Y. MOR. But seeing you are so desirous, thus
it is:

A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets unto the highest bough of all:
The motto, *Æque tandem*.

EDW. And what is your's, my lord of Lancaster?

LAN. My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.

Pliny reports, there is a flying fish
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore being pursued, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it: this fish, my lord, I bear,
The motto this: *Undique mors est*.

EDW. Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!
Is this the love you bear your sovereign?
Is this the fruit your reconciliation bears?
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds?
What call you this but private libelling,
Against the earl of Cornwall and my brother?

QUEEN. Sweet husband, be content, they all love you.

EDW. They love me not that hate my Gaveston.
I am that cedar, shake me not too much;
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the gresses* that will pull you down,
And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.
Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,
And threatenest death whether he rise or fall;
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him.

Y. MOR. If in his absence thus he favours him,
What will he do whenas he shall be present?

LAN. That shall we see; look where his lordship comes.

Enter GAVESTON.

EDW. My Gaveston! welcome to Tinmouth! welcome to thy friend!

Thy absence made me droop, and pine away;
For as the lovers of fair Danae,
When she was lock'd up in a brazen tower,
Desir'd her more, and wax'd outrageous,
So did it fare with me: and now thy sight
Is sweeter far, than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

GAV. Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth mine,
Yet have I words left to express my joy:

* Or jesses.

The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage,
Frolicks not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your majesty.

EDW. Will none of you salute my Gaveston?

LAN. Salute him? yes; welcome, lord chamberlain.

Y. MOR. Welcome is the good earl of Cornwall.

WAR. Welcome, lord governor of the Isle of Man.

PEM. Welcome, master secretary.

KENT. Brother, do you hear them?

EDW. Still will these earls and barons use me thus?

GAV. My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.

QUEEN. Ah me! poor soul, when these begin to
jar.

EDW. Return it to their throats, I'll be thy
warrant.

GAV. Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef;
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low
As to bestow a look on such as you.

LAN. Yet I disdain not to do this for you. [*Draws.*

EDW. Treason! treason! where's the traitor?

PEM. Here! here! king:

Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him.

GAV. The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.

Y. MOR. Villain! thy life, unless I miss mine aim.

[*Offers to stab him.*

QUEEN. Ah! furious Mortimer, what hast thou
done?

Y. MOR. No more than I would answer, were he slain.

EDW. Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live ;

Dear shall you both abide this riotous deed.

Out of my presence ! come not near the court.

Y. MOR. I'll not be barr'd the court for Gaveston.

LAN. We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.

EDW. Look to your own heads ; his is sure enough.

WAR. Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.

KENT. Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.

EDW. Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus ;
But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.
Come, Edmund, let's away and levy men,
'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride.

[Exeunt the King and Kent.]

WAR. Let's to our castles, for the king is mov'd.

Y. MOR. Mov'd may he be, and perish in his wrath !

LAN. Cousin, it is no dealing with him now,
He means to make us stoop by force of arms ;
And therefore let us jointly here protest,
To prosecute that Gaveston to the death.

Y. MOR. By heav'n ! the abject villain shall not live.

WAR. I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.

PEM. The like oath Pembroke takes.

LAN. And so doth Lancaster.
Now send our heralds to defy the king ;
And make the people swear to put him down.

Enter MESSENGER.

Y. MOR. Letters ! from whence ?

MESS. From Scotland, my lord.

LAN. Why, how now, cousin, how fares all our friends ?

Y. MOR. My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

LAN. We'll have him ransom'd, man, be of good cheer.

Y. MOR. They rate his ransom at five thousand pound.

Who should defray the money but the king,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars ?

I'll to the king.

LAN. Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.

WAR. Mean time, my lord of Pembroke and myself

Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.

Y. MOR. About it then, and we will follow you.

LAN. Be resolute and full of secresy.

WAR. I warrant you.

Y. MOR. Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,
I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,
As never subject did unto his king.

LAN. Content, I'll bear my part—Holloa ! who's there ?

[*Guard appears.*]

Enter GUARD.

Y. MOR. Aye, marry, such a guard as this doth well.

LAN. Lead on the way.

GUARD. Whither will your lordships?

Y. MOR. Whither else but to the king.

GUARD. His highness is dispos'd to be alone.

LAN. Why, so he may, but we will speak to him.

GUARD. You may not in, my lord.

Y. MOR. May we not?

Enter EDWARD and KENT.

EDW. How now! what noise is this?

Who have we there, is't you? [Going.

Y. MOR. Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring you news;

Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

EDW. Then ransom him.

LAN. 'Twas in your wars; you should ransom him.

Y. MOR. And you shall ransom him, or else—

KENT. What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him?

EDW. Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,
To gather for him throughout the realm.

LAN. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.

Y. MOR. My lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are not so poor, but would they sell their land,
Could levy men enough to anger you.

We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

EDW. Shall I still be taunted thus?

Y. MOR. Nay, now you're here alone, I'll speak my
mind.

LAN. And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.

Y. MOR. The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak;
The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.

LAN. Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd;
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
The wild Oneyl, with swarms of Irish kerns,
Lives uncontroll'd within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unresisted draw away rich spoils.

Y. MOR. The haughty Dane commands the narrow
seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigg'd.

LAN. What foreign prince sends thee embas-
sadors?

Y. MOR. Who loves thee, but a sort of flatterers?

LAN. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

Y. MOR. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That make a king seem glorious to the world;
I mean the peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love:
Libels are cast against thee in the street:
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

LAN. The Northern borderers seeing their houses
burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Y. MOR. When wert thou in the field with banners spread?

But once: and then thy soldiers march'd like players,

With garish robes, not armour; and thyself,
Bedaubed with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favours hung like labels down.

LAN. And thereof came it, that the fleering Scots,

To England's high disgrace, have made this jig;
*Maids of England, sore may you mourn,
For your lemans you have lost at Bannocksbourn,
With a heave and a ho.*

*What weened the king of England,
So soon to have won Scotland,
With a rombelow?*

Y. MOR. Wigmore shall fly, to set my uncle free.

LAN. And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.

If ye be mov'd, revenge it if you can;
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

[*Exeunt Nobles.*]

EDW. My swelling heart with very anger breaks!
How oft have I been baited by these peers,
And dare not be revenged, for their pow'r is great!
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels
Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,
And let their lives' blood slake thy fury's hunger.

If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.

KENT. My lord, I see your love for Gaveston
Will be the ruin of the realm and you,
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars,
And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.

EDW. Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?

KENT. Aye, and it grieves me that I favoured him.

EDW. Traitor, begone! whine thou with Mortimer.

KENT. So will I, rather than with Gaveston.

EDW. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more!

KENT. No marvel that thou scorn thy noble
peers,

When I thy brother am rejected thus. *[Exit.*

EDW. Away! poor Gaveston, that has no friend
but me;

Do what they can, we'll live in Tinmouth here,
And, so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the earls begirt us round—
Here cometh she that's cause of all these jars.

*Enter the QUEEN, three LADIES, GAVESTON, BAL-
DOCK, and Young SPENCER.*

QUEEN. My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in
arms.

EDW. Aye, and it is likewise thought you favour
them.

QUEEN. Thus do you still suspect me without
cause?

LADY. Sweet uncle! speak more kindly to the
queen.

GAV. My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.

EDW. Pardon me, sweet, I had forgot myself.

QUEEN. Your pardon is quickly got of Isabel.

EDW. The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,
That to my face he threatens civil wars.

GAV. Why do you not commit him to the Tower?

EDW. I dare not, for the people love him well.

GAV. Why then we'll have him privily made
away.

EDW. Would Lancaster and he had both carous'd
A bowl of poison to each other's health!

But let them go, and tell me what are these.

LADY. Two of my father's servants whilst he liv'd,—
May't please your grace to entertain them now.

EDW. Tell me, where wast thou born?
What is thine arms?

BALD. My name is Baldock, and my gentry
I fetch from Oxford, not from heraldry.

EDW. The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.

BALD. I humbly thank your majesty.

EDW. Knowest thou him, Gaveston?

GAV. Aye, my lord; his name is Spencer, he is
well allied;

For my sake, let him wait upon your grace;
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

EDW. Then, Spencer, wait upon me, for his sake
I'll grace thee with a higher style e'er long.

Y. SPEN. No greater titles happen unto me,

Than to be favoured of your majesty.

EDW. Cousin, this day shall be your marriage feast.

And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well.

To wed thee to our niece, the only heir

Unto the earl of Glou'ster late deceas'd.

GAV. I know, my lord, many will stomach me,
But I respect neither their love nor hate.

EDW. The headstrong barons shall not limit me;
He that I list to favour shall be great.

Come, let's away; and when the marriage ends,
Have at the rebels, and their 'complices!

[Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE III.

Enter LANCASTER, MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, and KENT.

KENT. My lords of love to this our native land,
I come to join with you, and leave the king;
And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof
Will be the first that shall adventure life.

LAN. I fear me, you are sent of policy,
To undermine us with a shew of love.

WAR. He is your brother, therefore have we cause
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

KENT. Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth:
If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords.

Y. MOR. Stay, Edmund; never was Plantagenet
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

PEM. But what's the reason you should leave him now?

KENT. I have inform'd the earl of Lancaster.

LAN. And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know this,
That Gaveston is secretly arriv'd,
And here in Tinmouth frolicks with the king.
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,
And suddenly surprize them unawares.

Y. MOR. I'll give the onset.

WAR. And I'll follow thee.

Y. MOR. 'This totter'd ensign of my ancestors,
Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea,
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,
Will I advance upon this castle's walls.
Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston!

LAN. None be so hardy as to touch the king;
But neither spare you Gaveston nor his friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter the KING and SPENCER, to them GAVESTON, &c.

EDW. O tell me, Spencer, where is Gaveston?

SPEN. I fear me he is slain, my gracious lord.

EDW. No, here he comes; now let them spoil and kill.

Fly, fly, my lords, the earls have got the hold,
Take shipping and away to Scarborough,
Spencer and I will post away by land.

GAV. O stay, my lord, they will not injure you.

EDW. I will not trust them; Gaveston, away!

GAV. Farewell, my lord.

EDW. Lady, farewell.

LADY. Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet again.

EDW. Farewell, sweet Gaveston, and farewell, niece.

QUEEN. No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen?

EDW. Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's sake.

[Exeunt all but Isabel.]

QUEEN. Heaven can witness, I love none but you
From my embracements thus he breaks away.

O that mine arms could close this isle about,

That I might pull him to me where I would!

Or that these tears, that drizzle from mine eyes,

Had power to mollify his stony heart,

That when I had him we might never part.

Enter the BARONS. Alarums.

LAN. I wonder how he 'scap'd!

Y. MOR. Who's this, the Queen?

QUEEN. Aye, Mortimer, the miserable Queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted:

These hands are tir'd with haling of my lord

From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,

And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,

He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.

Y. MOR. Cease to lament, and tell us where's the
king?

QUEEN. What would you with the king, is't him
you seek?

LAN. No, madam, but that cursed Gaveston.
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster,
To offer violence to his sovereign.
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston :
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

QUEEN. He's gone by water unto Scarborough ;
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot 'scape ;
The king hath left him, and his train is small.

WAR. Forslow* no time, sweet Lancaster, let's
march.

Y. MOR. How comes it that the king and he are
parted ?

QUEEN. That thus your army, going several ways,
Might be of lesser force : and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppress'd ; therefore be gone.

Y. MOR. Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy ;
Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.

LAN. The wind that bears him hence will fill our
sails :

Come, come aboard, 'tis but an hour's sailing.

Y. MOR. Madam, stay you within this castle
here.

QUEEN. No, Mortimer, I'll to my lord the king.

Y. MOR. Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.

QUEEN. You know the king is so suspicious,
As if he hear I have but talk'd with you,
Mine honour will be call'd in question ;
And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone.

* *Forslow no time*—Lose no time.

Y. MOR. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.

[*Exeunt Barons.*

QUEEN. So well hast thou deserv'd, sweet Mortimer,
As Isabel could live with thee for ever.
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fix'd on none but Gaveston :
Yet once more I'll importune him with prayer,
If he be strange and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France,
And to the king my brother there complain,
How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love :
But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blessed day be slain. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter GAVESTON, pursued.

GAV. Yet, lusty lords, I have escap'd your hands,
Your threats, your larums, and your hot pursuits ;
And though divorced from King Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurpriz'd,
Breathing, in hope (*malgrado** all your beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king)
To see his royal sovereign once again.

Enter the NOBLES.

WAR. Upon him, soldiers, take away his weapons.

Y. MOR. Thou proud disturber of thy country's
peace,

* *Malgrado*, Ital.—maugre, in despite of.

Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,
Base flatterer, yield ! and were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here shouldst thou fall,
And welter in thy gore.

LAN. Monster of men ! that like the Greekish
strumpet,
Train'd to arms and bloody wars
So many valiant knights ;
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death !
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

WAR. Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave ?
Go soldiers, take him hence,
For, by my sword, his head shall off :
Gaveston, short warning shall serve thy turn.
It is our country's cause,
That here severely we will execute
Upon thy person : hang him at a bough.

GAV. My lords !—

WAR. Soldiers, have him away ;
But for thou wert the favourite of a king,
Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands.

GAV. I thank you all, my lords : then I perceive,
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter EARL of ARUNDEL.

LAN. How now, my lord of Arundel ?

ARUN. My lords, king Edward greets you all by me.

WAR. Arundel, say your message.

ARUN. His majesty, hearing that you had taken
Gaveston,
Intreateth you by me, but that he may
See him before he dies ; for why he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall ;
And if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

WAR. How now ?

GAV. Renowned Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston !

WAR. No, it needeth not ;
Arundel, we will gratify the king
In other matters, he must pardon us in this.
Soldiers, away with him.

GAV. Why, my lord of Warwick,
Will these delays beget me any hopes ?
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at,
Yet grant king Edward this.

Y. MOR. Shalt thou appoint what we shall grant ?
Soldiers, away with him :
Thus we'll gratify the king,
We'll send his head by thee ; let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.

LAN. Not so, my lords, lest he bestow more cost
In burying him, than he hath ever earn'd.

ARUN. My lords, it is his majesty's request,
And on the honour of a king he swears,
He will but talk with him, and send him back.

WAR. When, can you tell ? Arundel, no ; we wot,

He that the care of his realm remits,
And drives his nobles to these exigents
For Gaveston, will, if he seize him once,
Violate any promise to possess him.

ARUN. Then if you will not trust his grace in keep,
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.

Y. MOR. It is honourable in thee to offer this ;
But for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so,
To make away a true man for a thief.

GAV. How meanest thou, Mortimer? this is over-
base.

Y. MOR. Away, base groom, robber of king's renown,
Question with thy companions and thy mates.

PEM. My lord Mortimer, and you, my lords, each
one,
To gratify the king's request therein,
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
Because his majesty so earnestly
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will upon mine honour undertake
To carry him, and bring him back again ;
Provided this, that you my lord of Arundel,
Will join with me.

WAR. Pembroke, what wilt thou do ?
Cause yet more bloodshed ? is it not enough
That we have taken him, but must we now
Leave him on had I wist, and let him go ?

PEM. My lords, I will not over-woo your honours,
But if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,

Upon my oath, I will return him back.

ARUN. My lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?

LAN. Why I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.

PEM. And you lord Mortimer?

Y. MOR. How say you, my lord of Warwick?

WAR. Nay, do your pleasures,
I know how 'twill prove.

PEM. Then give him me.

GAV. Sweet sovereign, yet I come
To see thee ere I die.

WAR. Not yet perhaps,
If Warwick's wit and policy prevail.

Y. MOR. My lord of Pembroke, we deliver him to
you;

Return him on your honour. Sound, away.

*[Exeunt all but Pembroke, Matrevis, Gaveston,
and Pembroke's Men.]*

PEM. *[To Matrevis.]* My lord, you shall go with
me.

My house is not far hence; out of the way
A little, but our men shall go along.

We that have pretty wenches to our wives,
Sir, must not come so near to baulk their lips.

MAT. 'Tis very kindly spoke, my lord of Pembroke;
Your honour hath an adamant of power
To draw a prince.

PEM. So, my lord. Come hither James:
I do commit this Gaveston to thee,
Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning

We will discharge thee of thy charge ; be gone.

GAV. Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest thou now ?

[*Exit with Pembroke's men.*]

HORSE-BOY. My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobham.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter GAVESTON mourning, and the Earl of Pembroke's Men.

GAV. O treacherous Warwick ! thus to wrong thy friend.

JAMES. I see it is your life these arms pursue.

GAV. Weaponless must I fall ? and die in bands ?

Oh ! must this day be period of my life,

Centre of all my bliss ? And ye be men,

Speed to the king.

Enter WARWICK and his company.

WAR. My lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no more—I will have that Gaveston.

JAMES. Your lordship doth dishonour to yourself,
And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.

WAR. No, James, it is my country's cause I follow.
Go, take the villain ; soldiers, come away,
We'll make quick work. Commend me to your
master,

My friend, and tell him that I watch'd it well.
Come, let thy shadow parley with king Edward.

GAV. Treacherous earl, shall I not see the king?

WAR. The king of heaven perhaps, no other king.
Away! [*Exeunt Warwick and his men with Gaves.*]

JAMES. Come, fellows, it booteth not for us to
strive,
We will in haste go certify our lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter KING EDWARD and Young SPENCER, with
drums and fifes.*

EDW. I long to hear an answer from the barons,
Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.
Ah! Spencer, not the riches of my realm
Can ransom him! ah, he is mark'd to die!
I know the malice of the younger Mortimer,
Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
Inexorable, and I shall never see
My lovely Pierce of Gaveston again!
The barons overbear me with their pride.

Y. SPEN. Were I king Edward, England's sovereign,
Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
Great Edward Longshank's issue, would I bear
These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontroll'd
These barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech,
Did you retain your father's magnanimity,
Did you regard the honour of your name,
You would not suffer thus your majesty

Be counterbuft of your nobility.
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles !
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learn obedience to their lawful king.

EDW. Yea, gentle Spencer, we have been too mild,
Too kind to them ; but now have drawn our sword,
And if they send me not my Gaveston,
We'll steel it on their crest, and poll their tops.

BALD. This haught resolve becomes your majesty
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highness were a school-boy still,
And must be aw'd and govern'd like a child.

*Enter HUGH SPENCER, an old man, father to the
Young Spencer, with his truncheon and Soldiers.*

O. SPEN. Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward—
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars !

EDW. Welcome, old man ; com'st thou in Edward's
aid ?

Then tell the prince of whence, and what thou art.

O. SPEN. Lo, with a band of bow-men and of pikes,
Brown bills and targeteers, four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend king Edward's royal right,
I come in person to your majesty,
Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there,
Bound to your highness everlastingly,
For favour done, in him, unto us all.

EDW. Thy father, Spencer ?

Y. SPEN. True, and it like your grace,
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,

His life, my lord, before your princely feet.

EDW. Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again.
Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
Spencer, I here create thee earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,
That as the sunshine shall reflect o'er thee.
Besides, the more to manifest our love,
Because we hear lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,
Thou shalt have crowns of us t'outbid the barons :
And, Spencer, spare them not, lay it on.
Soldiers, a largess, and thrice welcome all.

Y. SPEN. My lord, here comes the queen.

*Enter the QUEEN and her son, and LEVUNE, a
Frenchman.*

EDW. Madam, what news ?

QUEEN. News of dishonour, lord, and discontent.
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That Valois our brother, king of France,
Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
Hath seized Normandy into his hands.
These be the letters, this the messenger.

EDW. Welcome, Levune. Tush, Sib, if this be all,
Valois and I will soon be friends again.
But to my Gaveston : shall I never see,
Never behold thee more ? Madam, in this matter
We will employ you and your little son ;
You shall go parley with the king of France.

Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty.

PRINCE. Commit not to my youth things of more
weight

Than suits a prince so young as I to bear,
And fear not, lord and father, heaven's great beams
On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe,
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.

QUEEN. Ah, boy! this towardness makes thy
mother fear

Thou art not mark'd to many days on earth.

EDW. Madam, we will that you with speed be
shipp'd,

And this our son; Levune shall follow you
With all the haste we can dispatch him hence.
Chuse of our lords to bear you company,
And go in peace, leave us in wars at home.

QUEEN. Unnatural wars, where subjects brave
their king;

God end them once. My lord, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.

Enter MATREVIS.

EDW. What, lord Matrevis, dost thou come alone?

MAT. Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.

EDW. Ah, traitors! have they put my friend to
death?

Tell me, Matrevis, died he e'er thou cam'st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?

MAT. Neither, my lord; for as he was surpriz'd;
Begirt with weapons and with enemies round,

I did your highness' message to them all;
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honour of my name,
That I would undertake to carry him
Unto your highness, and to bring him back.

EDW. And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?

Y. SPEN. Proud recreants!

EDW. Yea, Spencer, traitors all.

MAT. I found them at first inexorable;
The earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly, Pembroke and Lancaster
Spake least: and when they flatly had deny'd,
Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
The earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake;
My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe return'd,
I will this undertake to have him hence,
And see him re-deliver'd to your hands.

EDW. Well, and how fortunes that he came not?

Y. SPEN. Some treason, or some villany was the
cause.

MAT. The earl of Warwick seiz'd him on his way.
For being deliver'd unto Pembroke's men,
Their lord rode home thinking his prisoner safe;
But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
And bare him to his death; and in a trench
Struck off his head, and march'd unto the camp.

Y. SPEN. A bloody part, flatly 'gainst law of arms.

EDW. O shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die!

Y. SPEN. My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword

Upon these barons ; hearten up your men ;
Let them not unreveng'd murder your friends !
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting holes.

[*Edward kneels.*]

EDW. By earth, the common mother of us all !
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof !
By this right hand ! and by my father's sword !
And all the honours 'longing to my crown !
I will have heads, and lives for him, as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers.
Treacherous Warwick ! traitorous Mortimer !
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
And stain my royal standard with the same,
That so my bloody colours may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally
On your accursed traitorous progeny,
You villains, that have slain my Gaveston.
And in this place of honour and of trust,
Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here :
And merely out of our love we do create thee
Earl of Glou'ster, and lord chamberlain,
Despite of time, despite of enemies.

Y. SPEN. My lord here's a messenger from the barons
Desires access unto your majesty.

EDW. Admit him near.

Enter the HERALD from the Barons, with his coat of arms.

HER. Long live king Edward, England's lawful lord.

EDW. So wish not they I wis that sent thee hither.
Thou com'st from Mortimer and his accomplices,
A ranker root of rebels never was.
Well, say thy message.

HER. The barons up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;
And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood,
You will this grief have ease and remedy;
That from your princely person you remove
This Spencer, as a putrifying branch,
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves
Empale your princely head, your diadem;
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they, and lovingly advise your grace,
To cherish virtue and nobility,
And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,
Are to your highness vow'd and consecrate.

Y. SPEN. Ah traitors! will they still display their
pride?

EDW. Away, tarry no answer, but be gone!
Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?

Yet ere thou go, see how I do divorce

[*Embraces Spen.*]

Spencer from me—Now get thee to thy lords,

And tell them I will come to chastise them

For murdering Gaveston : hie thee ! get thee gone !

Edward, with fire and sword, follows at thy heels.

My lord, perceive you how these rebels swell ?

Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,

For, now, even now, we march to make them stoop.

Away! [*Exeunt. Alarums, excursions, a great fight,
and a retreat.*]

SCENE III.

*Enter the KING, Old SPENCER, Young SPENCER,
and the Noblemen of the King's side.*

EDW. Why do we sound retreat? upon them,
lords!

This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword

On those proud rebels that are up in arms,

And do confront and countermand their king.

Y. SPEN. I doubt it not, my lord, right will prevail.

O. SPEN. 'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either part
To breathe awhile ; our men, with sweat and dust
All chok'd well near, begin to faint for heat ;
And this retire refresheth horse and man.

Y. SPEN. Here come the rebels.

Enter the BARONS, MORTIMER, LANCASTER,
WARWICK, PEMPROKE, &c.

E. MOR. Look, Lancaster, yonder's Edward
'mong his flatterers.

LAN. And there let him be till he pay dearly for
their company.

WAR. And shall, or Warwick's sword shall smite
in vain.

EDW. What, rebels, do you shrink and sound
retreat?

Y. MOR. No, Edward, no, thy flatterers faint and
fly.

LAN. They'd best betimes forsake thee, and their
trains,

For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.

Y. SPEN. Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster!

PEM. Away, base upstart, brav'st thou nobles thus?

O. SPEN. A noble attempt, and honourable deed,
Is it not, trow ye, to assemble aid,
And levy arms against your lawful king!

EDW. For which ere long their heads shall satisfy,
T' appease the wrath of their offended king.

Y. MOR. Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the
last,

And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood,
Than banish that pernicious company?

EDW. Aye, traitors all, rather than thus be brav'd,
Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones,
And ploughs to go about our palace-gates.

WAR. A desperate and unnatural resolution!

Alarum to the fight, St. George for England,
And the barons' right.

EDW. St. George for England, and king Edward's
right. *[Alarums. Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter EDWARD and his followers, with the
BARONS, captives.*

EDW. Now, lusty lords, not by the chance of
war,

But justice of the quarrel and the cause,
Vail'd is your pride; methinks you hang the heads,
But we'll advance them, traitors; now 'tis time
To be aveng'd on you for all your braves,
And for the murder of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favourite.
Ah, rebels! recreants! you made him away.

KENT. Brother, in regard of thee, and of thy
land,
Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.

EDW. So, sir, you have spoke; away, avoid our
presence!

Accursed wretches, was't in regard of us,
When we had sent our messengers to request
He might be spar'd to come to speak with us,
And Pembroke undertook for his return,
That thou, proud Warwick, watch'd the prisoner,
Poor Pierce, and headed him 'gainst law of arms;
For which thy head shall overlook the rest,
As much as thou outwent'st the rest.

WAR. Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces,

It is but temporal that thou canst inflict.

LAN. The worst is death, and better die to live
Than live in infamy under such a king.

EDW. Away with them! my lord of Winchester:
These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly—off with both their heads;
away!

WAR. Farewell, vain world!

LAN. Sweet Mortimer, farewell.

Y. MOR. England, unkind to thy nobility,
Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maim'd!

EDW. Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the
Tower,

There see him safe bestow'd; and for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all. Begone!

Y. MOR. What, Mortimer! can ragged stony walls
Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?
No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be,
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.

EDW. Sound drums and trumpets, march with me
my friends.

Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew.

[*Exeunt. Young Spencer, Lecune, and Baldock
remain.*]

Y. SPEN. Lecune, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of king Edward's land.
Therefore begone in haste, and with advice
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,
That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That suffer'd Jove to pass in showers of gold

To Danaë, all aid may be denied
To Isabel, the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,
And step into his father's regiment.

LECUNE. That's it these barons and the subtle
queen
Long levied at.

BAL. Yea, but, Lecune, thou seest,
These barons lay their heads on blocks together;
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.

LECUNE. Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll clap so
close
Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Isabel shall make her complaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.

Y. SPEN. Then make for France, amain—Lecune,
away!
Proclaim king Edward's wars and victories.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter KENT.

KENT. Fair blows the wind for France; blow
gentle gale,
Till Edmund be arriv'd for England's good!
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this.

A brother, no, a butcher of thy friends.
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?
But I'll to France, and cheer the wronged queen,
And certify what Edward's looseness is.
Unnatural king! to slaughter noble men
And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay
Thy sweet escape; stand gracious, gloomy night, to
his device.

Enter Young MORTIMER disguised.

Y. MOR. Holloa! who walketh there? is't you,
my lord?

KENT. Mortimer, 'tis I; but hath my potion
wrought so happily?

Y. MOR. It hath, my lord; the warders all asleep,
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace.
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?

KENT. Fear it not.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter the QUEEN and her SON.

QUEEN. Ah, boy! our friends do fail us all in
France;

The lords are cruel, and the king unkind;
What shall we do?

PRINCE. Madam, return to England,
And please my father well, and then a fig
For all my uncle's friendship here in France.
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly;
He loves me better than a thousand Spencers.

QUEEN. Ah, boy, thou art deceiv'd, at least in this,

To think that we can yet be tun'd together;
No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois!
Unhappy Isabel! when France rejects,
Whither, oh whither dost thou bend thy steps?

Enter Sir JOHN of HENAUT.

SIR J. Madam, what cheer?

QUEEN. Ah, good Sir John of Henault.
Never so cheerless, nor so far distress.

SIR J. I hear, sweet lady, of the king's unkind-
ness;

But droop not, madam, noble minds contemn
Despair: will your grace with me to Henault,
And there stay time's advantage with your son?
How say you, my lord, will you go with your friends,
And shake off all your fortunes equally?

PRINCE. So pleaseth the queen, my mother, me
it likes:

The king of England, nor the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff;
And then have at the proudest Spencer's head.

SIR J. Well said, my lord,

QUEEN. Oh, my sweet heart, how do I moan thy
wrongs,

Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy!
Ah, sweet sir John! even to the utmost verge
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanais,
We will with thee to Henault—so we will:—
The marquis is a noble gentleman;
His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.

But who are these?

Enter KENT and Young MORTIMER.

KENT. Madam, long may you live,
Much happier than your friends in England do!

QUEEN. Lord Edmund and lord Mortimer alive!
Welcome to France! the news was here, my lord,
That you were dead, or very near your death.

Y. MOR. Lady, the last was truest of the twain:
But Mortimer, reserv'd for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the tower,
And lives t' advance your standard, good my lord.

PRINCE. How mean you, and the king, my father,
lives?
No, my lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.

QUEEN. Not, son; why not? I would it were no
worse.
But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.

Y. MOR. Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of
your's,
Told us, at our arrival, all the news;
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath shew'd himself! but, madam, right makes
room,

Where weapons won't; and though so many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our party and faction;
Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England,
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To see us there, appointed for our foes.

KENT. Would all were well, and Edward well reclaim'd,

For England's honour, peace, and quietness.

Y. MOR. But by the sword, my lord, it must be deserv'd;

The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.

SIR J. My lords of England, sith th' ungentle king

Of France refuseth to give aid of arms

To this distressed queen his sister here,

Go you with her to Henault; doubt ye not,

We will find comfort, money, men and friends

Ere long, to bid the English king abase.

How say you, prince, what think you of the match?

PRINCE. I think king Edward will outrun us all.

QUEEN. Nay, son, not so; and you must not discourage

Your friends, that are so forward in your aid.

KENT. Sir John of Henault, pardon us, I pray;

These comforts that you give our woeful queen

Bind us in kindness all at your command.

QUEEN. Yea, gentle brother; and the God of heav'n

Prosper your happy motion, good sir John.

Y. MOR. This noble gentleman, forward in arms,

Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.

Sir John of Henault, be it thy renown,

That England's queen, and nobles in distress,

Have been by thee restor'd and comforted.

SIR J. Madam, along, and you, my lord, with
me,
That England's peers may Henault's welcome see.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Enter the KING, MATREVIS, the two SPENCERS,
with others.*

EDW. Thus after many threats of wrathful war,
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends,
And triumph Edward with his friends uncontroul'd.
My lord of Glou'ster, do you hear the news?

Y. SPEN. What news, my lord?

EDW. Why man, they say there is great execution

Done through the realm; my lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not?

MAT. From the lieutenant of the tower, my lord.

EDW. I pray let us see it. What have we there?
Read it Spencer. [*Spencer reads their names.*]

Why so; they bark'd apace a month ago:
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite,
Now, sirs, the news from France? Glou'ster, I trow,
The lords of France love England's gold so well,
As Isabel gets no aid from thence.

What now remains; have you proclaim'd, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?

Y. SPEN. My lord, we have; and if he be in
England,
He will he had ere long, I doubt it not.

EDW. If, dost thou say? Spencer, as true as death,
He is in England's ground; our portmasters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

Enter a MESSENGER.

How now, what news with thee? from whence
come these?

MES. Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of
France,
To you, my lord of Glou'ster, from Lecune.

EDW. Read.

[Spencer reads the letter.]

"My duty to your honour premised, &c. I have,
according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with
the king of France his lords, and effected, that the
queen, all discontented and discomfited, is gone.
Whither, if you ask, with sir John of Henault, brother
to the marquis, into Flanders: with them are
gone lord Edmund, and the lord Mortimer, having
in their company divers of your nation, and others;
and, as constant report goeth, they intend to give
king Edward battle in England, sooner than he can
look for them: this is all the news of import.

Your honour's in all service, LECUNE."

EDW. Ah, villains! hath that Mortimer escap'd?
With him is Edmund gone associate?
And will sir John of Henault lead the round?
Welcome, a God's name, madam, and your son;
England shall welcome you and all your rout.
Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky,

And dusty night, in rusty iron car,
Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desired day,
When we may meet those traitors in the field.
Ah, nothing grieves me, but my little boy
Is thus misled to countenance their ills.
Come, friends, to Bristol, there to make us strong;
And, winds, as equal be to bring them in,
As you injurious were to bear them forth! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Enter the QUEEN, her SON, KENT, MORTIMER,
and SIR JOHN.*

QUEEN. Now, lords, our loving friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds;
Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
To cope with friends at home; a heavy case
When force to force is knit, and sword and glave
In civil broils make kin and countrymen
Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
With their own weapons gore! But what's the help?
Misgovern'd kings are cause of all this wreck;
And, Edward, thou art one among them all,
Whose looseness hath betray'd thy land to spoil,
Who made the channel overflow with blood
Of thine own people; patron shouldst thou be,
But thou——

Y. MOR. Nay, madam, if you be a warrior,
Ye must not grow so passionate in speeches.

Lord's, sith that we are by suff'rance of heav'n,
Arriv'd, and armed in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cause swear we to him
All homage, fealty, and forwardness;
And for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his queen, and land,
We come in arms to wreak it with the sword;
That England's queen in peace may repossess
Her dignities and honours: and withal
We may remove those flatterers from the king,
That havock England's wealth and treasury.

SIR J. Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward let
us march.

Edward will think we come to flatter him.

KENT. I would he never had been flatter'd more!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Enter the KING, BALDOCK, and Young SPENCER,
flying about the stage.*

Y. SPEN. Fly, fly, my lord! the queen is over-
strong;

Her friends do multiply, and your's do fail.
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.

EDW. What! was I born to fly and run away,
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?
Give me my horse, let's reinforce our troops:
And in this bed of honour die with fame.

BALD. O no, my lord this princely resolution
Fits not the time; away, we are pursu'd. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter KENT alone, with sword and target.

KENT. This way he fled, but I am come too late.
Edward, alas! my heart relents for thee.
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?
Vile wretch! and why hast thou, of all unkind,
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head,
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs
To punish this unnatural revolt!
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life:
O fly him then! but Edmund calm this rage,
Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer
And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire:
And yet she bears a face of love forsooth.
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
Edmund, away; Bristol to Longshank's blood
Is false; be not found single for suspect:
Proud Mortimer pries near into thy walks.

*Enter the QUEEN, MORTIMER, the Young PRINCE,
and Sir JOHN of HENAULT.*

QUEEN. Successful battle gives the God of kings
To them that fight in right, and fear his wrath.
Since then successfully we have prevail'd,
Thanked be heaven's great architect, and you.
Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
We here create our well-beloved son,
Of love and care unto his royal person,
Lord warden of the realm; and sith the fates
Have made his father so unfortunate,

Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

KENT. Madam, without offence, if I may ask,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?

PRINCE. Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do
you mean?

KENT. Nephew, your father; I dare not call him
king.

MOR. My lord of Kent, what needs these ques-
tions?

'Tis not in her controulment, nor in ours,
But as the realm and parliament shall please,
So shall your brother be disposed of.

[*Aside to the Queen.*

I like not this relenting mood in Edmund.
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.

QUEEN. My lord, the mayor of Bristol knows our
mind.

Y. MOR. Yea, madam, and they 'scape not easily
That fled the field.

QUEEN. Baldock is with the king,
A goodly chancellor, is he not my lord?

SIR J. So are the Spencers, the father, and the
son.

KENT. This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

*Enter RICE AP HOWELL, and the MAYOR of BRIS-
TOL, with Old SPENCER.*

RICE. God save queen Isabel, and her princely
son!

Madam, the mayor and citizens of Bristol,

In sign of love and duty to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer,
That like the lawless Catiline of Rome,
Revell'd in England's wealth and treasury.

QUEEN. We thank you all.

Y. MOR. Your loving care in this
Deserveth princely favours and rewards.
But where's the king and the other Spencer fled?

RICE. Spencer the son, created earl of Glou'ster,
Is with that smooth-tongu'd scholar Baldock gone,
And shipp'd but late for Ireland with the king.

Y. MOR. Some whirlwind fetch them back or sink
them all! [Aside.

They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.

PRINCE. Shall I not see the king my father
yet?

KENT. Unhappy Edward, chas'd from England's
bounds.

SIR J. Madam, what resteth, why stand ye in a
muse?

QUEEN. I rue my lord's ill-fortune; but alas!
Care of my country call'd me to this war.

Y. MOR. Madam, have done with care and sad
complaint;
Your king hath wrong'd your country and himself,
And we must seek to right it as we may.
Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block.

O. SPEN. Rebel is he that fights against the
prince;

So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.

Y. MOR. Take him away, he prates; you, Rice
ap Howell,
Shall do good service to her majesty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow these rebellious runagates.
We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice,
How Baldock, Spencer, and their complices,
May in their fall be followed to their end.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE VI.

*Enter the ABBOT, MONKS, EDWARD, SPENCER,
and BALDOCK.*

ABBOT. Have you no doubt, my lord; have you
no fear;

As silent and as careful we will be,
To keep your royal person safe with us,
Free from suspect, and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase,
Yourself, and those your chosen company,
As danger of this stormy time requires.

EDW. Father thy face should harbour no deceit.
O! hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierc'd deeply with a sense of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state.
Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
Whilom I was, powerful, and full of pomp:
But what is he whom rule and empery
Have not in life or death made miserable?

Come Spencer, come Baldock, come sit down by me;
Make trial now of thy philosophy,
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'st from Plato and from Aristotle.
Father, this life contemplative is heaven.
O that I might this life in quiet lead!
But we, alas! are chas'd; and you, my friends,
Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.
Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company.

MONK. Your grace may sit secure, if none but we
do wot of your abode.

Y. SPEN. Not one alive, but shrewdly I suspect
A gloomy fellow in a mead below,
He gave a long look after us, my lord,
And all the land I know is up in arms,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

BALD. We were embark'd for Ireland, wretched
we!

With awkward winds and sore tempest driven
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear
Of Mortimer and his confederates.

EDW. Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer?
That bloody man! Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care.
O might I never ope these eyes again!
Never again lift up this drooping head!
O never more lift up this dying heart!

Y. SPEN. Look up my lord.—Baldock, this drowsiness

Betides no good ; even here we are betray'd.

Enter, with Welch hooks, RICE AP HOWEL, a MOWER, and the Earl of LEICESTER.

Mow. Upon my life, these be the men ye seek.

RICE. Fellow, enough. My lord, I pray be short,
A fair commission warrants what we do.

LEICES. The queen's commission, urg'd by Mortimer.

What cannot Mortimer do with the queen !

Alas ! see where he sits, and hopes unseen

T'escape their hands that seek to reave his life.

Too true it is, *quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*

Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.

But, Leicester, leave to grow so passionate.

Spencer and Baldock, by no other names,

I do arrest you of high treason here.

Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest,

'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.

My lord why droop you thus ?

EDW. O day the last of all my bliss on earth !

Centre of all misfortune ! O my stars !

Why do you low'r unkindly on a king ?

Comes Leicester, then, in Isabella's name,

To take my life, my company from me ?

Here man rip up this panting breast of mine,

And take my heart in rescue of my friends.

RICE. Away with them !

Y. SPEN. It may become thee yet,
To let us take our farewell of his grace.

ABBOT. My heart with pity yearns to see this
sight,
A king to bear these words and proud commands.

EDW. Spencer, sweet Spencer, thus then must we
part?

Y. SPEN. We must, my lord, so will the angry
heav'ns.

EDW. Nay so will hell and cruel Mortimer;
The gentle heav'ns have not to do in this.

BALD. My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves;
Our lots are cast, I fear me, so is thine.

EDW. In heav'n we may, in earth ne'er shall we
meet:

And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us?

LEICES. Your majesty must go to Killingworth.

EDW. Must! 'tis somewhat hard, when kings
must go.

LEICES. Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.

RICE. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

EDW. A litter hast thou? lay me in a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore,
For friend hath Edward none, but these; and these
Must die under a tyrant's sword.

RICE. My lord, be going; care not for these,

For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

EDW. Well, what shall be, shall be : part we must !
Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we must !
Hence feigned weeds ! unfeigned are my woes ;
Father, farewell ! Leicester, thou stay'st for me,
And go I must. Life, farewell, with my friends.

[*Exeunt Edward and Leicester.*]

Y. SPEN. O is he gone ! is noble Edward gone !
Parted from hence ? never to see us more ?
Rend, sphere of heav'n ! and, fire, forsake thy orb !
Earth, melt to air ! gone is my sovereign,
Gone, gone, alas ! never to make return.

BALD. Spencer, I see our souls are fleeting hence ;
We are depriv'd the sunshine of our life :
Make for a new life, man ; throw up thy eyes,
And heart and hand to heav'n's immortal throne,
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance ;
Reduce we all our lessons unto this,
To die, sweet Spencer, therefore live we all ;
Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall.

RICE. Come, come, keep these preachments till
you come to the place appointed.
You, and such as you are, have made wise work in
England.

Will your lordships away ?

Mow. Your lordship I trust will remember me ?

RICE. Remember thee, fellow ! what else ?
Follow me to the town.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter the KING, LEICESTER, with the BISHOP of WINCHESTER for the crown, and others.

LEICES. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament,
Imagine Killingworth castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not for compulsion or necessity.

EDW. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allay'd,
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But, when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning, that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to th' air.
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mu'd me in a prison:
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As with the wings of rancour and disdain,
Full often am I soaring up to high heav'n,
To plain me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,

Methinks I should revenge me of the wrongs,
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king;
I wear the crown but am controul'd by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;
Whilst I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

WINCH. Your grace mistakes, it is for England's
good,
And princely Edward's right, we crave the crown.

EDW. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, encompassed by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heav'n turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;
So shall not England's vine be perished,
But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.

LEICES. My lord, why waste you thus the time
away?

They stay your answer, will you yield your crown?

EDW. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook

To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
In which extremes my mind here murther'd is.
But what the heav'ns appoint, I must obey!
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too;
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wished right.
Continue ever thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime:
Stand still you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king;
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wished crown.
Inhuman creatures! nurs'd with tiger's milk!
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow!
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.
See monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again!
[He puts on the crown.]
What, fear you not the fury of your king?
But hapless Edward, thou art fondly led,
They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seek to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments,

And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head,
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

TRUSTY. My lord, the parliament must have
present news,
And therefore say, will you resign or no?

[*The king rageth.*]

EDW. I'll not resign! but whilst I live, be king!
Traitors be gone, and join with Mortimer.
Elect, confirm,* install, do what you will;
Their blood and yours' shall seal these treacheries!

WINCH. This answer we'll return, and so farewell.

LEICES. Call them again, my lord, and speak
them fair;

For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

EDW. Call thou them back, I have no power to
speak.

LEICES. My lord, the king is willing to resign.

WINCH. If he be not, let him choose.

EDW. O would I might! but heav'n and earth
conspire

To make me miserable! here receive my crown;
Receive it! no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be call'd the murtherer of a king,
Take it. What, are you mov'd? pity you me?

* The old editions read *conspire*. The allusion seems to be to the several forms observed in the creation of a bishop, in which confirmation comes between election and installation.

Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes, being turn'd to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them,
Here, here! Now, sweet God of heav'n,
[He gives them the crown.]

Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for ever enthroniz'd in heav'n!
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I live, let me forget myself.

WINCH. My lord.

EDW. Call me not lord;
Away, out of my sight! ah, pardon me,
Grief makes me lunatic!

Let not that Mortimer protect my son;
More safety is there in a tiger's jaws,
Than his embracements—bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dry'd again with sighs;
If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd,
Return it back and dip it in my blood.
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I. Yet how have I transgressed,
Unless it be with too much clemency?

TRUSTY. And thus most humbly do we take out
leave. *[Exeunt Bishop and Attendants.]*

EDW. Farewell; I know the next news that they
bring

Will be my death; and welcome shall it be;
To wretched men, death is felicity.

Enter BERKLEY.

LEICES. Another post ! what news brings he ?

EDW. Such news as I expect—come, Berkley
come,

And tell thy message to my naked breast.

BERK. My lord, think not a thought so villanous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.

To do your highness service and devoir,
And save you from your foes, Berkley would die.

LEICES. My lord, the counsel of the queen com-
mands

That I resign my charge.

EDW. And who must keep me now ? Must you,
my lord ?

BERK. Aye, my most gracious lord—so 'tis de-
creed.

EDW. By Mortimer, whose name is written here !
Well may I rend his name that rends my heart !

'This poor revenge hath something eas'd my mind.

So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper !

Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too !

BERK. Your grace must hence with me to Berkley
straight.

EDW. Whither you will, all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.

LEICES. Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth in
you.

BERK. Even so betide my soul as I use him.

EDW. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,

And that's the cause that I am now remov'd.

BERK. And thinks your grace that Berkley will be
cruel?

EDW. I know not; but of this am I assur'd,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.
Leicester, farewell!

LEICES. Not yet, my lord; I'll bear you on your
way. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

SCENE II.

Enter MORTIMER and QUEEN ISABEL.

Y. MOR. Fair Isabel, now have we our desire,
The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity.
Be rul'd by me, and we will rule the realm.
In any case take heed of childish fear,
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
'That if he slip will seize upon us both,
And gripe the sorer, being gript himself.
Think therefore, madam, it imports us much
To erect your son with all the speed we may,
And that I be protector over him;
For our behoof, 'twill bear the greater sway
Whenas a king's name shall be under writ.

QUEEN. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well,
And therefore so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,

Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I myself will willingly subscribe.

Y. MOR. First would I hear news he were de-
pos'd,
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter MESSENGER.

Y. MOR. Letters! from whence?

MESS. From Killingworth, my lord.

QUEEN. How fares my lord the king?

MESS. In health, madam, but full of pensiveness.

QUEEN. Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his
grief!

Enter WINCHESTER with the Crown.

Thanks, gentle Winchester: [*To the Messenger.*]

Sirrah, be gone. [*Exit Messenger.*]

WINCH. The king hath willingly resign'd his
crown.

QUEEN. O happy news! send for the prince, my
son.

WINCH. Further, ere this letter was sealed, lord
Berkley came,

So that he now is gone from Killingworth;

And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot

To set his brother free; no more but so.

The lord of Berkley is as pitiful

As Leicester that had charge of him before.

QUEEN. Then let some other be his guardian.

Y. MOR. Let me alone, here is the privy seal.

Who's there?—call hither Gurney and Matrevis.

To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,
Berkley shall be discharg'd, the king remov'd,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

QUEEN. But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
What safety rests for us, or for my son?

Y. MOR. Speak, shall he presently be dispatch'd
and die?

QUEEN. I would he were, so't were not by my
means.

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.

Y. MOR. Enough; Matrevis, write a letter pre-
sently

Unto the lord of Berkley from ourself,
That he resign the king to thee and Gurney;
And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name.

MAT. It shall be done, my lord.

Y. MOR. Gurney.

GUR. My lord.

Y. MOR. As thou intendest to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes fortune's wheel turn as he please,
Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,
And neither give him kind word nor good look.

GUR. I warrant you, my lord.

Y. MOR. And this above the rest, because we hear
'That Edmund casts to work his liberty,
Remove him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Berkley back again:
And by the way, to make him fret the more,

Speak curstly* to him; and in any case
Let no man comfort him if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.

MAT. Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command.

Y. MOR. So, now away; post thitherwards amain.

QUEEN. Whither goes this letter, to my lord the king?

Commend me humbly to his majesty,

And tell him, that I labour all in vain

To ease his grief, and work his liberty;

And bear him this as witness of my love.

MAT. I will, madam.

[Exeunt all but Isabel and Mortimer.]

*Enter the Young PRINCE, and the EARL of KENT
talking with him.*

Y. MOR. Finely dissembled! Do so still, sweet queen.

Here comes the young prince, with the earl of Kent.

QUEEN. Something he whispers in his childish ears.

Y. MOR. If he have such access unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dash'd.

QUEEN. Use Edmund friendly, as if all were well.

Y. MOR. How fares my honourable lord of Kent?

KENT. In health, sweet Mortimer: how fares your grace?

* ill-naturedly.

QUEEN. Well, if my lord your brother were enlarged.

KENT. I hear of late he hath depos'd himself.

QUEEN. The more my grief.

Y. MOR. And mine.

KENT. Ah, they do dissemble! [*Aside.*]

QUEEN. Sweet son, come hither, I must talk with thee.

Y. MOR. You being his uncle, and the next of blood,

Do look to be protector o'er the prince.

KENT. Not I, my lord; who should protect the son.

But she that gave him life; I mean the queen?

PRINCE. Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown;

Let him be king—I am too young to reign.

QUEEN. But be content, seeing it is his highness' pleasure.

PRINCE. Let me but see him first, and then I will.

KENT. Ay, do, sweet nephew.

QUEEN. Brother, you know it is impossible.

PRINCE. Why, is he dead?

QUEEN. No, God forbid.

KENT. I would those words proceeded from your heart.

Y. MOR. Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour him,

That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

KENT. The more cause have I now to make
amends.

Y. MOR. I tell thee, 'tis not meet that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince.
My lord, he hath betray'd the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.

PRINCE. But he repents, and sorrows for it now.

QUEEN. Come son, and go with this gentle lord
and me.

PRINCE. With you I will, but not with Mortimer.

Y. MOR. Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of
Mortimer?

Then I will carry thee by force away.

PRINCE. Help, uncle Kent, Mortimer will wrong
me.

QUEEN. Brother Edmund, strive not; we are his
friends;

Isabel is nearer than the earl of Kent.

KENT. Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem him.

QUEEN. Edward is my son, and I will keep him.

KENT. Mortimer shall know that he hath wrong'd
me!—

Hence will I haste to Killingworth castle,
And rescue aged Edward from his foes,
To be reveng'd on Mortimer and thee. [Aside.

[Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE III.

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY with the KING.

MAT. My lord, be not pensive, we are your friends;

Men are ordain'd to live in misery,
Therefore come,—dalliance dangereth our lives.

EDW. Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go?
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?
Must I be vexed like the nightly bird,
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowls?
When will the fury of his mind assuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,
And give my heart to Isabel and him;
It is the chiefest mark they level at.

GUR. Not so, my liege, the queen hath given this charge

To keep your grace in safety:
Your passions make your choler to increase.

EDW. This usage makes my misery increase.
But can my air of life continue long,
When all my senses are annoy'd with stench?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starv'd for want of sustenance.
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,
That almost rend the closet of my heart;
Thus lives old Edward not reliev'd by any,
And so must die, though pitied by many.



Oh, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst,
And clear my body from foul excrements!

MAT. Here's channel water, as our charge is
given;

Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

EDW. Traitors, away! what, will you murder me,
Or choke your sovereign with puddle water?

GUR. No, but wash your face, and shave away
your beard,
Lest you be known, and so be rescued.

MAT. Why strive you thus? your labour is in
vain?

EDW. The wren may strive against the lion's
strength,
But all in vain: so vainly do I strive
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

*[They wash him with puddle water, and shave his
beard away.]*

Immortal powers! that know the painful cares
That wait upon my poor distressed soul!
O level all your looks upon these daring men,
That wrong their liege and sovereign, England's
king.

O Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wrong'd,
For me, both thou and both the Spencers died!
And for your sakes, a thousand wrongs I'll take.
The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain,
Wish well to mine; then tush, for them I'll die.

MAT. 'Twixt their's and your's shall be no
enmity.

Come, come, away; now put the torches out,
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

Enter KENT.

GUR. How now, who comes there?

MAT. Guard the king sure; it is the earl of Kent.

EDW. O, gentle brother, help to rescue me!

MAT. Keep them asunder; thrust in the king.

KENT. Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.

GUR. Lay hands upon the earl for his assault.

KENT. Lay down your weapons, traitors, yield the
king.

MAT. Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.

KENT. Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me
thus!

GUR. Bind him and convey him to the court.

KENT. Where is the court but here? here is the
king,

And I will visit him; why stay you me?

MAT. The court is where lord Mortimer remains;
Thither shall your honour go; and so farewell.

[Exeunt Matrevis and Gurney, with the King.

Kent and the Soldiers remain.

KENT. O miserable is that common-weal, where
lords

Keep courts, and kings are lock'd in prison!

SOL. Wherefore stay we? on, sirs, to the court.

KENT. Aye, lead me whither you will, even to my
death,

Seeing that my brother cannot be releas'd.

[Exeunt omnes.

SCENE IV.

Enter YOUNG MORTIMER.

Y. MOR. The king must die, or Mortimer goes down.

The commons now begin to pity him.
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.

This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.

Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est

Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die.

But read it thus, and that's another sense :

Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est

Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst.

Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,

That being dead, if it chance to be found,

Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,

And we be quit that caus'd it to be done.

Within this room is lock'd the messenger,

That shall convey it, and perform the rest :

And by a secret token that he bears,

Shall he be murder'd when the deed is done.

Lightborn, come forth ; art thou so resolute as thou wast ?

Enter LIGHTBORN.

LIGHT. What else, my lord ? and far more resolute.

Y. MOR. And hast thou cast how to accomplish it ?

LIGHT. Aye, aye, and none shall know which way
he died.

Y. MOR. But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt
relent.

LIGHT. Relent! ha, ha, I use much to relent.

Y. MOR. Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

LIGHT. You shall not need to give instructions;
'Tis not the first time I have kill'd a man.
I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers;
To strangle with a lawn thrust thro' the throat;
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needles' point;
Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears;
Or open his mouth, and pour quick silver down.
But yet I have a braver way than these.

Y. MOR. What's that?

LIGHT. Nay, you shall pardon me, none shall
know my tricks.

Y. MOR. I care not how it is, so it be not spy'd.
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis.
At every ten mile end thou hast a horse.
Take this, away, and never see me more.

LIGHT. No!

Y. MOR. No; unless thou bring me news of
Edward's death.

LIGHT. That will I quickly do; farewell, my lord.

[Exit.

Y. MOR. The prince I rule, the queen do I com-
mand,
And with a lowly congé to the ground,

The proudest lords salute me as I pass :
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will ;
Fear'd am I more than lov'd—let me be fear'd ;
And when I frown, make all the court look pale.
I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.
They thrust upon me the protectorship,
And sue to me for that which I desire.
While at the council-table, grave enough,
And not unlike a bashful puritan,
First I complain of imbecility,
Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum* ;
Till being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam* as they term it ;
And to conclude, I am protector now.
Now is all sure, the queen and Mortimer
Shall rule the realm, the king ; and none rule us.
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance ;
And what I list command ; who dare controul ?
Major sum quàm cui possit fortuna nocere.
And that this be the coronation-day,
It pleaseth me, and Isabel the queen.
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

*Enter the young KING, BISHOPS, CHAMPION,
NOBLES, QUEEN.*

BISHOP. Long live king Edward, by the grace of
God,

King of England, and lord of Ireland !

CHAM. If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Dare but affirm, that Edward's not true king,

And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the champion that will combat him.

Y. MOR. None comes, sound trumpets.

KING. Champion, here's to thee.

QUEEN. Lord Mortimer, now take him to your
charge.

Enter SOLDIERS with the EARL of KENT, prisoner.

Y. MOR. What traitor have we there with blades
and bills?

SOL. Edmund, the earl of Kent.

KING. What hath he done?

SOL. He would have taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

Y. MOR. Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund?
speak.

KENT. Mortimer, I did; he is our king,
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.

Y. MOR. Strike off his head, he shall have martial
law.

KENT. Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee.

KING. My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.

Y. MOR. My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.

KENT. Stay, villains!

KING. Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Entreat my lord protector for his life.

QUEEN. Son, be content; I dare not speak a
word.

KING. Nor I, and yet methinks I should com-
mand;

But seeing I cannot, I'll intreat for him—

My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.

Y. MOR. 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the
realm's.

How often shall I bid you bear him hence?

KENT. Art thou king? must I die at thy command?

Y. MOR. At our command! once more, away with
him.

KENT. Let me but stay and speak; I will not go.
Either my brother or his son is king,
And neither of them thirst for Edmund's blood.
And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?

*[They hale Kent away, and carry him to be
beheaded.]*

KING. What safety may I look for at his hands,
If that my uncle shall be murdered thus?

QUEEN. Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard thee from
thy foes;

Had Edmund liv'd, he would have sought thy death.
Come, son, we'll ride a hunting in the park.

KING. And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?

QUEEN. He is a traitor, think not on him; come.
[Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE V.

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.

MAT. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castle run,
From whence a damp continually ariseth,

That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king, brought up so tenderly.

GUR. And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight
I open'd but the door to throw him meat,
And I was almost stifled with the savour.

MAT. He hath a body able to endure
More than we can inflict: and therefore now
Let us assail his mind another while.

GUR. Send for him out thence, and I will anger
him.

MAT. But stay, who's this?

Enter LIGHTBORN.

LIGHT. My lord protector greets you.

GUR. What's here? I know not how to construe it.

MAT. Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce;
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,
That's his meaning.

LIGHT. Know ye this token? I must have the
king.

MAT. Ay, stay awhile, thou shalt have answer
straight.

This villain's sent to make away the king.

GUR. I thought as much.

MAT. And when the murder's done.

See how he must be handled for his labour.

Pereat iste: let him have the king.

What else? here is the keys, this is the lake,

Do as you are commanded by my lord.

LIGHT. I know what I must do, get you away.

Yet be not far off, I shall need your help;

See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red hot.

MAT. Very well.

GUR. Need you any thing besides ?

LIGHT. A table and a feather-bed.

GUR. That's all ?

LIGHT. Aye, aye ; so, when I call you, bring it in.

MAT. Fear not thou that.

GUR. Here's a light ; go into the dungeon.

LIGHT. So now must I about this geer, ne'er was
there any

So finely handled as this king shall be.

Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart !

EDW. Who's there ? what light is that ? wherefore
com'st thou ?

LIGHT. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

EDW. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy
looks.

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

LIGHT. To murder you, my most gracious lord !
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The queen sent me to see how you were us'd,
For she relents at this your misery :

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state ?

EDW. Weep'st thou already ? list awhile to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me, is the sink,

Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

LIGHT. O villains !

EDW. And there, in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten day' space ; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.

They give me bread and water, being a king ;

So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,

My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,

And whether I have limbs or no I know not.

O, would my blood drop out from every vein,

As doth this water from my tatter'd robes.

Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,

When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,

And there unhors'd the duke of Cleremont.

LIGHT. O speak no more, my lord ! this breaks
my heart.

Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

EDW. These looks of thine can harbour nought
but death :

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.

Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,

And let me see the stroke before it comes,

That even then when I shall lose my life,

My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

LIGHT. What means your highness to mistrust me
thus ?

EDW. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me
thus ?

LIGHT. These hands were never stain'd with in-
nocent blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

EDW. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.

One jewel have I left, receive thou this.

Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,

But every joint shakes as I give it thee.

Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,

Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul !

Know, that I am a king : Oh ! at that name

I feel a hell of grief ; where is my crown ?

Gone, gone ; and do I remain ?

LIGHT. You're overwatch'd, my lord ; lie down
and rest.

EDW. But that grief keeps me waking, I should
sleep ;

For not these ten days have these eye-lids clos'd.

Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear

Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here ?

LIGHT. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

EDW. No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me.

Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.

LIGHT. He sleeps.

EDW. O let me not die ; yet stay, oh stay a
while.

LIGHT. How now, my lord ?

EDW. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,

And tells me, if I sleep I never wake ;

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.

And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come ?

LIGHT. To rid thee of thy life ; Matrevis, come.

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.

EDW. I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

LIGHT. Run for the table.

EDW. O spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.

LIGHT. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest thou bruise his body.

MAT. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away.

LIGHT. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?

GUR. Excellent well; take this for thy reward.

[Gurney stabs Lightborn.]

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord: away.

[Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE VI.

Enter MORTIMER and MATREVIS.

Y. MOR. Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer
dead?

MAT. Aye, my good lord; I would it were un-
done.

Y. MOR. Matrevis, if thou now growest penitent
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore chuse,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.

MAT. Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both, therefore let me fly.

Y. MOR. Fly to the savages.

MAT. I humbly thank your honour.

Y. MOR. As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree;

And others are but shrubs compared to me.

All tremble at my name, and I fear none;

Let's see who dare impeach me for his death.

Enter the QUEEN.

QUEEN. Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath news,
His father's dead, and we have murdered him.

Y. MOR. What if he have? the king is yet a child?

QUEEN. Aye, aye, but he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,

And vows to be reveng'd upon us both.

Into the council-chamber he is gone,

To crave the aid and succour of his peers.

Ah me! see where he comes, and they with him;

Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

Enter the KING, with the LORDS.

LORDS. Fear not, my lord, know that you are a king.

KING. Villain!

Y. MOR. How now, my lord?

KING. Think not that I am frightened with thy words!

My father's murder'd through thy treachery;

And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse

Thy hateful and accursed head shall lie,

To witness to the world, that by thy means

His kingly body was too soon interr'd.

QUEEN. Weep not, sweet son!

KING. Forbid not me to weep, he was my father ;
And, had you lov'd him half so well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently.
But you, I fear, conspir'd with Mortimer.

LORDS. Why speak you not unto my lord the
king ?

Y. MOR. Because I think scorn to be accus'd.
Who is the man dares say I murder'd him ?

KING. Traitor ! in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murderest him.

Y. MOR. But hath your grace no other proof than
this ?

KING. Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.

Y. MOR. False Gurney hath betray'd me and
himself.

QUEEN. I fear'd as much ; murder cannot be hid.

Y. MOR. 'Tis my hand ; what gather you by this ?

KING. That thither thou did'st send a murderer.

Y. MOR. What murderer ? Bring forth the man I
sent.

KING. Aye, Mortimer, thou know'st that he is
slain ;

And so shalt thou be too. Why stays he here ?

Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth,

Hang him I say, and set his quarters up.

But bring his head back presently to me.

QUEEN. For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer.

Y. MOR. Madam, intreat not, I will rather die,
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.

KING. Hence with the traitor ! with the murderer !

Y. MOR. Base fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel

There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down : that point I touch'd,
And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall ?
Farewell, fair queen ; weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

KING. What ! suffer you the traitor to delay ?

[Mortimer is taken away.]

QUEEN. As thou received'st thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer.

KING. This argues that you spilt my father's blood,

Else would you not intreat for Mortimer.

QUEEN. I spill his blood ? no.

KING. Aye, madam, you ; for so the rumour runs.

QUEEN. That rumour is untrue ; for loving thee,
Is this report rais'd on poor Isabel ?

KING. I do not think her so unnatural.

LORD. My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.

KING. Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till farther trial may be made thereof ;
If you be guilty, though I be your son,
Think not to find me slack or pitiful.

QUEEN. Nay, to my death, for too long have I liv'd,
Whenas my son thinks to abridge my days.

KING. Away with her, her words inforce these tears,
And I shall pity her if she speak again.

QUEEN. Shall I not mourn for my beloved lord?
And with the rest accompany him to his grave?

LORD. Thus, madam, 'tis the king's will you shall
hence.

QUEEN. He hath forgotten me; stay, I am his
mother.

LORD. That boots not; therefore, gentle madam, go.

QUEEN. Then come, sweet death, and rid me of
this grief.

Re-enter a LORD, with the head of Mortimer.

LORDS. My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.

KING. Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie;
And bring my funeral robes. Accursed head,
Could I have rul'd thee then, as I do now,
Thou had'st not hatch'd this monstrous treachery.
Here comes the hearse; help me to mourn, my lords.
Sweet father, here unto thy murder'd ghost
I offer up this wicked traitor's head;
And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocence. *7*

[Exeunt.]

DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus,
written by Ch. Marloe. London, printed for John Wright,
and are to be sold at his shop without Newgate, at the signe
of the Bible. Black letter, 4to. 1616.

Mr. Malone is of opinion that this play was exhibited before
1590. It appears to have been acted by the Lord Admiral's
Servants in 1594 and 1597. It was first published in 1604, 4to.
and was reprinted in 1616, 1624 and 1663, all in quarto. The
last edition contains some new scenes, and the one at Rome is
left out and another copied from The Rich Jew of Malta sub-
stituted. Indeed it is probable that none of the editions contain
the entire text of the author, for it appears from Henslowe's
MS. that after Marlow's death, and before the first edition, the
play had been altered in the representation. The entry is as
follows: "Lent unto the company 22nd November, 1602, to
pay unto William Bride and Samuel Rowley for their adycions
in Doctor Fostes, the sum £4;" and if the additions were esti-
mated at the rate at which plays were then usually paid for,
they were not by any means inconsiderable. The character of
Faustus was played by Edward Alleyn.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FAUSTUS.

MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

The Pope.

RAYMOND, *king of Hungary.*

BRUNO.

EMPEROR of GERMANY.

DUKE of SAXONY.

DUKE and DUCHESS of VANHOLT.

FREDERICK, }
MERTINO, } *three Gentlemen.*
BENVOLIO, }

VALDES.

CORNELIUS.

GOOD ANGEL.

BAD ANGEL.

OLD MAN.

Three SCHOLARS.

SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

WAGNER.

ROBIN, *the Clown.*

DICK, *an Hostler.*

CARTER.

HORSE-COURSER.

HOSTESS.

VINTNER.

BISHOP of RHEIMS.

LUCIFER.

BELZEBUB.

*Cardinals, Bishops, Monks, Friars, Soldiers, Servants,
&c. &c.*

DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

Enter CHORUS.

Not marching in the fields of Tharsimen,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagen;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings, where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our muse to vaunt his heavenly verse;
Only this, gentles, we must now perform,
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born of parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
At riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsman chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th' heavenly matters of theology:
Till swoln with cunning, and a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And melting heavens conspired his overthrow:
For falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,

He, I say, you
He surfeits on the cursed necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss,
And this the man that in his study sits.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

FAUSTUS in his study.

FAUST. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;
Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me.
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end.
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid economy farewell: and Galen come.
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas;
The end of physic is our bodies' health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,

And thousand desperate maladies been cur'd ?

Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.

Couldst thou make men to live eternally,

Or, being dead, raise them to life again,

Then this profession were to be esteem'd.

Physic farewell. Where is Justinian ?

Si una eademque res legatur duobus,

Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.

A petty case of paltry legacies.

Exhereditari filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.

Such is the subject of the institute,

And universal body of the law.

This study fits a mercenary drudge,

Who aims at nothing but external trash,

Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done, divinity is best.

Jerome's bible, Faustus ; view it well.

Stipendium peccati mors est : ha ! stipendium, &c.

The reward of sin is death : that's hard.

*Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis
veritas,*

If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and
there is no truth in us.

Why then belike we must sin,

And so consequently die.

Aye, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this ? *Che, sera, sera :*

What will be, shall be ; divinity adieu.

These metaphysics of magicians,

And necromantic books, are heavenly.

Lines, circles, letters, characters :
Aye, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artizan !
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
Are but obey'd in their several provinces ;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man :
A sound magician is a demigod.
Here tire my brains to get a deity.

Enter WAGNER.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes, and Cornelius :
Request them earnestly to visit me.

WAG. I will, sir. *[Exit.*

FAUST. Their conference will be a greater help to
me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter a GOOD and BAD ANGEL.

GOOD ANG. O Faustus ! lay that damned book
aside,
And gaze not on it lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.
Read, read the scriptures ;—that is blasphemy.

BAD ANG. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous
art,
Wherein all nature's treasure is contain'd.
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,

Lord and commander of these elements.

[*Exeunt Angels.*

FAUST. How am I ^{se}glutted with conceit of this! *2y, 6m*
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world,
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.
I'll have them read me strange philosophy;
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings:
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg:
I'll have them fill the public schools with skill,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad:
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the prince of Parma from our land;
And reign sole king of all the provinces:
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war, *Co, 1m*
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practice magic and concealed arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;

'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with subtle syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
And made the flow'ring pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems, as th' infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell;
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

VAL. [*To Faust.*] These books, thy wit, and our
experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three:
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants trotting by our sides:
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows,
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love.
From Venice they shall drag whole* argosies;
And from America the golden fleece,
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

FAUST. As resolute am I in this
As thou to live, therefore object it not.

CORN. The miracles that magic will perform,

* Edit. 1616, reads "huge."

Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require.
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery,
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks;
Yea, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth.
Then, tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want.

FAUST. Nothing, Cornelius; O this cheers my
soul!

Come show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some bushy grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

VAL. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite,
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

CORN. First let him know the words of art;
And then all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

VAL. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

FAUST. Then come and dine with me, and after
meat

We'll canvass every quidity thereof;
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do;
This night I'll conjure though I die therefore.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

Enter two SCHOLARS.

1 SCHO. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that
was wont
To make our schools ring with *sic probo*.

Enter WAGNER.

2 SCHO. That shall we presently know; here
comes his boy.

1 SCHO. How now, sirrah, where's thy master?

WAG. God in heaven knows.

2 SCHO. Why dost not thou know then?

WAG. Yes, I know, but that follows not.

1 SCHO. Go to, sirrah, leave your jesting, and tell
where he is.

WAG. That follows not by force of argument,
which you, being licentiates, should stand upon;
therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

2 SCHO. Then you will not tell us?

WAG. You are deceived, for I will tell you; yet
if you were not dunces you would never ask such a
question; for is he not *corpus naturale*, and is not
that *mobile*? then, wherefore should you ask me
such a question? but that I am by nature phleg-
matic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love I

would say), it were not for you to come within forty feet of the place of execution ; although I do not doubt but to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus : Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine if it would speak could inform your worships ; and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren. [Exit.

1 SCHO. O Faustus ! Then I fear that which I have long suspected,
That thou art fallen into the damned art,
For which they two are infamous through the world.

2 SCHO. Were he a stranger, not allied to me,
The danger of his soul would make me mourn ;
But come, let us go and inform the rector,
It may be his grave council may reclaim him.

1 SCHO. I fear me nothing will reclaim him now.

2 SCHO. Yet let us see what we can do.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Thunder.—Enter LUCIFER and four DEVILS.

FAUSTUS to them with this speech.

FAUST. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from the antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with his pitchy breath ;

Faustus begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest;
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward, and backward, anagramatis'd;
The abbreviated names of holy saints;
Figures of every adjunct to the heav'ns,
And characters of signs, and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, to be resolute,
And try the utmost magic can perform.

(Thunder.)

*Sint mihi Dii Acherontis propitii, valeat numen
triplex Jehovahæ, ignei, aerii, aquitani spiritus! saluete
Orientis Princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha
et demigorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat
Mephostophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris; per Jehovah,
Gehennam et consecratum aquam, quam nunc spargo;
signumque crucis quod nunc facio; et per rota nostra
ipse nunc surgat nobis dictatis Mephostophilis.*

Enter DEVIL.

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
Go, and return an old franciscan friar,
That holy shape becomes a devil best. [Exit devil.
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words;
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephostophilis;
Full of obedience and humility;
Such is the force of magic, and my spells.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

MEPH. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

FAUST. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command;
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to o'erwhelm the world.

MEPH. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave;
No more than he commands, must we perform.

FAUST. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

MEPH. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

FAUST. Did not my conjuring raise thee? speak!

MEPH. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;
For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul:
Nor will we come unless he use such means,
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring,
Is stoutly to abjure all godliness,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

FAUST. So Faustus hath already done, and holds
this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word damnation terrifies not me,
For I confound hell in elysium;
My ghost be with the old philosophers.
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,

Tell me, what is that Lucifer thy lord ?

MEPH. Arch regent and commander of all spirits.

FAUST. Was not that Lucifer an angel once ?

MEPH. Yes Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

FAUST. How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils ?

MEPH. Oh ! by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heav'n.

FAUST. And what are you that live with Lucifer,

MEPH. Unhappy spirits that live with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

FAUST. Where are you damn'd ?

MEPH. In hell.

FAUST. How comes it then that thou art out of hell ?

MEPH. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.
Think'st thou that I that saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heav'n,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss ?
O Faustus ! leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting heart.

FAUST. What, is great Mephostophilis so passionate,

For being deprived of the joys of heav'n !
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go, bear these tidings to great Lucifer ;
Seeing Faustus had incurr'd eternal death,
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,

Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness ;
Having thee ever to attend on me ;
To give me whatsoever I shall ask ;
To tell me whatsoever I demand ;
To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends ;
And always be obedient to my will.
Go, and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

MEPH. I will, Faustus.

[*Exit.*

FAUST. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephostophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men ;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown.
The emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany,
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd.
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephostophilis return again.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter WAGNER and the CLOWN.

WAG. Come hither, sirrah ! boy !

CLOWN. Boy ! Oh ! disgrace to my person ! Zounds !

boy in your face! you have seen many boys with beards, I am sure.

WAG. Hast thou no comings in?

CLOWN. And goings out too, you may see, sir.

WAG. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jests in his nakedness. I know the villain's out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood raw.

CLOWN. Not so neither; I had need to have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear, I can tell you.

WAG. Sirrah, wilt thou be my man, and wait on me? and I will make thee go like *qui mihi discipulus*.

CLOWN. What, in verse?

WAG. No, slave, in beaten silk and stavesaker*.

CLOWN. Stavesaker? that's good to kill vermin; then belike if I serve you I shall be lousy.

WAG. Why, so thou shalt be whether thou dost it or no: for, sirrah, if thou dost not presently bind thyself to me for seven years, I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and make them tear thee in pieces.

CLOWN. Nay, sir, you may spare yourself a labour, for they are as familiar with me as if they paid for their meat and drink, I can tell you.

WAG. Well, sirrah, leave your jesting, and take these guilders. *Golden*

* *Stavesaker*—the herb larkspur.

CLOWN. Yes, marry, sir, and I thank you too.

WAG. So now thou art to be at an hour's warning whensoever and wheresover the devil shall fetch thee.

CLOWN. Here, take your guilders again, I'll none of 'em.

WAG. Not I, thou art pressed; prepare thyself, for I will presently raise up two devils to carry thee away. Banio! Belcher!

CLOWN. Belcher! and Belcher come here, I'll belch him; I am not afraid of a devil.

Enter two DEVILS.

WAG. How now, sir, will you serve me now?

CLOWN. Ay, good Wagner, take away the devil then.

WAG. Spirits away! now, sirrah, follow me.

[Exeunt Devils.]

CLOWN. I will, sir; but hark you, master, will you teach me this conjuring occupation?

WAG. Ay, sirrah, I'll teach thee to turn thyself to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or any thing.

CLOWN. A dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat! O brave Wagner!

WAG. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and see that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be always diametrically fixed upon my left heel that thou mayst *quasi vestigias nostras insistere*.

CLOWN. Well, sir, I warrant you. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

FAUSTUS in his Study.

FAUST. Now, Faustus,
Must thou need'st be damn'd; canst thou not be
sav'd.

What boots it then to think on God or heav'n?

Away with such vain fancies, and despair;

Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub.

Now, go not back, Faustus; be resolute.

Why waver'st thou? O something soundeth in mine
ear,

Abjure this magic, turn to God again:

Why, he loves thee not;

The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,

Wherein is first the love of Belzebub:

To him I'll build an altar and a church,

And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter the two ANGELS.

BAD ANG. Go forward, Faustus, in that most
famous art.

GOOD ANG. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable
art.

FAUST. Contrition, prayer, repentance, what of
these?

GOOD ANG. Oh, they are means to bring thee
unto heaven!

BAD ANG. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,

That make men foolish that do use them most.

GOOD ANG. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

BAD ANG. No, Faustus, think of honour and of wealth. *[Exeunt Angels.]*

FAUST. Wealth!

Why the signiory of Embden shall be mine;
When Mephostophilis shall stand by me,
What power can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts: Mephostophilis come,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer.
Is't not midnight? Come, Mephostophilis,
Veni, veni, Mephostophilis.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Now tell me what sayeth Lucifer, thy lord?

MEPH. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he
lives,
So thou wilt buy his service with thy soul.

FAUST. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for
thee.

MEPH. But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood:
For that security craves Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I must back to hell.

FAUST. Stay, Mephostophilis, and tell me
What good will my soul do thy lord?

MEPH. Enlarge his kingdom.

FAUST. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

MEPH. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

FAUST. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

MEPH. As great as have the human spirits of man.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

FAUST. Aye, Mephostophilis, I'll give it him.

MEPH. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

FAUST. Lo, Mephostophilis, for love of thee,
Faustus hath cut his arm, and with his blood
Assures himself to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord, and regent of perpetual night.
View here this blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for thy wish.

MEPH. But, Faustus,
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

FAUST. Ah, so I do! but, Mephostophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

MEPH. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

[Exit.

FAUST. What might the staying of my blood
portend?

It is unwilling I should write this bill.

Why streams it not that I may write afresh?

Faustus gives to thee his soul: O there it stay'd!

Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine own?

Then write again, Faustus gives to thee his soul.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS with the chafer of fire.

MEPH. See, Faustus, here is fire ; set it on.

FAUST. So now the blood begins to clear again ;
Now will I make an end immediately.

MEPH. What will not I do to obtain his soul ?

FAUST. *Consummatum est*, this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm ?

Homo fuge ; whither should I fly ?

If unto heaven he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceived, here's nothing writ :

O, yes, I see it plain, even here is writ

Homo fuge ; yet shall not Faustus fly.

MEPH. I'll fetch him something to delight his
mind. [Exit.

*Enter DEVILS, giving crowns and rich apparel to
Faustus. They dance and then depart.*

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

FAUST. What means this show ? speak, Mephos-
tophilis.

MEPH. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind,
And let thee see what magic can perform.

FAUST. But may I raise such spirits when I
please ?

MEPH. Aye, Faustus, and do greater things than
these.

FAUST. Then, Mephostophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift, of body, and of soul :
But yet conditionally that thou perform'st
All covenants and articles between us both.

MEPH. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer,
To effect all promises between us both.

FAUST. Then hear me read it, Mephostophilis,
On these conditions following:

First. That Faustus may be a Spirit in form and
substance.

Secondly. That Mephostophilis shall be his ser-
vant, and be by him commanded.

Thirdly. That Mephostophilis shall do for him,
and bring him whatsoever he requireth

Fourthly. That he shall be in his house or cham-
ber invisible.

Lastly. He shall appear to the said John Faustus,
at all times, in what shape and form soever he
please.

I, John Faustus of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these
presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer,
Prince of the East, and his minister Mephosto-
philis; and furthermore grant unto them, that
four-and-twenty years being expired, and these
articles above written being inviolate, full power
to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body
and soul, into their habitation wheresoever.

By me,

JOHN FAUSTUS.

MEPH. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as
your deed?

FAUST. Aye, take it, and the devil give thee good
of it.

MEPH. So now, Faustus, ask me what thou wilt.

FAUST. First I will question thee about hell.
Tell me where is the place that men call hell?

MEPH. Under the heavens.

FAUST. Aye, so are all things else; but whereabouts?

MEPH. Within the bowels of these elements;
Where we are tortured and remain for ever.
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but where we are is hell;
And where hell is there must we ever be:
And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

FAUST. I think hell is a mere fable.

MEPH. Ah! think so still, till experience change
thy mind.

FAUST. Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall
be damned?

MEPH. Aye, of necessity, for here's the scroll
In which thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

FAUST. Aye, and body too; and what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine,
That after this life there is any pain?
No, these are trifles, and mere old wives' tales.

MEPH. But I am an instance to prove the con-
trary;
For I tell thee I am damn'd, and now in hell.

FAUST. Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be
damn'd:

What sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing?
But, leaving this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany;
For I am wanton and lascivious,
And cannot live without a wife.

MEPH. Well, Faustus, thou shalt have a wife.

[He fetches in a Woman Devil.]

FAUST. What sight is this?

MEPH. Now, Faustus, wilt thou have a wife?

FAUST. Here's a hot whore indeed; no, I'll no wife.

MEPH. Marriage is but a ceremonial toy,
And if thou lov'st me think no more of it:
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtezans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed:
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have;
Were she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here take this book, and peruse it well;
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings thunder, whirlwinds, storms, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in harness shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou command'st.

FAUST. Thanks, Mephostophilis, for this sweet
book,
This will I keep as chary as my life. *Me, 4* [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter WAGNER.

WAG. Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons' necks:
He now is gone to prove cosmography, *dygg*
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope, and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That on this day is highly solemnized. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter FAUSTUS, in his Study, and MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

FAUST. When I behold the heav'ns, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephostophilis,
Because thou hast deprived me of these joys.

MEPH. 'Twas thine own seeking, Faustus, thank thyself.
But think'st thou heav'n such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, Faustus, it is not half so fair
As thou, or any man that breathes on earth.

FAUST. How prov'st thou that?

MEPH. 'Twas made for man,—then he's more excellent.

FAUST. If heav'n was made for man, 'twas made
for me;
I will renounce this magic, and repent.

Enter the two ANGELS.

GOOD ANG. Faustus, repent, yet heaven will pity
thee.

BAD ANG. Thou art a spirit, God cannot pity
thee.

FAUST. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Yea, God will pity me if I repent.

BAD ANG. Ah! but Faustus never will repent!

[Exeunt Angels.]

FAUST. My heart is harden'd; I cannot repent:
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven:
Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel,
Are laid before me to dispatch myself;
And long ere this I should have done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair:
Have I not made blind Homer sing to me,
Of Alexander's love, and Cænon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sounds of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephostophilis?
Why should I die then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd Faustus shall not repent.

Come, Mephostophilis, let us dispute again,
And reason of divine astrology:
Speak, are there many spheres above the moon;
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,

As is the substance of this centric earth ?

MEPH. As are the elements such are the heav'ns;
Even from the moon unto th' imperial orb,
Mutually folded in each other's spheres,
And jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose termine is termed the world's wide pole :
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, and Jupiter
Feign'd, but are evening stars.

FAUST. But have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore*.

MEPH. All move from east to west in four-and-twenty hours upon the poles of the world ; but differ in their motions upon the place of the zodiac.

FAUST. These slender questions Wagner can decide ;

Hath Mephostophilis no greater skill ?

Who knows not the double motion of the planets

That the first is finish'd in a natural day ;

The second thus ; Saturn in 30 years, Jupiter in 12 ;

Mars in 4 ; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year ; the Moon in 28 days : these are freshmen's questions ; but tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia* ?

MEPH. Aye.

FAUST. How many heavens or spheres are there ?

MEPH. Nine : the seven planets, the firmament, and the imperial heaven.

FAUST. But is there no *cælum igneum et chrys-tallium* ?

MEPH. No, Faustus, they are but fables.

FAUST. Resolve me then this question.
Why are not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects,
eclipses, all at one time? but in some years, we
have more, some less.

MEPH. *Per inequalem motum respectu totius.*

FAUST. Well, I am answer'd; now tell me who
made the world?

MEPH. I will not.

FAUST. Sweet Mephostophilis, tell me.

MEPH. Move me not, Faustus.

FAUST. Villain, have not I bound thee to tell me
any thing?

MEPH. Aye, that is not against our kingdom;
This is: thou art damn'd; think thou of hell.

FAUST. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the
world.

MEPH. Remember this. [Exit.]

FAUST. Ah! go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell;
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul!

Enter the two ANGELS.

BAD ANG. Too late.

GOOD ANG. Never too late if Faustus will repent.

BAD ANG. If thou repent, devils will tear thee in
pieces.

GOOD ANG. Repent, and they shall never rase
thy skin. [Exeunt Angels.]

FAUST. O Christ, my Saviour, my Saviour,
Help to save distressed Faustus' soul!

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

LUCI. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just ;
There's none but I have interest in the same.

FAUST. Oh ! what art thou that look'st so terribly ?

LUCI. I am Lucifer ;
And this is my companion Prince in Hell.

FAUST. O, Faustus, they are come to fetch thee !

BELZ. We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

LUCI. Thou call'st on Christ contrary to thy promise.

BELZ. Thou should'st not think on God.

LUCI. Think on the devil.

BELZ. And his dam too.

FAUST. Nor will henceforth ;* pardon him for this,

And Faustus vows never to look to heav'n.

LUCI. So show thyself an obedient servant,
And we will highly gratify thee for it.

BELZ. Faustus,
We are come from hell to show thee pastime :
Sit, and thou shalt behold the deadly sins
Appear to thee in their own proper shapes.

FAUST. That sight will be as pleasant unto me
As Paradise to Adam on creation.

* This appears to be in answer to "*Thou shouldst not think on God.*" In the original the words are "nor will Faustus henceforth." The word "Faustus" is superfluous, and as the speech reads better without we have omitted it.

LUCI. Talk not of Paradise, but mark the show :
Go, Mephostophilis, and fetch them in.

Enter the seven DEADLY SINS.

BELZ. Now, Faustus, question them of their
names and dispositions.

FAUST. That shall I soon : what art thou, the first ?

PRIDE. I am Pride : I disdain to have any parents.
I am like to Ovid's flea ; I can creep into every
corner of a wench ; sometimes like a perriwig I sit
upon her brow ; next like a necklace I hang about
her neck ; then like a fan of feathers I kiss her :
and then turning myself to a wrought smock do
what I list. But fie, what a smell is here ! I'll
not speak another word for a king's ransom, unless
the ground is perfumed, and covered with cloth of
arras.

FAUST. Thou art a proud knave indeed ; what art
thou, the second ?

COVET. I am Covetousness : begotten of an old
churl, in a leathern bag : and might I now obtain my
wish, this house, you, and all should turn to gold,
that I might lock you safe into my chest : O my
sweet gold !

FAUST. And what art thou, the third ?

ENVY. I am Envy ; begotten of a chimney-sweeper
and an oyster-wife : I cannot read, and therefore
wish all books burned : I am lean with seeing others
eat. O that there would come a famine over all the
world, that all might die, and I live alone ; then thou

should'st see how fat I'd be! But must thou sit, and I stand? come down with a vengeance.

FAUST. Out, envious wretch! But what art thou, the fourth?

WRATH. I am Wrath: I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth, when I was scarce an hour old; and I have ever since run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I could get none to fight withal: I was born in hell, and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

FAUST. And what art thou, the fifth?

GLUT. I am Gluttony: my parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a small pension; and that buys me thirty meals a day and ten beavers; a small trifle to suffice nature: I am of a royal pedigree; my father was a Gammon of Bacon, and my mother was a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickled-herring and Martin Martlemass-beef; but my god-mother, oh! she was an ancient gentlewoman, her name was Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

FAUST. Not I.

GLUT. The devil choke thee.

FAUST. Choke thyself, glutton. What art thou, the sixth?

SLOTH. Heigho! I am Sloth: I was begotten on a sunny bank.

Heigho ! I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom.

FAUST. And what art thou, Mistress Minx, the seventh, and last ?

LETCH. Who, I, sir ? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton, better than an ell of fried stock fish ; and the first letter of my name begins with Letchery.

LUCI. Away to hell, away ! On piper.

[*Exeunt the seven Sins.*]

FAUST. Oh ! how this sight doth delight my soul.

LUCI. But, Faustus, in hell are all manner of delights.

FAUST. Oh ! might I see hell, and return again safe ; how happy were I then !

LUCI. Faustus, thou shalt :
At midnight I will send for thee : meanwhile
Peruse this book and view it thoroughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUST. Thanks, mighty Lucifer !
This will I keep as chary as my life.

LUCI. Now, Faustus, farewell.

FAUST. Farewell, great Lucifer.
Come, Mephostophilis. [*Exeunt several ways.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter the CLOWN.

CLOWN. What, Dick ! look to the horses there till I come again ; I have gotten one of Doctor

Faustus' conjuring books, and now we'll have such knavery as 't passes.

Enter DICK.

DICK. What, Robin! you must come away and walk the horses.

ROB. I walk the horses! I scorn i'faith; I have other matters in hand; let the horses walk themselves an they will. *A per se a, t. h. e. the; o per se o deny orgon gorgon*: keep further from me, O thou illiterate and unlearned hostler!

DICK. Snails! what hast thou got there? a book! why thou canst not tell ne'er a word on't.

ROB. That shalt thou see presently: keep out of the circle, I say, lest I send you into the ostry with a vengeance.

DICK. That's like i'faith! you had better leave your foolery, for an my master come, he'll conjure you i' faith.

ROB. My master conjure me! I'll tell thee what; an my master come here, I'll clap a fair pair of horns on his head, as e'er thou sawest in thy life.

DICK. Thou need'st not do that, for my mistress hath done it.

ROB. Ah! there be of us here that have waded as deep into matters as other men, if they were disposed to talk.

DICK. A plague take you, I thought you did not sneak up and down after her for nothing. But, I prithee, tell me in good sadness, Robin, is that a conjuring book?

ROB. Do but speak what thou'lt have me to do, and I'll do't: if thou'lt dance naked, put off thy clothes, and I'll conjure thee about presently; or if thou'lt go but to the tavern with me, I'll give thee white wine, red wine, claret wine, sack, muskadine, malmsey, and whippincrust; hold, belly, hold, and we'll not pay one penny for it.

DICK. O brave! Prithee let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

ROB. Come, then, let us away. [Exeunt.

ACT THE THIRD.

Enter CHORUS.

Learned Faustus, to find the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount him up to scale Olympus' top;
Where sitting in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons' necks,
He views the clouds, the planets, and the stars,
The tropic zones, and quarters of the sky,
From the bright circle of the horned moon,
Even to the height of *Primum Mobile*,
And whirling round of this circumference,
Within the concave compass of the pole.
From East to West his dragons swiftly glide,
And in eight days did bring him home again:
Not long he staid within his quiet house,
To rest his bones after this weary toil;

But new exploits do hale him out again :
And mounted then upon a dragon's back,
That with his wings did part the subtle air,
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
That measures coasts and kingdoms of the earth ;
And as I guess will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which this day is highly solemniz'd. [Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

FAUST. Having now, my good Mephostophilis,
Past with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round with airy mountain tops,
With walls of flint, and deep entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering Prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines.
Then unto Naples ; rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair, and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest
brick :

There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the East ;
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top ;

Whose frame is paved with sundry coloured stones,
And rooft aloft with curious work in gold :
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time.
But tell me now what resting place is this ?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome ?

MEPH. I have, my Faustus, and for proof thereof,
This is the goodly palace of the Pope :
And, 'cause we are no common guests,
I choose his private chamber for our use.

FAUST. I hope his holiness will bid you welcome.

MEPH. All's one, for we'll be bold with his
venison. *well*

2. 8. 1
But now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive,
What Rome contains for to delight thine eyes ;
Know that this city stands upon seven hills,
That underprop the groundwork of the same :
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts ;
Over the which two stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome.
Upon the bridge, call'd Ponto Angelo,
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Where thou shalt see such store of ordnance,
As, that the double cannons forged of brass,
Do match the number of the days contain'd
Within the compass of one complete year ;
Beside the gates and high pyramedes,
That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

FAUST. Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule,

Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear;
That I do long to see the monuments,
And situation of bright splendid Rome;
Come, therefore, let's away.

MEPH. Nay, stay, my Faustus; I know you'd see
the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which with high solemnity,
This day is held through Rome and Italy,
In honour of the Pope's triumphant victory.

FAUST. Sweet Mephostophilis thou pleasest me;
Whilst I am here on earth let me be cloy'd
With all things that delight the heart of man:
My four-and-twenty years of liberty,
I'll spend in pleasure and in dalliance,
That Faustus' name, whilst this bright frame doth
stand,
May be admired through the furthest land.

MEPH. 'Tis well said, Faustus; come then, stand
by me,
And thou shalt see them come immediately.

FAUST. Nay, stay, my gentle Mephostophilis,
And grant me my request, and then I go.
Thou know'st within the compass of eight days,
We view'd the face of heaven, of earth, and hell:
So high our dragons soar'd into the air,
That, looking down, the earth appear'd to me
No bigger than my hand in quantity:
There did we view the kingdoms of the world,

And what might please mine eye, I there beheld.
Then in this show let me an actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus' coming see.

MEPH. Let it be so, my Faustus; but first stay,
And view their triumphs as they pass this way;
And then devise what best contents thy mind,
By cunning in thine art to cross the Pope,
Or dash the pride of this solemnity;
To make his monks and abbots stand like apes,
And point like antiques at his triple crown:
To beat the beads about the friars' pates;
Or clap huge horns upon the cardinals' heads;
Or any villainy thou canst devise,
And I'll perform it, Faustus: hark! they come:
This day shall make thee be admired in Rome.

gyle Enter the CARDINALS and BISHOPS, some bearing
croisiers, some pillars; MONKS and FRIARS sing-
ing their procession: then the POPE and RAY-
MOND, king of Hungary, with BRUNO led in
chains.

POPE. Cast down our footstool.

RAY. Saxon Bruno stoop,
Whilst on thy back his holiness ascends
Saint Peter's chair and state pontifical.

BRU. Proud Lucifer, that state belongs to me;
But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.

POPE. To me and Peter shalt thou groveling lie,
And crouch before the papal dignity:
Sound trumpets then, for thus Saint Peter's heir,

From Bruno's back ascends Saint Peter's chair.

[A flourish while he ascends.]

Thus, as the gods creep on with feet of wool,
Long ere with iron hands they punish men;
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,
And smite with death thy hated enterprise.
Lords cardinals of France, and Padua,
Go forthwith to our holy consistory,
And read among the statutes decretal,
What by the holy council held at Trent
The sacred synod hath decreed for him,
That doth assume the papal government
Without election, and a true consent:
Away, and bring us word with speed.

1 CARD. We go, my lord. *[Exeunt Cardinals.]*

POPE. Lord Raymond.

FAUST. Go, haste thee, gentle Mephostophilis,
Follow the cardinals to the consistory;
And as they turn their superstitious books,
Strike them with sloth and drowsy idleness;
And make them sleep so sound, that in their shapes
Thyself and I may parley with this Pope,
This proud confronter of the emperor,
And, in despite of all his holiness,
Restore this Bruno to his liberty,
And bear him to the states of Germany.

MEPH. Faustus, I go.

FAUST. Dispatch it soon,
The Pope shall curse, that Faustus came to Rome.

[Exeunt Faust. and Meph.]

BRU. Pope Adrian, let me have right of law.
I was elected by the emperor.

POPE. We will depose the emp'ror for that deed,
And curse the people that submit to him :
Both he and thou shall stand excommunicate,
And interdict from church's privilege,
And all society of holy men :
He grows too proud in his authority,
Lifting his lofty head above the clouds,
And like a steeple overpeers the church :
But we'll pull down his haughty insolence ;
And as Pope Alexander, our progenitor,
Trod on the neck of German Frederick,
Adding this golden sentence to our praise ;
That Peter's heirs should tread on emperors,
And walk upon the dreadful adder's back,
Treading the lion and the dragon down,
And fearless spurn the killing basilisk ;
So will we quell that haughty schismatic,
And by authority apostolical,
Depose him from his regal government.

BRU. Pope Julius swore to princely Sigismond,
For him, and the succeeding popes of Rome,
To hold the emperor their lawful lords.

POPE. Pope Julius did abuse the church's rites,
And therefore none of his decrees can stand.
Is not all power on earth bestow'd on us ?
And therefore tho' we would we cannot err.
Behold this silver belt, whereto is fix'd
Seven golden seals, fast seal'd with seven seals,

In token of our seven-fold power from heaven,
To bind or loose, lock fast, condemn or judge,
Resign or seal, or what so pleaseth us :
Then he and thou, and all the world, shall stoop,
Or be assured of our dreadful curse,
To light as heavy as the pains of hell.

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHOSTOPHILIS, like the Cardinals.

MEPH. Now tell me, Faustus, are we not fitted well?

FAUST. Yes, Mephosto, and two such cardinals
Ne'er serv'd a holy Pope, as we shall do.
But whilst they sleep within the consistory,
Let us salute his reverend fatherhood.

RAY. Behold, my lord, the cardinals are return'd.

POPE. Welcome, grave fathers; answer presently
What have our holy council there decreed,
Concerning Bruno and the emperor,
In quittance of their late conspiracy,
Against our state and papal dignity?

FAUST. Most sacred patron of the church of Rome,
By full consent of all the synod,
Of priest and prelates, it is thus decreed :
That Bruno, and the German emperor,
Be held as Lollards and bold schismatics,
And proud disturbers of the church's peace :
And if that Bruno, by his own assent,
Without enforcement of the German peers,
Did seek to wear the triple diadem,
And by your death to climb St. Peter's chair,

The statutes decretal have thus decreed :
He shall be straight condemn'd of heresy,
And on a pile of faggots burnt to death.

POPE. It is enough : here, take him to your charge,
And bear him straight to Ponto Angelo,
And in the strongest tower inclose him fast :
To-morrow, sitting in our consistory,
With all our college of grave cardinals,
We will determine of his life and death.
Here take this triple crown along with you,
And leave it in the church's treasury.
Make haste, again, my good lord cardinals,
And take our blessing apostolical.

MEPH. So, so ; was never devil thus bless'd before.

FAUST. Away, sweet Mephostophilis, begone ;
The cardinals will be plagu'd for this anon.

[*Exeunt Faustus and Mephostophilis.*]

POPE. Go presently and bring a banquet forth,
That we may solemnize St. Peter's feast,
And with Lord Raymond, king of Hungary,
Drink to our late and happy victory. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A senet while the banquet is brought in ; and then enter FAUSTUS and MEPHOSTOPHILIS, in their own shapes.

MEPH. Now, Faustus, come, prepare thyself for
mirth ;
The sleepy cardinals are hard at hand,
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,

And on a proud pac'd steed, as swift as thought,
Flies o'er the Alps to fruitful Germany,
There to salute the woeful emperor.

FAUST. The Pope will curse them for their sloth
to-day,
That slept both Bruno and his crown away.
But now, that Faustus may delight his mind,
And by their folly make some merriment,
Sweet Mephostophilis, so charm me here,
That I may walk invisible to all,
And do whate'er I please unseen of any.

MEPH. Faustus, thou shalt; then kneel down
presently,
Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charm thee with this magic wand:
First, wear this girdle, then appear
Invisible to all are here;
The planets seven, the gloomy air,
Hell, and the furies' forked hair;
Pluto's blue fire, and Hecat's tree,
With magic spells so compass thee,
That no eye may thy body see.
So, Faustus, now for all their holiness,
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

FAUST. Thanks, Mephostophilis; now, friars, take
heed,
Lest Faustus make your shaven crowns to bleed.

MEPH. Faustus, no more: see where the cardinals
come.

*Enter the POPE and LORDS; then the CARDINALS
with a book.*

POPE. Welcome, lord cardinals; come, sit down;
Lord Raymond, take your seat; friars, attend
And see that all things be in readiness,
As best beseems this solemn festival.

1 CARD. First, may it please your sacred holiness,
To view the sentence of the reverend synod,
Concerning Bruno and the emperor.

POPE. What needs this question? Did I not tell
you,
To-morrow we would sit i' the consistory,
And there determine of his punishment?
You brought us word even now, it was decreed,
That Bruno, and the cursed emperor,
Were by the holy council both condemn'd.
For lothed Lollards, and base schismatics:
Then wherefore would you have me view that book?

1 CARD. Your grace mistakes, you gave us no
such charge.

RAY. Deny it not: we all are witnesses
That Bruno here was late delivered you,
With his rich triple crown to be reserv'd,
And put into the church's treasury.

Both CARD. By holy Paul we saw them not!

POPE. By Peter you shall die,
Unless you bring them forth immediately!
Hale them to prison, lade their limbs with gyves:
False prelates, for this hateful treachery,

Curs'd be your souls to hellish misery!

FAUST. So, they are safe; now, Faustus, to the feast;

The pope had never such a frolic guest.

POPE. Lord Archbishop of Rheims, sit down with us.

BISH. I thank your holiness.

FAUST. Fall to, the devil choke you, an you spare.

POPE. Who's that spoke? Friars look about.

Lord Raymond pray fall to: I am beholden

To the bishop of Millaine for this so rare a present.

FAUST. I thank you, sir.

POPE. How now! Who snatch'd the meat from me?

Villains! why speak you not?

My good lord archbishop, here's a most dainty dish,
Was sent me from a cardinal in France.

FAUST. I'll have that too.

POPE. What Lollards do attend our holiness,
That we receive such great indignity? fetch me some wine.

FAUST. Aye, pray do, for Faustus is a-dry.

POPE. Lord Raymond, I drink unto your grace.

FAUST. I pledge your grace.

POPE. My wine gone too! Ye lubbers look about
And find the man that doth this villainy,
Or by our sanctitude you all shall die.

I pray, my lords, have patience at this troublesome banquet.

BISH. Please it, your holiness; I think it be some

ghost crept out of purgatory, and now is come unto your holiness for his pardon.

POPE. It may be so,
Go then, command our priests to sing a dirge,
To lay the fury of this same troublesome ghost.

FAUST. How now! must every bit be spiced with
a cross?

Nay, then, take that.

POPE. O I am slain! help me, my lords!
O come and help to bear my body hence!
Damn'd be his soul for ever for this deed!

[*Exeunt Pope and his train.*]

MEPH. Now, Faustus, what will you do now? For
I can tell you
You'll be curs'd with bell, book, and candle.

FAUST. Bell, book, and candle; candle, book,
and bell,
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.

Enter the FRIARS with bell, book, and candle, for the dirge.

1 FRIAR. Come, brethren, let's about our business
with good devotion.
Cursed be he that stole his holiness' meat from the
table.

Maledicat Dominus.
Cursed be he that struck his holiness a blow on the
face.

Maledicat Dominus.
Cursed be he that struck friar Sandelo a blow on the
pate.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that took away his holiness' wine.

Maledicat Dominus.

[*They beat the Friars, fling fire-works among them, and exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter the CLOWN and DICK, with a cup.

DICK. Sirrah! Robin! we were best look that your devil can answer the stealing of this same cup, for the vintner's boy follows us at the hard heels.

ROB. 'Tis no matter, let him come: and he follow us, I'll so conjure him, as he was never conjured in his life, I warrant him: let me see the cup.

Enter VINTNER.

DICK. Here 'tis: yonder he comes. Now, Robin, now or never show thy cunning.

VINT. Oh, are you here? I am glad I have found you; you are a couple of fine companions pray where's the cup you stole from the tavern?

ROB. How, how! we steal a cup! take heed what you say; we look not like cup-stealers, I can tell you.

VINT. Never deny 't, for I know you have it, and I'll search you.

ROB. Search me? Aye, and spare not—Hold the cup, Dick—Come, come, search me, search me.

VINT. Come on, sirrah, let me search you now.

DICK. Aye, aye, do, do—Hold the cup, Robin—I fear not your searching; we scorn to steal your cups, I can tell you.

VINT. Never out-face me for the matter; for sure the cup is between you two.

ROB. Nay, there you lie, 'tis beyond us both.

VINT. A plague take you, I thought 'twas your knavery to take it away: come, give it me again.

ROB. Ah, much! when, can you tell? Dick, make me a circle, and stand close at my back, and stir not for thy life. Vintner, you shall have your cup anon; say nothing, Dick: *O per se O, demigorgon*; Belcher and Mephostophilis!

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

MEPH. You princely legions of infernal rule,
How am I vexed by these villains' charms!
From Constantinople have they brought me now,
Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

ROB. By'r lady, sir, you have had a shrewd journey of it! will it please you to take a shoulder of mutton to supper, and a tester in your purse, and go back again?

DICK. Aye, I pray you heartily, sir; for we called you but in jest, I promise you.

MEPH. To purge the rashness of this cursed deed,
First, be thou turned to this ugly shape;
For apish deeds transformed to an ape.

ROB. O brave! an ape! I pray, sir, let me have the carrying of him about to show some tricks.

MEPH. And so thou shalt: be thou transform'd to a

dog, and carry him upon thy back; away! be gone!

ROB. A dog! That's excellent! let the maids look well to their porridge-pots, for I'll into the kitchen presently: come, Dick, come.

[Exeunt the two Clowns.]

MEPH. Now with the flames of ever-burning fire,
I'll wing myself, and forthwith fly amain
Unto my Faustus to the Great Turk's court. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

Enter MARTINO and FREDERICK at several doors.

MART. What, ho! officers, gentlemen!
Hie to the presence to attend the Emperor;
Good Frederick, see the rooms be voided straight,
His majesty is coming to the hall;
Go back, and see the state in readiness.

FRED. But where is Bruno, our elected Pope,
That on a fury's back came post from Rome?
Will not his Grace consort the Emperor?

MART. O yes; and with him comes the German
conjurer,
The learned Faustus, fame of Wittenberg;
The wonder of the world for magic art:
And he intends to show great Carolus
The race of all his stout progenitors;
And bring in presence of his majesty,
The royal shapes, and warlike semblances,
Of Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

FRED. Where is Benvolio?

MART. Fast asleep, I warrant you ;
He took his rouse with stoups of Rhenish wine
So kindly yesternight to Bruno's health,
That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed.

FRED. See, see his window's ope ! we'll call to
him.

MART. What, ho ! Benvolio !

*Enter BENVOLIO above, at a window, in his nightcap ;
buttoning.*

BENV. What a devil ails you two ?

MART. Speak softly, sir, lest the devil hear you :
For Faustus at the court is late arriv'd,
And at his heels a thousand furies wait,
To accomplish whatsoever the Doctor please.

BENV. What of this ?

MART. Come, leave thy chamber first, and thou
shalt see

This conjurer perform such rare exploits,
Before the Pope and royal Emperor,
As never yet was seen in Germany.

BENV. Has not the Pope enough of conjuring
yet ?

He was upon the devil's back late enough ;
And if he be so far in love with him,
I would he would post with him to Rome again.

FRED. Speak, wilt thou come and see this sport ?

BENV. Not I.

MART. Wilt thou stand in thy window, and see it
then ?

BENV. Aye, an I fall not asleep i' the mean time

MART. The Emperor is at hand, who comes
to see

What wonders by black spells may compass'd be.

BENV. Well, go you attend the Emperor: I am
content, for this once, to thrust my head out at a
window: for they say, if a man be drunk over night,
the devil cannot hurt him in the morning: if that be
true, I have a charm in my head, shall control him as
well as the conjurer, I warrant you. / [Exit.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

*A Senet. Enter CHARLES, the German EMPEROR,
BRUNO, SAXONY, FAUSTUS, MEPHOSTOPHILIS,
FREDERICK, MARTINO, and ATTENDANTS.*

EMP. Wonder of men, renown'd magician,
Thrice learned Faustus, welcome to our court.
This deed of thine, in setting Bruno free
From his and our professed enemy,
Shall add more excellence unto thine art,
Than if by powerful necromantic spells
Thou could'st command the world's obedience;
For ever be belov'd of Carolus;
And if this Bruno thou hast late redeem'd,
In peace possess the triple diadem,
And sit in Peter's chair, despite of chance;

Thou shalt be famous through all Italy,
And honour'd of the German Emperor.

FAUST. These gracious words, most royal Carolus,
Shall make poor Faustus, to his utmost power,
Both love and serve the German Emperor,
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet :
For proof whereof, if so your grace be pleas'd,
The Doctor stands prepar'd, by power of art,
To cast his magic charms, that shall pierce through
The ebon gates of ever-burning hell,
And hale the stubborn Furies from their caves,
To compass whatsoe'er your grace commands.

BENV. 'Blood, he speaks terribly ! but for all that,
I do not greatly believe him ; he looks as like a con-
jurer as the Pope to a coster-monger.

EMP. Then, Faustus, as thou late did'st promise
us,

We would behold that famous conqueror,
Great Alexander and his paramour,
In their true shapes, and state majestical,
That we may wonder at their excellence.

FAUST. Your majesty shall see them presently.
Mephostophilis, away ;
And with a solemn noise of trumpets' sound,
Present before this royal Emperor,
Great Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

MEPH. Faustus, I will.

BENV. Well, Mr. Doctor, an your devils come not
away quickly, you shall have me asleep presently :

zounds ! I could eat myself for anger, to think I have been such an ass all this while, to stand gaping after the devil's governor, and can see nothing.

FAUST. I'll make you feel something anon, if my art fail me not. [Aside.

My lord, I must forewarn your majesty,
That when my spirits present the royal shapes
Of Alexander and his paramour,
Your grace demand no questions of the king ;
But in dumb silence let them come and go.

EMP. Be it as Faustus please, we are content.

BENV. Aye, aye, and I am content too : an thou bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor, I'll be Acteon, and turn myself to a stag.

FAUST. And I'll play Diana, and send you the horns presently. [Aside.

Senet. Enter at one door the EMPEROR ALEXANDER, at the other DARIUS ; they meet ; DARIUS is thrown down, ALEXANDER kills him ; takes off his crown, and offering to go out, his Paramour meets him ; he embraceth her, and sets DARIUS' crown upon her head ; and coming back, both salute the EMPEROR, who leaving his state, offers to embrace them ; which FAUSTUS seeing, suddenly stays him : then trumpets cease, and music sounds.

My gracious lord, you do forget yourself,
These are but shadows, not substantial.

EMP. O pardon me, my thoughts are so ravished
With sight of this renowned Emperor,
That in mine arms I would have compass'd him

But, Faustus, since I may not speak to them,
To satisfy my longing thoughts at full,
Let me this tell thee : I have heard it said,
That this fair lady, whilst she liv'd on earth,
Had on her neck a little wart or mole ;
Now may I prove that saying to be true ?

FAUST. Your majesty may boldly go and see.

EMP. Faustus, I see it plain ;
And in this sight thou better pleasest me,
Than if I'd gain'd another monarchy.

FAUST. Away ! begone ! [Exit show.
See, see, my gracious lord ! what strange beast is yon
That thrusts his head out at window ?

EMP. O wondrous sight ! see, Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading horns most strangely fastened
Upon the head of young Benvolio.

SAX. What, is he asleep or dead ?

FAUST. He sleeps, my lord, but dreams not of his
horns.

EMP. This sport is excellent : we'll call and wake
him.

What, ho ! Benvolio !

BENV. A plague upon you, let me sleep awhile.

EMP. I blame thee not to sleep much, having
such a head of thine own.

SAX. Look up, Benvolio, 'tis the emperor calls.

BENV. The emperor ! where ? O, zounds, my
head !

EMP. Nay, an thy horns hold, 'tis no matter for
thy head, for that's arm'd sufficiently.

FAUST. Why, how now, sir knight, what hang'd by the horns? This is most horrible: fie, pull in your head for shame; let not all the world wonder at you.

BENV. Zounds, Doctor! is this your villany?

FAUST. O say not so, sir: the Doctor has no skill,
No art, no cunning, to present these lords,
Or bring before this royal Emperor
The mighty monarch, warlike Alexander:
If Faustus do it, you are straight resolv'd
In bold Acteon's shape to turn a stag.

And therefore, my lord, so please your majesty,
I'll raise a kennel of hounds shall hunt him so,

As all his footmanship shall scarce prevail

To keep his carcase from their bloody fangs.

Ho! Belimote, Argiron, Asterote!

BENV. Hold, hold! zounds! he'll raise up a
kennel of devils I think anon: good my lord intreat
for me; 'sblood, I am never able to endure these
torments.

EMP. Then, good Mr. Doctor,
Let me entreat you to remove his horns,
He has done penance now sufficiently.

FAUST. My gracious lord; not so much for injury
done to me, as to delight your majesty with some
mirth, hath Faustus justly requited this injurious
knight; which being all I desire, I am content to
remove his horns. Mephostophilis, transform him;
and hereafter, sir, look you speak well of scholars.

BENV. Speak well of ye? 'sblood, an' scholars

be such cuckold-makers to clap horns on honest men's heads o' this order, I'll ne'er trust smooth faces and small ruffs more. But an I be not reveng'd for this, would I might be turned to a gaping oyster, and drink nothing but salt water.

EMP. Come, Faustus, while the Emperor lives, In recompense of this thy high desert, Thou shalt command the state of Germany, And live belov'd of mighty Carolus.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

Enter BENVOLIO, MARTINO, FREDERICK, and
SOLDIERS.

MART. Nay, sweet Benvolio, let us sway thy thoughts

From this attempt against the conjurer.

BENV. Away, you love me not, to urge me thus; Shall I let slip so great an injury, When every servile groom jests at my wrongs, And in their rustic gambols proudly say, Benvolio's head was grac'd with horns to-day? O may these eyelids never close again, Till with my sword I have that conjurer slain: If you will aid me in this enterprise, Then draw your weapons and be resolute; If not, depart; here will Benvolio die, But Faustus' death shall quit thy infamy.

FRED. Nay, we will stay with thee, betide what may,

And kill that Doctor if he come this way.

BENV. Then, gentle Frederick, hie thee to the grove,

And place our servants, and our followers,

Close in an ambush there behind the trees;

By this I know the conjurer is near,

I saw him kneel, and kiss the Emperor's hand,

And take his leave, laden with rich rewards:

Then, soldiers, boldly fight; if Faustus die,

Take you the wealth, leave us the victory.

FRED. Come, soldiers, follow me unto the grove,
Who kills him shall have gold and endless love.

[Exit Fred. with Soldiers.]

BENV. My head is lighter than it was by th' horns,
But yet my heart's more ponderous than my head,
And pants until I see that conjurer dead.

MART. Where shall we place ourselves, Benvolio?

BENV. Here will we stay to hide the first assault;
O were that damned hell-hound but in place,
Thou soon shouldst see me quit my foul disgrace!

Enter FREDERICK.

FRED. Close, close, the conjurer is at hand,
And all alone comes walking in his gown;
Be ready then, and strike the peasant down.

BENV. Mine be that honour then: now, sword
strike home,

For horns he gave, I'll have his head anon.

Enter FAUSTUS with a false head.

MART. See, see, he comes.

BENV. No words: this blow ends all;

Hell take his soul, his body thus must fall.

FAUST. Oh !

FRED. Groan you, Master Doctor ?

BENV. Break may his heart with groans : dear
Frederick, see,

Thus will I end his griefs immediately.

MART. Strike with a willing hand, his head is off.

[*Benvolio strikes off Faustus's false head.*]

BENV. The devil's dead, the Furies now may laugh.

FRED. Was this that stern aspect, that awful frown,
Made the grim monarch of infernal spirits
Tremble and quake at his commanding charms ?

MART. Was this that damned head, whose art
conspir'd

Benvolio's shame before the Emperor ?

BENV. Aye, that's the head, and here the body lies,
Justly rewarded for his villanies.

FRED. Come, let's devise how we may add more
shame
To the black scandal of his hated name.

BENV. First, on his head, in quittance of my
wrongs,

I'll nail huge forked horns, and let them hang
Within the window where he yok'd me first,
That all the world may see my just revenge.

MART. What use shall we put his beard to ?

BENV. We'll sell it to a chimney-sweeper ; it will
wear out ten birchen brooms, I warrant you.

FRED. What shall his eyes do ?

BENV. We'll put out his eyes ; and they shall

serve for buttons to his lips, to keep his tongue from catching cold.

MART. An excellent policy : and now, sirs, having divided him, what shall the body do ?

[*Faustus gets up.*]

BENV. Zounds, the devil's alive again !

FRED. Give him his head for God's sake.

FAUST. Nay, keep it : Faustus will have heads
and hands,

And all your hearts to recompense this deed.

Knew you not, traitors, I was limited

For four-and-twenty years to breathe on earth ?

And had you cut my body with your swords,

Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,

Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd,

And I had breath'd a man, made free from harm.

But wherefore do I dally my revenge ?

Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephostophilis !

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS, and other Devils.

Go, horse these traitors on your fiery backs, *for the*

And mount aloft with them as high as heav'n ;

Thence pitch them headlong to the lowest hell :

Yet, stay, the world shall see their misery,

And hell shall after plague their treachery.

Go, Belimoth, and take this caitiff hence, *Belimoth*

And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt :

Take thou this other, drag him through the woods

Amongst the pricking thorns and sharpest briers ;

Whilst with my gentle Mephostophilis,

This traitor flies unto some steepy rock,

That rolling down may break the villain's bones,
As he intended to dismember me.

Fly hence! dispatch my charge immediately!

FRED. Pity us, gentle Faustus, save our lives!

FAUST. Away!

FRED. He must needs go, that the devil drives.

[Exeunt Spirits with the Knights.]

SCENE III.

Enter the ambushed SOLDIERS.

1 SOLD. Come, sirs, prepare yourselves in readiness;

Make haste to help these noble gentlemen,
I heard them parley with the conjurer.

2 SOLD. See, where he comes; dispatch and kill the slave.

FAUST. What's here? an ambush to betray my life!
Then, Faustus, try thy skill: base peasants, stand!
For lo, these trees remove at my command,
And stand as bulwarks 'twixt yourselves and me,
To shield me from your hated treachery:
Yet to encounter this your weak attempt,
Behold an army comes incontinent.

[Faustus strikes the ground, and enter a Devil playing on a drum, after him another bearing an ensign; and divers with weapons; Mephostophilis with fire-works; they set upon the soldiers and drive them out.]

SCENE IV.

Enter at several doors, BENVOLIO, FREDERICK, and MARTINO, their heads and faces bloody, and besmeared with mud and dirt : all having horns on their heads.

MART. What, ho ! Benvolio !

BENV. Here ; what, Frederick, ho !

FRED. O help me, gentle friend ; where is Martino ?

MART. Dear Frederick, here,
Half smother'd in a lake of mud and dirt,
Through which the Furies dragg'd me by the heels.

FRED. Martino, see
Benvolio's horns again.

MART. Oh, misery ! how now, Benvolio ?

BENV. Defend me, heaven ! shall I be haunted still ?

MART. Nay, fear not, man, we have no power to
kill.

BENV. My friends transformed thus : oh, hellish
spite !

Your heads are all set with horns.

FRED. You hit it right,
It is your own you mean ; feel on your head.

BENV. Zounds ! horns again !

MART. Nay, chafe not, man, we all are sped.

BENV. What devil attends this damn'd magician,
That spite of spite our wrongs are doubled ?

FRED. What may we do that we may hide our
shames ?

BENV. If we should follow him to work revenge,

He'd join long asses ears to these huge horns,
And make us laughing-stocks to all the world.

MART. What shall we then do, dear Benvolio?

BENV. I have a castle joining near these woods,
And thither we'll repair, and live obscure,
Till time shall alter this our brutish shapes:
Sith black disgrace hath thus eclips'd our fame,
We'll rather die with grief than live with shame.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE V.

Enter FAUSTUS, and the HORSE-COURSER, and
MEPHOSTOPHILIS.*

HORSE-C. I beseech your worship accept of these
forty dollars.

FAUST. Friend, thou canst not buy so good a
horse for so small a price: I have no great need to sell
him, but if thou likest him for ten dollars more, take
him, because I see thou hast a good mind to him.

HORSE-C. I beseech you, sir, accept of this: I am a
very poor man, and have lost very much of late by
horse-flesh, and this bargain will set me up again.

FAUST. Well, I will not stand with thee; give me
the money. Now, sirrah, I must tell you that you
may ride him o'er hedge and ditch, and spare him
not; but, do you hear, in any case, ride him not into
the water.

HORSE-C. How, sir, not into the water? why, will
he not drink of all waters?

FAUST. Yes; he will drink of all waters, but ride

* *Horse-courser*---Horse dealer.

him not into the water; o'er hedge and ditch, and where thou wilt, but not into the water. Go, bid the hostler deliver him unto you, and remember what I say.

HORSE-C. I warrant you, sir; oh! joyful day: now am I made a man for ever! *[Exit.*

FAUST. What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?

Thy fatal time draws to a final end;
Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts,
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush! Christ did call the Thief upon the Cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[He sits to sleep.

Enter the HORSE-COURSER wet.

HORSE-C. Oh! what a cozening Doctor was this! I riding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had been in the horse, I had nothing under me but a little straw, and had much ado to escape drowning. Well, I'll go rouse him, and make him give me my forty dollars again. Ho! sirrah! Doctor! you cozening scab! Master Doctor, awake and rise, and give me my money again; for your horse is turned to a bottle of hay. Master Doctor! *[He pulls off his leg.]* Alas! I am undone! what shall I do! I have pulled off his leg.

FAUST. Oh! help, help, the villain hath murdered me!

HORSE-C. Murder or not murder, now he has but

one leg I'll outrun him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other. [*He runs off.*]

FAUST. Stop him! stop him! stop him!—ha, ha, ha! Faustus hath his leg again, and the Horse-courser a bundle of hay for his forty dollars.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner, what news with thee?

WAG. If it please you, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company; and hath sent some of his men to attend you, with provision fit for your journey.

FAUST. The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable gentleman, and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning: come, away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter CLOWN, DICK, HORSE-COURSER, and CARTER.

CART. Come, my masters, I'll bring you to the best beer in Europe; What, ho! hostess! where be these whores?

Enter HOSTESS.

HOST. How now, what lack you? What, my old guests? welcome.

CLOWN. Sirrah! Dick! dost thou know why I stand so mute?

DICK. No, Robin, why is't?

CLOWN. I am eighteen-pence on the score; but say nothing; see if she has forgotten me.

HOST. Who's this, that stands so solemnly by himself? What, my old guest?

CLOWN. O, hostess, how do you? I hope my score stands still.

HOST. Aye, there's no doubt of that; for methinks you make no haste to wipe it out.

DICK. Why, hostess, I say fetch us some beer.

HOST. You shall presently: look up into the hall there, ho! [Exit.

DICK. Come, sirs, what shall we do now till mine hostess comes?

CART. Marry, sirs, I'll tell you the bravest tale how a conjurer served me; you know Doctor Faustus?

HORSE-C. Aye, a plague take him; here's some on's have cause to know him; did he conjure thee too?

CART. I'll tell you how he served me: as I was going to Wittenberg t'other day, with a load of hay, he met me, and asked me what he should give me for as much hay as he could eat; now, sir, I thinking a little would serve his turn, bad him take as much as he would for three farthings; so he presently gave me my money and fell to eating; and as I am a cursen man, he never left eating till he had eat up all my load of hay.

ALL. Oh, monstrous! eat a whole load of hay?

CLOWN. Yes, yes, that may be; for I have heard of one that has eat a load of logs.

HORSE-C. Now, sirs, you shall hear how villainously he served me: I went to him yesterday to buy a horse of him, and he would by no means sell him

under forty dollars ; so, sir, because I knew him to be such a horse as would run over hedge and ditch and never tire, I gave him his money ; so when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus bad me ride him night and day, and spare him no time ; but, quoth he, in any case, ride him not into the water : now, sir, I thinking the horse had some quality that he would not have me know of ; what did I, but ride him into a great river ; and when I came just in the midst, my horse vanished away, and I sat straddling upon a bottle of hay.

ALL. O brave doctor !

HORSE-C. But you shall hear how bravely I served him for it ; I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleep ; I kept a hallooing and whooping in his ears, but all could not wake him : I seeing that, took him by the leg, and never rested pulling till I had pulled me his leg quite off ; and now 'tis at home in mine hostry.

CLOWN. And has the doctor but one leg then ? That's excellent ! for one of his devils turn'd me into the likeness of an ape's face.

CART. Some more drink, hostess.

CLOWN. Hark you, we'll into another room and drink awhile, and then we'll go seek out the doctor.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter the DUKE of VANHOLT, his DUCHESS, FAUSTUS, and MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

DUKE. Thanks, master doctor, for these pleasant sights; nor know I how sufficiently to recompense your great deserts in erecting that enchanted castle in the air: the sight whereof so delighted me, as nothing in the world could please me more.

FAUST. I do think myself, my good lord, highly recompensed in that it pleaseth your grace to think but well of that which Faustus hath performed. But, gracious lady, it may be that you have taken no pleasure in those sights; therefore, I pray you tell me, what is the thing you most desire to have; be it in the world, it shall be yours; I have heard that great-bellied women do long for things are rare and dainty.

LADY. True, master doctor; and since I find you so kind, I will make known unto you what my heart desires to have; and were it now summer as it is January, a dead time of the winter, I would request no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

FAUST. This is but a small matter: go, Mephostophilis; away! [*Exit Mephostophilis.*] Madam, I will do more than this for your content.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS again, with the grapes.

Here now, take ye these; they should be good, for they come from a far country, I can tell you.

DUKE. This makes me wonder more than all the rest; that at this time of the year, when every tree is barren of his fruit, from whence you had these ripe grapes.

FAUST. Please it, your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world; so that when it is winter with us, in the contrary circle it is likewise summer with them; as in India, Saba, and such countries that lie far east, where they have fruit twice a year; from whence, by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had these grapes brought as you see.

LADY. And trust me they are the sweetest grapes that e'er I tasted.

[The Clown bounceth at the gate, within.]

DUKE. What rude disturbers have we at the gate?

Go, pacify their fury, set it ope,
And then demand of them what they would have.

[They knock again, and call out to talk with Faustus.]

SERV. Why, how now, masters; what a coil is there;

What is the reason you disturb the duke?

DICK. We have no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

SERV. Why, saucy varlets, dare you be so bold?

HORSE-C. I hope, sir, we have wit enough to be more bold than welcome.

SERV. It appears so; pray be bold elsewhere, and trouble not the duke.

DUKE. What would they have?

SERV. They all cry out to speak with Doctor Faustus.

CART. Aye, and we will speak with him.

DUKE. Will you sir? Commit the rascals. *fisher*

DICK. Commit with us; he were as good commit with his father as commit with us.

FAUST. I do beseech your grace, let them come in,

They are good subject for a merriment.

DUKE. Do as thou wilt, Faustus, I give thee leave.

FAUST. I thank your grace.

Enter the CLOWN, DICK, CARTER, and HORSE-COURSER.

Why, how now, my good friends?

Faith, you are too outrageous; but come near, I have procur'd your pardons: welcome all.

CLOWN. Nay, sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take: What, ho! give's half a dozen of beer here, and be hanged.

FAUST. Nay, hark you, can you tell me where you are?

CART. Aye, marry, can I, we are under heaven.

SERV. Aye; but, sir Sauce-box, know you in what place?

HORSE-C. Aye, aye, the house is good enough to drink in; zounds! fill us some beer, or we'll break all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your brains with your bottles.

FAUST. Be not so furious; come, you shall have beer.

My lord, beseech you give me leave awhile,
I'll gage my credit, 'twill content your grace.

DUKE. With all my heart, kind Doctor, please thyself,

Our servants and our court's at thy command.

FAUST. I humbly thank your grace; then fetch some beer.

HORSE-C. Ah, marry! there spake a doctor, indeed! and faith, I'll drink a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

FAUST. My wooden leg! what dost thou mean by that?

CART. Ha, ha, ha! dost hear him, Dick? he has forgot his leg.

HORSE-C. Aye, aye, he does not stand much upon that.

FAUST. No, 'faith; not much upon a wooden leg.

CART. Good Lord! that flesh and blood should be so frail with your worship! Do not you remember a horse-courser you sold a horse to?

FAUST. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

CART. And do you remember you bid he should not ride him into the water?

FAUST. Yes, I do very well remember that.

CART. And do you remember nothing of your leg?

FAUST. No, in good sooth.

CART. Then, I pray, remember your curtesy.

FAUST. I thank you, sir.

CART. 'Tis not so much worth: I pray you tell me one thing.

FAUST. What's that?

CART. Be both your legs bed-fellows every night?

FAUST. Would'st thou make a colossus of me, that thou askest me such a question?

CART. No, truly, sir, I would make nothing of you; but I would fain know that.

Enter HOSTESS with drink.

FAUST. Then, I assure thee, certainly they are.

CART. I thank you, I am fully satisfied.

FAUST. But wherefore dost thou ask?

CART. For nothing, sir; but methinks you should have a wooden bed-fellow of one of 'em.

HORSE-C. Why, do you hear, sir, did not I pull off one of your legs when you were asleep?

FAUST. But I have it again now I am awake: look you here, sir.

ALL. O horrible! had the Doctor three legs?

CART. Do you remember, sir, how you cozened me, and eat up my load of —

[Faustus charms him dumb.]

DICK. Do you remember how you made me wear an ape's —

HORSE-C. You whoreson conjuring scab! do you remember how you cozened with a ho —

CLOWN. Ha' you forgotten me? you think to carry it away with your hey-passe and repasse: do you remember the dog's fa — *[Exeunt Clowns.]*

HOST. Who pays for the ale? hear you, Master

Doctor; now you have sent away my guests, I pray
who shall pay me for my a—— [Exit Hostess.

LADY. My lord,
We are much beholden to this learned man.

DUKE. So are we, madam; which we will re-
compense

With all the love and kindness that we may;
His artful sport drives all sad thoughts away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter DEVILS with covered
Dishes: MEPHOSTOPHILIS leads them into FAUS-
TUS'S Study; then enter WAGNER.*

WAG. I think my master means to die shortly; he
has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house,
his goods, and store of golden plate; besides two
thousand ducats ready coined: I wonder what he
means! If death were nigh, he would not frolic
thus: he's now at supper with the scholars; where
there's such belly-cheer, as Wagner in his life ne'er
saw the like: and see where they come, belike the
feast is done. [Exit.

SCENE III.

*Enter FAUSTUS, MEPHOSTOPHILIS, and two or three
SCHOLARS.*

1 SCHO. Mister Doctor Faustus, since our con-
ference about fair ladies, which was the beautifullest
in all the world, we have determined with ourselves,

that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived : therefore, Mister Doctor, if you will do us so much favour as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

FAUST. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
It is not Faustus's custom to deny
The just request of those that wish him well :
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherwise for pomp or majesty,
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania :
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds. Mephostophilis brings in Helen ;
she passeth over the stage.*]

2 SCHO. Was this fair Helen, whose admired worth
Made Greece with ten years' war afflict poor Troy ?

3 SCHO. Too simple is my wit to tell her worth,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

1 SCHO. Now we have seen the pride of Nature's
work,
We'll take our leave ; and for this blessed sight,
Happy and bless'd be Faustus evermore.

[*Exeunt Scholars.*]

FAUST. Gentlemen, farewell : the same I wish to
you.

Enter an OLD MAN.

OLD MAN. O, gentle Faustus ! leave this damned
art,

This magic, that will charm thy soul to hell ;
And quite bereave thee of salvation.
Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Do not perséver in it like a devil :
Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soul,
If sin by custom grow not into nature ;
Then, Faustus, will repentance come too late ;
Then thou art banish'd from the sight of heav'n ;
No mortal can express the pains of hell.
It may be this my exhortation
Seems harsh, and all unpleasant ; let it not ;
For, gentle son, I speak it not in wrath,
Or envy of thee, but in tender love
And pity of thy future misery ;
And so have hope that this my kind rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy soul.

FAUST. Where art thou, Faustus ? wretch ! what
hast thou done ?

[Mephostophilis gives him a dagger.]

Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice
Says, “ Faustus, come, thine hour is almost come ; ”
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

OLD MAN. Oh ! stay, good Faustus, stay thy
desperate steps ;
I see an angel hover o'er thy head,
And with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul ;
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

FAUST. O friend ! I feel thy words to comfort my
distressed soul ;

Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins.

OLD MAN. Faustus, I leave thee, but with grief
of heart,

Fearing the enemy of thy hapless soul. [Exit.

FAUST. Accursed Faustus! wretch! what hast
thou done?

I do repent, and yet I do despair;
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast,
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

MEPH. Thou traitor, Faustus! I arrest thy soul,
For disobedience to my sovereign lord;
Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

FAUST. I do repent I e'er offended him;
Sweet Mephostophilis, intreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
The former vow I made to Lucifer.

MEPH. Do it then, Faustus, with unfeigned heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.

FAUST. Torment, sweet friend, that base and
aged man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

MEPH. His faith is great; I cannot touch his
soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

FAUST. One thing, good servant, let me crave of
thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire:

That I may have unto my paramour,
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish clear
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep my vow I made to Lucifer.

MEPH. This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

*Enter HELEN again, passing over between two
Cupids.*

FAUST. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand
ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul! see where it flies;
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heav'n is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest:
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky,
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Thunder. Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and
MEPHOSTOPHILIS.*

LUCI. Thus from infernal Dis do we ascend,
To view the subjects of our monarchy ;
Those souls, which sin seals the black sons of hell,
'Mong which, as chief, Faustus we come to thee ;
Bringing with us lasting damnation,
To wait upon thy soul ; the time is come
Which makes it forfeit.

MEPH. And this gloomy night,
Here, in this room, will wretched Faustus be.

BELZ. And here we'll stay,
To mark him how he doth demean himself.

MEPH. How should he but in desperate lunacy !
Fond worldling ! now his heart-blood dries with grief ;
His conscience kills it, and his labouring brain
Begets a world of idle phantasies,
To over-reach the devil, but all in vain ;
His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with pain.
He, and his servant Wagner, are at hand ;
Both come from drawing Faustus' latest will.
See where they come.

Enter FAUSTUS and WAGNER.

FAUST. Say, Wagner, thou hast perus'd my will ;
How dost thou like it ?

WAG. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love.

Enter the SCHOLARS.

FAUST. Gramarcy, Wagner! welcome, gentlemen.

1 SCHO. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are changed.

FAUST. Oh! gentlemen.

2 SCHO. What ails Faustus?

FAUST. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow! had I liv'd with thee,

Then had I lived still, but now must die eternally.

Look, sirs, comes he not? Comes he not?

1 SCHO. O, my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

2 SCHO. Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

3 SCHO. He is not well with being over solitary.

2 SCHO. If it be so, we'll have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.

3 SCHO. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

FAUST. A surfeit of a deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

2 SCHO. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

FAUST. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned; the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Oh, gentlemen! hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years; oh! would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! And what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world: for which, Faustus hath lost both

Germany and the world; yea, heaven itself; heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy, and must remain in hell for ever. Hell! O hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

2 SCHO. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

FAUST. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured? On God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? Oh, my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears! Gush forth blood instead of tears! yea, life and soul.—Oh! he stays my tongue!—I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold 'em! they hold 'em!

ALL. Who, Faustus?

FAUST. Why, Lucifer and Mephostiphilis. Oh, gentlemen! I gave them my soul for my cunning.

ALL. Oh! God forbid!

FAUST. God forbid it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it; for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood; the date is expired; this is the time, and he will fetch me.

1 SCHO. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

FAUST. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch me body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity; and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

2 SCHO. Oh! what may we do to save Faustus?

FAUST. Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.

3 SCHO. God will strengthen me ; I will stay with Faustus.

1 SCHO. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

FAUST. Aye, pray for me, pray for me ; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2 SCHO. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

FAUST. Gentlemen, farewell ; if I live till morning, I'll visit you ; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

ALL. Faustus, farewell. [*Exeunt Scholars.*]

MEPH. Ah, Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heaven,

Therefore despair, think only upon hell ;
For that must be thy mansion there to dwell.

FAUST. Oh, thou, bewitching fiend ! 'twas thy temptation
Hath robb'd me of eternal happiness.

MEPH. I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice
'Twas I, that when thou wert i' the way to heav'n,
Dam'd up thy passage ; when thou took'st the book
To view the scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves,
And led thine eye.

What, weep'st thou ! 'tis too late, despair !—Farewell !

Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in hell. [*Exit.*]

Enter the GOOD and BAD ANGELS, at several doors.

GOOD ANG. Oh! Faustus, if thou hadst given ear
to me,

Innumerable joys had followed thee;
But thou didst love the world.

BAD ANG. Gave ear to me,
And now must taste hell's pains perpetually.

GOOD ANG. Oh! what will all thy riches, pleasures,
poms
Avail thee now?

BAD ANG. Nothing but vex thee more,
To want in hell that had on earth such store.

[Music while the throne descends.]

GOOD ANG. Oh, thou hast lost celestial happiness,

Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end!

Hadst thou affected sweet divinity,

Hell or the devil had had no power on thee:

Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus, behold

In what resplendent glory thou hadst sat

In yonder throne, like those bright shining saints,

And triumph'd over hell; that hast thou lost:

And now, poor soul! must thy good angel leave
thee;

The jaws of hell are open to receive thee. *[Exit.]*

[Hell is discovered.]

BAD ANG. Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with
horror stare

Into that vast perpetual torture-house:

There are the furies tossing damned souls

On burning forks ; their bodies boil in lead :
There are live quarters broiling on the coals,
That ne'er can die ; this ever-burning chair
Is for o'er-tortur'd souls to rest them in ;
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire,
Were gluttons, and lov'd only delicates,
And laugh'd to see the poor starve at their gates ;
But yet all these are nothing ; thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

FAUST. Oh ! I have seen enough to torture me

BAD ANG. Nay, thou must feel them, taste the
smart of all ;

He that loves pleasure, must for pleasure fall :

And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon ;

Then wilt thou tremble in confusion. [Exit.

[The clock strikes eleven.]

FAUST. Oh, Faustus !

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,

And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.

Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heav'n,

That time may cease, and midnight never come.

Fair nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make

Perpetual day ; or let this hour be but a year,

A month, a week, a natural day,

That Faustus may repent and save his soul.

O lente lente currite noctis equi !

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,

The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.

Oh, I'll leap up to heav'n !—Who pulls me down ?

See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament :

One drop of blood will save me : oh, my Christ !
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ ;
Yet will I call on him. Oh, spare me, Lucifer !—
Where is it now ?—'tis gone !
And see, a threatening arm, an angry brow.
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heav'n !
No ! Then will I headlong run into the earth :
Gape, earth !—O no, it will not harbour me.
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud ;
That when ye vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths ;
But let my soul mount and ascend to heav'n.

[*The clock strikes the half hour.*]

Oh ! half the hour is past ; 'twill all be past anon.
Oh ! if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd :
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul ?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast ?
Oh ! Pythagoras, Metempsychosis ! were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die

Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements ;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me !
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heav'n.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*]

It strikes, it strikes ! now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
O soul ! be chang'd into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean ; ne'er be found.

Thunder. Enter the DEVILS.

Oh ! mercy, heav'n, look not so fierce on me !
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile !—
Ugly hell, gape not !—Come not, Lucifer !
I'll burn my books !—Oh, Mephostophilis ! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the SCHOLARS.

1 SCHO. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin ;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard ;
Pray heaven the Doctor have escap'd the danger.

2 SCHO. Oh, help us, heavens ! see, here are
Faustus' limbs,
All torn asunder by the hand of death.

3 SCHO. The devils whom Faustus serv'd have
torn him thus ;
For twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
I heard him shriek and cry aloud for help ;
At which self-time the house seem'd all on fire,

With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

2 SCHO. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be
such

As every christian heart laments to think on ;

Yet, for he was a scholar once admir'd

For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,

We'll give his mangled limbs due burial ;

And all the students, clothed in mourning black,

Shall wait upon his heavy funeral. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,

And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,

That sometime grew within this learned man :

Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,

Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,

Only to wonder at unlawful things ;

Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits,

To practice more than heavenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem, terminat author opus.

THE
MASSACRE AT PARIS.

MARSHALL AT PARIS

The Massacre at Paris : with the death of the Duke of Guise.

As it was plaide by the right honourable the Lord High Admirall his servants, written by Christopher Marlow. At London. Printed for E. A. for Edward White dwelling neere the North doore of St. Paule's Church at the signe of the Gun.
W. D.

[This play possesses but a very small portion of dramatic interest; the subject is treated without skill, although capable, by a judicious selection of incidents, and a careful grouping of characters, of being made a very effective drama. At present it is nothing more than a revolting register of bigotry and bloodshed, unsoftened by affecting appeals to our sympathies, and unrelieved by instances of generous devotion or domestic grief, which might have been naturally and properly introduced.]

Dryden and Lee produced a play on the same subject, *The Duke of Guise*; and Lee afterwards wrote another under the title of *The Massacre of Paris*, a great deal of which is borrowed from the former: Marlowe's Play is not in the original edition divided into acts, but a division being convenient, we have divided it in the present reprint into three acts the unusual brevity of the piece not permitting an apportionment into the legitimate number.

Mr. Malone conjectures that the Tragedie of Guyes stated in Henslowe's MSS. to have been acted in February, 1592, was this play.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CHARLES IX. *King of France.*

DUKE of ANJOU.

KING of NAVARRE.

PRINCE of CONDE.

DUKE JOYEUX.

DUKE of GUISE.

DUKE DUMAINE.

CARDINAL of LORRAINE.

The LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.

EPERNOUNE.

MUGERON.

PLESHE.

BARTUS.

GONZAGO.

RETES.

MOUNTSORRELL.

RAMUS.

TALEUS.

LOREINE.

SEROUNE.

SOLDIERS, &c.

CATHERINE, *the Queen Mother of France.*

Old QUEEN of NAVARRE.

MARGARET LE VALOIS, *Sister to Charles IX.*

DUCHESS of GUISE.

SEROUNE'S WIFE.

THE
MASSACRE AT PARIS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter CHARLES, the French King; the QUEEN MOTHER; KING of NAVARRE; MARGARET; the PRINCE of CONDE; the LORD HIGH ADMIRAL; the OLD QUEEN of NAVARRE, and others.

CHAR. Prince of Navarre, my honourable brother,
Prince Condé, and my good lord Admiral,
I wish this union and religious league,
Knit in these hands, thus join'd in nuptial rites,
May not dissolve, till death dissolve our lives;
And that the native sparks of princely love,
That kindled first this motion in our hearts,
May still be fuel'd in our progeny.

NAV. The many favours which your grace has
shewn,
From time to time, but specially in this,
Shall bind me ever to your highness' will,
In what Queen Mother or your grace commands.

QU. Mo. Thanks, son Navarre; you see we love
you well,
That link you in marriage with our daughter here;

And as you know our difference in religion,
Might be a means to cross you in your love—

CHAR. Well, madam, let that rest.—

And now, my lords, the marriage rites performed,
We think it good to go and consummate
The rest, with hearing of an holy mass.

Sister, I think yourself will bear us company.

MAR. I will, my good lord.

CHAR. The rest that will not go, my lords, may
stay.—

Come, mother, let us go to honour this solemnity.

Q. Mo. Which I'll dissolve with blood and cruelty.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt all but Navarre, Condé, and the Lord
High Admiral.*

NAV. Prince Condé and my good Lord Admiral,
Now Guise may storm, but do us little hurt,
Having the king-Queen Mother on our side,
To stop the malice of his envious heart,
That seeks to murder all the protestants.
Have you not heard of late, how he decreed
(If that the king had giv'n consent thereto,)
That all the protestants that are in Paris
Should have been murdered the other night?

ADM. My lord, I marvel that th' aspiring Guise,
Dares once adventure, without the king's assent,
To meddle or attempt such dangerous things.

CON. My lord you need not marvel at the Guise,
For what he doth, the Pope will ratify,
In murder, mischief, or in tyranny.

NAV. But he that sits and rules above the clouds
Doth hear and see the prayers of the just ;
And will revenge the blood of innocents,
That Guise hath slain by treason of his heart,
And brought by murder to their timeless ends.

ADM. My lord, but did you mark the cardinal,
The Guise's brother, and the Duke Dumaine,
How they did storm at these your nuptial rites,
Because the House of Bourbon now comes in,
And joins your lineage to the crown of France.

NAV. And that's the cause that Guise so frowns
at us,
And beats his brains to catch us in his trap,
Which he hath pitch'd within his deadly toil.
Come, my lords, let's go to the church and pray
That God may still defend the right of France,
And make his gospel flourish in this land. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter GUISE.

GUISE. If ever Hymen low'r'd at marriage rites,
And had his altars deck'd with dusky lights ;
If ever sun stain'd heav'n with bloody clouds,
And made it look with terror on the world ;
If ever day were turn'd to ugly night,
And night made semblance of the hue of hell ;
This day, this hour, this fatal night,
Shall fully show the fury of them all.—

Enter the APOTHECARY.

APOTH. My lord.

GUISE. Now shall I prove, and guerdon to the full,
The love thou bear'st unto the house of Guise.
Where are those perfum'd gloves, which late I sent
To be poisoned? Hast thou done them? Speak.
Will ev'ry savour breed a pang of death?

APOTH. See where they be, my lord; and he that
smells

But to them, dies.

GUISE. Then thou remainest resolute?

APOTH. I am, my lord, in what your grace commands,
Till death.

GUISE. Thanks, my good friend, I will requite thy
love.

Go then, present them to the Queen Navarre,
For she is that huge blemish in our eye,
That makes these upstart heresies in France.
Begone, my friend, present them to her straight.—
Soldier!

[Exit Apoth.

Enter a SOLDIER.

SOL. My lord.

GUISE. Now come thou forth, and play thy tragic
part.

Stand in some window, op'ning near the street,
And when thou see'st the admiral ride by,
Discharge thy musket, and perform his death;
And then I'll guerdon thee with store of crowns.

SOL. I will, my lord. [Exit.

GUISE. Now, Guise, begin those deep-engender'd
thoughts

To burst abroad those never-dying flames,

Which cannot be extinguish'd but by blood.
Oft have I levell'd, and at last have learn'd
That peril is the chiefest way to happiness;
And resolution, honour's fairest aim.
What glory is there in a common good,
That hangs for ev'ry peasant to achieve?
That like I best, that flies beyond my reach.
Set me to scale the high Pyramides,
And thereon set the diadem of France;
I'll either rend it with my nails to nought,
Or mount the top with my aspiring wings,
Although my downfall be the deepest hell.
For this, I wake, when others think I sleep;
For this, I wait, that scorn attendance else;
For this, my quenchless thirst, whereon I build,
Hath often pleaded kindred to the king;
For this, this head, this heart, this hand and sword,
Contrive, imagine, and fully execute,
Matters of import aimed at by many,
Yet understood by none.
For this, hath heav'n engender'd me of earth;
For this, the earth sustains my body's weight;
And with this weight I'll counterpoise a crown,
Or with seditions weary all the world.
For this, from Spain the stately Catholic
Sends Indian gold to coin me French *ecus*;
For this, have I a largess from the pope;
A pension, and a dispensation too;
And by that privilege to work upon,
My policy hath framed religion.

Religion! O *Diabole* !

Fie! I am asham'd, however that I seem,
To think a word of such a simple sound,
Of so great matter should be made the ground.
The gentle king, whose pleasure uncontroll'd
Weakeneth his body, and will waste his realm,
If I repair not what he ruins, ruins,
Him, as a child, I daily win with words,
So that for proof he barely bears the name:—
I execute, and he sustains the blame.

The Mother Queen works wonders for my sake,
And in my love entombs the hope of France;
Rifling the bowels of her treasury,
To supply my wants and necessity.
Paris hath full five hundred colleges,
As monasteries, priories, abbeyes, and halls,
Wherein are thirty thousand able men,
Besides a thousand sturdy student Catholics:
And more,—of my knowledge, in one cloister keep
Five hundred fat Franciscan friars and priests.
All this, and more, if more may be compris'd,
To bring the will of our desires to end.
Then, Guise, since thou hast all the cards
Within thy hands, to shuffle or to cut,
Take this as surest thing,
That, right or wrong, thou deal thyself a king.—
Aye, but Navarre,—'tis but a nook of France,
Sufficient yet for such a petty king,
That with a rabblement of his heretics,
Blinds Europe's eyes, and troubleth our estate.

Him will we— [Pointing to his sword.
But first let's follow those in France,
That hinder our possession to the crown.
As Cæsar to his soldiers, so say I ;
Those that hate me will I learn to loathe.
Give me a look, that when I bend the brows,
Pale death may walk in furrows of my face :
A hand, that with a grasp may gripe the world ;
An ear to hear what my detractors say ;
A royal seat, a sceptre, and a crown,
That those which do behold them, may become
As men that stand and gaze against the sun.
The plot is laid, and things shall come to pass,
Where resolution strives for victory. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter the KING of NAVARRE, MARGARET, the Old QUEEN of NAVARRE, the PRINCE of CONDE, the LORD HIGH ADMIRAL, and the APOTHECARY, with the gloves, which he gives to the Old Queen.

APOTH. Madam, I beseech your grace to accept
this simple gift.

OLD QUEEN. Thanks, my good friend ; hold, take
thou this reward.

APOTH. I humbly thank your majesty. [Exit.

OLD QUEEN. Methinks the gloves have a very
strong perfume,
The scent whereof doth make my head to ache.

NAV. Doth not your grace know the man that gave them you?

OLD QUEEN. Not well, but do remember such a man.

ADM. Your grace was ill-advis'd to take them, then,

Considering of these dangerous times.

OLD QUEEN. Help, son Navarre! I am poison'd!

MAR. The heavens forbid your highness such mishap!

NAV. The late suspicion of the duke of Guise, Might well have mov'd your highness to beware How you did meddle with such dang'rous gifts.

MAR. Too late it is, my lord, if that be true, To blame her highness; but I hope it be Only some nat'ral passion makes her sick.

OLD QUEEN. Oh! no, sweet Margaret; the fatal poison

Doth work within my heart; my brain-pan breaks;
My heart doth faint; I die! [Dies.

+ NAV. My mother poison'd here before my face!
Oh! gracious God, what times are these.

Oh, grant, sweet God, my days may end with hers,
That I with her may die, and live again.

MAR. Let not this heavy chance, my dearest lord,
(For whose effects my soul is massacred)
Infect thy gracious breast with fresh supply,
To aggravate our sudden misery.

ADM. Come, my lords, let us bear her body hence,

And see it honoured with just solemnity.

[As they are going, the Soldier discharges his musket at the Admiral.]

CON. What, are you hurt, my Lord High Admiral?

ADM. Aye, my good lord, shot through the arm.

NAV. We are betrayed! come, my lords,
And let us go tell the king of this.

ADM. These are the cursed Guisians, that do seek
our death.

Oh! fatal was this marriage to us all!

[They bear away the Queen, and Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter KING CHARLES, QUEEN MOTHER, GUISE,
ANJOU, and DUMAINE.

Q. Mo. My noble son, and princely Duke of
Guise,

Now have we got the fatal, straggling deer,
Within the compass of a deadly toil;
And as we late decreed, we may perform.

CHAR. Madam, it will be noted through the
world,

An action bloody and tyrannical;

Chiefly, since under safety of our word,

They justly challenge their protection.

Besides, my heart relents that noble men,

Only corrupted in religion,

Ladies of honour, knights, and gentlemen,

Should, for their conscience, taste such ruthless ends.

ANJ. Though gentle minds should pity other's
pains,

Yet will the wisest note their proper griefs ;
And rather seek to scourge their enemies,
Than be themselves base subjects to the whip.

GUISE. Methinks, my lord Anjou hath well advis'd
Your highness to consider of the thing ;
And rather chuse to seek your country's good,
Than pity or relieve these upstart heretics.

Q. MO. I hope these reasons may serve my
princely son
To have some care for fear of enemies.

CHAR. Well, madam, I refer it to your majesty,
And to my nephew here, the Duke of Guise :
What you determine, I will ratify.

Q. MO. Thanks to my princely son. Then tell
me, Guise,
What order will you set down for the massacre ?

GUISE. Thus, madam :—
They that shall be actors in this massacre,
Shall wear white crosses on their burgonets,
And tie white linen scarfs about their arms.
He that wants these, and is suspect of heresy,
Shall die, or be he king or emperor.
Then I'll have a peal of ordnance shot from the
tower,
At which they all shall issue out, and 'set the streets ;
And then, the watch-word being given, a bell shall
ring,

Which when they hear, they shall begin to kill,
And never cease until that bell shall cease;
Then breathe awhile.

Enter a MESSENGER.

CHAR. How now, fellow, what news?

MES. An it please your grace, the lord High Admiral,

Riding the streets, was traitorously shot;
And most humbly entreats your majesty
To visit him, sick in his bed.

CHAR. Messenger, tell him I will see him straight.

[Exit Messenger.]

What shall we do now with the Admiral?

Q. Mo. Your majesty had best go visit him,
And make a show as if all were well.

CHAR. Content; I will go visit the Admiral.

GUISE. And I will go take order for his death.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V,

The ADMIRAL discovered in bed. To him enter

KING CHARLES, and others.

CHAR. How fares it with my lord High Admiral?
Hath he been hurt with villains in the street?—

I vow and swear, as I am king of France,
To find, and to repay the man with death,
With death delay'd, and torments never us'd,
'That durst presume, for hope of any gain,
To hurt the noble man his sov'reign loves.

ADM. Ah! my good lord, these are the Guisians,
That seek to massacre our guiltless lives.

CHAR. Assure yourself, my good lord Admiral,
I deeply sorrow for your treach'rous wrong;
And that I am not more secure myself,
Than I am careful you should be preserv'd.
Cousin, take twenty of our strongest guard,
And, under your direction, see they keep
All treach'rous violence from our noble friend;
Repaying all attempts with present death,
Upon the cursed breakers of our peace.
And so be patient, good lord Admiral,
And every hour I'll visit you. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

*Enter GUISE, ANJOU, DUMAINE, GONZAGO, RETES,
MOUNTSORREL, and SOLDIERS, to the massacre.*

GUISE. Anjou, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes,
Swear by the argent crosses on your burgonets,
To kill all that you suspect of heresy.

DUM. I swear by this, to be unmerciful.

ANJ. I am disguis'd, and none knows who I am,
And therefore mean to murder all I meet.

GON. And so will I.

RETES. And I.

GUISE. Away, then! break into the Admiral's house!

RETES. Aye, let the Admiral be first dispatch'd.

GUISE. The Admiral,
Chief standard bearer to the Lutherans,
Shall in the entrance of this massacre,
Be murder'd in his bed. Gonzago, conduct them
thither;

And then beset his house, that not a man may live.

ANJ. That charge is mine. Switzers, keep you
the streets;

And at each corner shall the king's guard stand.

GON. Come, sirs, follow me.

[Exit Gonzago, with others.]

ANJ. Cousin, the captain of the Admiral's guard,
Plac'd by my brother, will betray his lord.

Now, Guise, shall Catholics flourish once again;

The head being off, the members cannot stand.

RETES. But look, my lord, there's some in the
Admiral's house.

[They enter into the house of the Admiral, who is in bed.]

SCENE VII.

*Enter GUISE, ANJOU, DUMAINE, GONZAGO, RETES,
MOUNTSORREL, and others, to the ADMIRAL.*

ANJ. In lucky time; come, let us keep this lane,
And slay his servants that shall issue out.

GON. Where is the Admiral?

ADM. Oh! let me pray before I die.

GON. Then pray unto our Lady; kiss this cross.

[Stabs him.]

ADM. Oh! God, forgive my sins!

GUISE. What, is he dead, Gonzago?

GON. Aye, my lord.

GUISE. Then throw him down.

ANJ. Now, cousin, view him well.

It may be 'tis some other, and he escap'd.

GUISE. Cousin, 'tis he, I know him by his look;

See where my soldier shot him through the arm ;
He miss'd him near, but we have struck him now.
Ah ! base Chatellain, and degenerate, chief standard-
bearer to the Lutherans,
Thus, in despite of thy religion,
The duke of Guise stamps on thy lifeless bulk.
Away with him : cut off his head and hands,
And send them for a present to the pope ;
And when this just revenge is finished,
Unto Montfaucon will we drag his corse ;
And he, that living hated so the cross,
Shall, being dead, be hang'd thereon in chains.
Anjou, Gonzago, Retes, if that you three
Will be as resolute as I and Dumaine,
There shall not a Hugonot breathe in France.

ANJ. I swear by this cross, we'll not be partial,
But slay as many as we can come near.

GUISE. Mountsorrell, go and shoot the ordnance
off ;
That they, which have already 'set the street,
May know their watchword ; and then toll the bell,
And so let's forward to the massacre.

MOUNT. I will, my lord. [Exit.]

GUISE. And now, my lords, let's closely to our
business.

ANJ. Anjou will follow thee.

DUM. And so will Dumaine.

[The ordnance being shot off, the bell tolls.]

GUISE. Come then, let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

GUISE *enters again, with all the rest, with their swords drawn, chasing the Protestants.*

GUISE. *Tue ! tue ! tue !* let none escape, murder the Hugonots.

ANJ. Kill them ! kill them ! [*Exeunt.*

Enter LOREINE, running ; GUISE and the rest pursuing him.

GUISE. Loreine ! Loreine ! follow Loreine !—
Sirrah,

Are you a preacher of these heresies ?

LOR. I am a preacher of the word of God ;
And thou a traitor to thy soul and him.

GUISE. “ Dearly beloved brother ”—thus ’tis written. [*Stabs him.*

ANJ. Stay, my lord, let me begin the psalm.

GUISE. Come, drag him away, and throw him in a ditch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MOUNTSORREL, and knocks at SEROUNE’S door.

SER. WIFE. [*Within.*] Who is that which knocks there ?

MOUNT. Mountsorrell, from the duke of Guise,

SER. WIFE. Husband, come down ; here’s one would speak with you.

From the duke of Guise.

Enter SEROUNE.

SER. To speak with me, from such a man as he ?

MOUNT. Aye, aye, for this Seroune; and thou shalt ha't. *[Shewing his dagger.]*

SER. Oh! let me pray, before I take my death!

MOUNT. Dispatch then quickly.

SER. Oh, Christ, my Saviour!

MOUNT. Christ, villain!

Why, dar'st thou presume to call on Christ,

Without the intercession of some saint?

Sanctus Jacobus, he was my saint; pray to him.

SER. Oh! let me pray unto my God!

MOUNT. Then take this with you.

[Stabs him and exit.]

Enter RAMUS, in his study.

RAMUS. What fearful cries come from the river
Seine

That fright poor Ramus sitting at his book!

I fear the Guisians have pass'd the bridge,

And mean once more to menace me.

Enter TALEUS.

TAL. Fly, Ramus, fly, if thou wilt save thy life!

RAMUS. Tell me, Taleus, wherefore should I fly?

TAL. The Guisians are hard at thy door, and
mean to murder us;

Hark! hark, they come! I'll leap out at the window.

RAMUS. Sweet Taleus, stay.

Enter GONZAGO and RETES.

GON. Who goes there?

RETES. It is Taleus, Ramus' bedfellow.

GON. What art thou?

TAL. I am, as Ramus is, a Christian.

RETES. Oh, let him go, he is a Catholic.

[Exit Taleus.

GON. Come, Ramus, more gold, or thou shalt have the stab.

RAMUS. Alas, I am a scholar! how should I have gold?

All that I have is but my stipend from the king.

Which is no sooner receiv'd, but it is spent.

Enter GUISE, ANJOU, and the rest.

ANJ. Whom have you there?

RETES. 'Tis Ramus, the king's professor of logic.

GUISE. Stab him!

RAMUS. Oh! good my lord, wherein hath Ramus been so offencious?

GUISE. Marry, sir, in having a smack in all,
And yet did'st never sound any thing to the depth.
Was it not thou that scoff'dst the Organon,
And said it was a heap of vanities?

He that will be a flat dichotomist,
And seen in nothing but epitomes,
Is in your judgment thought a learned man.
And he, forsooth, must go and preach in Germany;
Excepting against doctors' actions,
And *ipse dixi* with this quiddity

Argumentum testimonii est in arte partialis.

To contradict which, I say Ramus shall die;

How answer you that?—your *nego argumentum*
Cannot serve.—Sirrah, kill him!

RAMUS. Oh, my good lord, let me but speak a word.

ANJ. Well, say on.

RAMUS. Not for my life, do I desire this pause,
But in my latter hour to purge myself,
In that I know the things that I have wrote,
Which as I hear one Shekins takes it ill,
Because my places, being but three, contain all his.
I knew the Organon to be confus'd,
And I reduced it into better form.
And this for Aristotle will I say,
That he that despiseth him can ne'er
Be good in logic or philosophy.
And that's because the blockish Sorbonnists
Attribute as much unto their works,
As to the service of th' eternal God.

GUISE. Why suffer you that peasant to declaim?
Stab him, I say, and send him to his friends in hell.

ANJ. Ne'er was there collier's son so full of pride.
[Stabs him.]

GUISE. My lord Anjou, there are a hundred Pro-
testants,
Which we have chas'd into the river Seine,
That swim about, and so preserve their lives :—
How may we do? I fear me they will live.

DUM. Go, place some men upon the bridge,
With bows and darts, to shoot at them they see,
And sink them in the river as they swim.

GUISE. 'Tis well advis'd, Dumaine; go see it
done.

And in the meantime, my lord, could we devise
To get those pedants from the king Navarre,

That are tutors to him and the prince of Condé.

ANJ. For that, let me alone; cousin, stay here,
And when you see me in, then follow hard.

*He knocketh at the door, and enter the KING of
NAVARRÉ, the PRINCE of CONDE, with their
SCHOOLMASTERS.*

How now, my lords, how fare you?

NAV. My lord, they say that all the Protestants
are massacred.

ANJ. Aye, so they are, but yet, what remedy?
I have done all I could to stay the broil.

NAV. But yet, my lord, the report doth run,
That you were one that made the massacre.

ANJ. Who, I? you are deceiv'd; I rose but now.

GUISE. Murder the Hugonots! Take those pedants
hence!

NAV. Thou traitor, Guise! lay off thy bloody
hands.

COND. Come, let us go tell the king.

[Exeunt Nav. and Condé.]

GUISE. Come, sirs, I'll whip you to death with
my poignard's point. *[Stabs them.]*

ANJ. Away with them both. *[Exit.]*

GUISE. And now, sirs, for this night let our fury
stay.

Yet will we not the massacre shall end:

Gonzago post you to Orleans,

Retes to Dieppe, Mountsorrell unto Rouen,

And spare not one that you suspect of heresy.

And now, stay that bell, that to the devil's matins
rings.

Now ev'ry man put off his burgonet,
And so convey him closely to his bed. [Exeunt.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter ANJOU, with two LORDS of POLAND.

ANJ. My lords of Poland, I must needs confess.
The offer of your Prince Elector's far
Beyond the reach of my deserts ;
For Poland is, as I have been inform'd,
A martial people worthy such a king
As hath sufficient council in himself
To lighten doubts, and frustrate subtle foes.
And such a king, whom practice long hath taught
To please himself with manage of the wars,
The greatest wars within our Christian bounds,
I mean our wars against the Muscovites ;
And on the other side against the Turk ;
Rich princes both, and mighty emperors :
Yet, by my brother Charles, our king of France,
And by his grace's council, it is thought,
That if I undertake to wear the crown
Of Poland, it may prejudice their hope
Of my inheritance to the crown of France.
For if th' Almighty take my brother hence,

By due descent the regal seat is mine.
With Poland, therefore, must I cov'nant thus,—
That if, by death of Charles, the diadem
Of France be cast on me, then, with your leaves,
I may retire me to my native home.
If your commission serve to warrant this,
I thankfully shall undertake the charge
Of you and yours; and carefully maintain
The wealth and safety of your kingdom's right.

1 LORD. All this, and more your highness shall
command,
For Poland's crown and kingly diadem.

ANJ. Then, come, my lords, let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter two MEN, with the ADMIRAL'S body.

1 MAN. Now, sirrah, what shall we do with the
Admiral?

2 MAN. Why, let us burn him for a heretic.

1 MAN. Oh, no, his body will infect the fire, and
the fire the air, and so we shall be poisoned with
him.

2 MAN. What shall we do then?

1 MAN. Let's throw him into the river.

2 MAN. Oh! 'twill corrupt the water, and the
water the fish, and the fish ourselves, when we eat
them.

1 MAN. Then throw him into the ditch.

2 MAN. No, no; to decide all doubts, be ruled by
me. Let's hang him upon this tree.

1 MAN. Agreed. [*They hang him up, and exeunt.*]

Enter GUISE, the QUEEN MOTHER, and the CARDINAL, with ATTENDANTS.

GUISE. Now, madam, how like you our lusty Admiral?

Q. Mo. Believe me, Guise, he becomes the place so well,

That I could long ere this have wished him there.
But come, let's walk aside; th' air's not very sweet.

GUISE. No, by my faith, madam.

Sirs, take him away, and throw him in some ditch.

[The Attendants bear off the Admiral's body.]

And now, madam, as I understand,
There are an hundred Hugonots and more,
Which in the woods do hold their synagogue,
And daily meet about this time of day;
Thither will I, to put them to the sword.

Q. Mo. Do so, sweet Guise; let us delay no time;
For if these stragglers gather head again,
And disperse themselves throughout the realm of
France,

It will be hard for us to work their deaths.

GUISE. Madam, I go, as whirlwinds rage before a
storm. *[Exit.]*

Q. Mo. My lord of Lorraine, have you mark'd of
late,

How Charles, our son, begins for to lament
For the late night's-work, which my lord of Guise
Did make in Paris 'mongst the Hugonots?

CARD. Madam, I have heard him solemnly vow,
With the rebellious King of Navarre,
For to revenge their deaths upon us all.

Q. Mo. Aye, but, my lord, let me alone for that,
For Catherine must have her will in France.
As I do live, so surely shall he die,
And Henry then shall wear the diadem;
And if he grudge or cross his mother's will,
I'll disinherit him and all the rest;
For I'll rule France, but they shall wear the crown:
And if they storm, I then may pull them down.
Come, my lord, let's go. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter five or six PROTESTANTS, with books, and kneel together. Enter also GUISE, and others.

GUISE. Down with the Hugonots! murder them!

PRO. O Monsieur de Guise, hear me but speak!

GUISE. No, villain, no! that tongue of thine,
That hath blasphem'd the holy Church of Rome,
Shall drive no complaints into the Guise's ears,
To make the justice of my heart relent.

Tue! tue! tue! let none escape. [They kill them.
So, drag them away. [Exeunt.

*Enter KING CHARLES, supported by NAVARRE and
EPERNOUNE; the QUEEN MOTHER, the CAR-
DINAL, and PLESHE.*

CHAR. Oh! let me stay, and rest me here awhile;
A griping pain hath seiz'd upon my heart;
A sudden pain, the messenger of death.

Q. Mo. Oh, say not so, thou kill'st thy mother's
heart.

CHAR. I must say so, pain forceth me to complain.

NAV. Comfort yourself, my lord, I have no doubt
But God will sure restore you to your health.

CHAR. Oh, no, my loving brother of Navarre,
I have deserv'd a scourge, I must confess;
Yet is there patience of another sort,
Than to misdo the welfare of their king:
God grant my nearest friends may prove no worse.
Oh! hold me up, my sight begins to fail,
My sinews shrink, my brain turns upside down,
My heart doth break, I faint and die. [Des.]

Q. Mo. What? art thou dead, sweet son, speak
to thy mother;

Oh! no, his soul is fled from out his breast,
And he nor hears nor sees us what we do.

My lords, what resteth now for to be done,
But that we presently dispatch ambassadors
To Poland, to call Henry back again,
To wear his brother's crown and dignity?
Epernounge, go, see it presently be done,
And bid him come without delay to us.

EPER. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Q. Mo. And now, my lords, after these funerals
be done,
We will, with all the speed we can, provide
For Henry's coronation from Polonia.
Come, let us take his body hence.

[The king's body is borne out, and exeunt all but
Navarre and Pleshe.]

NAV. And now, Navarre, whilst that these broils
do last,

My opportunity may serve me fit
To steal from France, and hie me to my home ;
For here's no safety in the realm for me.
And now that Henry is call'd from Poland,
It is my due, by just succession.
And therefore, as speedily as I can perform,
I'll muster up an army secretly,
For fear that Guise, join'd with the king of Spain,
Might seek to cross me in my enterprise.
But God, that always doth defend the right,
Will shew his mercy, and preserve us still.

PLESHE. The virtues of our poor religion,
Cannot but march, with many graces more,
Whose army shall discomfort all your foes,
And at the length, in Pampeluna crown
(In spite of Spain, and all the popish pow'r,
That holds it from your highness wrongfully,)
Your majesty her rightful lord and sov'reign.

NAV. Truth, Pleshe, and God so prosper me in
all,

As I intend to labour for the truth,
And true profession of his holy word.
Come, Pleshe, let us away, while time doth serve.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*Trumpets sounded within, and a cry of "Vive le Roi,"
two or three times.*

Enter HENRY, crowned; QUEEN MOTHER, CARDINAL, GUISE, EPERNOUNE, MUGERON, the CUTPURSE, and others.

ALL. Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi.

[A flourish of Trumpets.]

Q. Mo. Welcome from Poland, Henry, once again!

Welcome to France, thy father's royal seat!

Here hast thou a country void of fears;

A warlike people to maintain thy right;

A watchful senate for ordaining laws;

A loving mother to preserve thy state;

And all things that a king may wish besides:

All this, and more, hath Henry with his crown.

CARD. And long may Henry enjoy all this, and more.

ALL. Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi.

[A flourish of Trumpets.]

KING. Thanks to you all. The guider of all crowns,

Grant that our deeds may well deserve your loves;

And so they shall, if fortune speed my will,

And yield our thoughts to height of my deserts.

What say our minions? Think they Henry's heart

Will not both harbour love and majesty?

Put off that fear, they are already join'd;

No person, place, or time, or circumstance,
Shall slack my love's affection from his bent;
As now you are, so shall you still persist;
Removeless from the favours of your king.

MUGE. We know that noble minds change not
their thoughts,
For wearing of a crown, in that your grace
Hath worn the Poland diadem before
You were invested with the crown of France.

KING. I tell thee, Mugeron, we will be friends,
And fellows too, whatever storms arise.

MUGE. Then may it please your majesty to give
me leave.
To punish those that do profane this holy feast.

KING. How mean'st thou that?

*[Mugeron cuts off the Cutpurse's ear, for cutting
the gold buttons off his cloak.]*

CUTP. Oh, Lord, mine ear!

MUGE. Come, sir, give me my buttons, and here's
your ear.

GUISE. Sirrah, take him away.

KING. Hands off, good fellow, I will be his bail
For this offence. Go, sirrah, work no more
Till this our coronation day be past.
And now, our rites of coronation done,
What now remains but for awhile to feast,
And spend some days in barriers, tourney, tilt,
And like disports, such as do fit the court?
Let's go my lords, our dinner stays for us.

[Exeunt all but the Queen Mother and Cardinal.]

Q. Mo. My lord cardinal of Lorraine, tell me,
How likes your grace my son's pleasantness?
His mind, you see, runs on his minions,
And all his heaven is to delight himself;
And whilst he sleeps securely thus in ease,
Thy brother Guise and we may now provide
To plant ourselves with such authority,
That not a man may live without our leaves.
X Then shall the Catholic faith of Rome
Flourish in France, and none deny the same.

CARD. Madam, as I in secresy was told,
My brother Guise hath gather'd a power of men
Which are he saith to kill the Puritans,
But 'tis the House of Bourbon that he means;
Now, madam, must you insinuate with the king,
And tell him that 'tis for his country's good,
And common profit of religion.

Q. Mo. Tush, man, let me alone with him.
To work the way to bring this thing to pass;
And if he do deny what I do say,
I'll dispatch him with his brother presently,
And then shall Monsieur wear the diadem.
Tush, all shall die unless I have my will;
For while she lives, Catharine will be queen.
Come, my lord, let us go to seek the Guise,
And then determine of this enterprise. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter the DUCHESS of GUISE and her MAID.

DUCH. Go fetch me pen and ink—

MAID. I will madam.

[Exit.

DUCH. That I may write unto my dearest lord ;
Sweet Mugeron, 'tis he that hath my heart
And Guise usurps it 'cause I am his wife.
Fain would I find some means to speak with him,
But cannot, and therefore am enforc'd to write,
That he may come and meet me in some place,
Where we may one enjoy the other's sight.

Re-enter the MAID, with ink and paper.

So, set it down, and leave me to myself.

[Exit Maid. She writes.

Oh ! would to God, this quill that here doth write,
Had late been pluck'd from out fair Cupid's wing,
That it might print these lines within his heart

Enter GUISE.

GUISE. What all alone, my love, and writing
too ?

I pr'ythee say to whom thou writ'st.

DUCH. To such a one, as when she reads my lines,
Will laugh, I fear me, at their good array.

GUISE. I pray thee, let me see.

DUCH. Oh, no, my lord, a woman only must
Partake the secrets of my heart.

GUISE. But, madam, I must see—
Are these your secrets that no man must know ?

[Snatches the paper, and reads t

DUCH. Oh ! pardon me, my lord.

GUISE. Thou trothless and unjust, what lines are
these ?

Am I grown old, or is thy lust grown young ?

Or hath my love been so obscur'd in thee,
That others need to comment on my text ?
Is all my love forgot, which held thee dear,
Aye, dearer than the apple of mine eye ?
Is Guise's glory but a cloudy mist,
In sight and judgment of thy lustful eye ?
Mort Dieu ! were not the fruit within thy womb,
On whose increase I set some longing hope,
This wrathful hand should strike thee to the heart !
Hence, strumpet ! hide thy head for shame ;
And fly my presence, if thou look'st to live—

[*Exit Duchess.*]

O wicked sex, perjured and unjust !
Now do I see that from the very first,
Her eyes and looks sow'd seeds of perjury.
But villain, he, to whom these lines should go,
Shall buy her love e'en with his dearest blood [*Exit.*]
*Enter NAVARRE, PLESHE, and BARTUS, and their
Train, with drums and trumpets.*

NAV. Now lords, since in a quarrel just and right,
We undertake to manage these our wars,
Against the proud disturbers of the faith,
(I mean the Guise, the Pope, and king of Spain,
Who set themselves to tread us under foot,
And rend our true religion from this land ;
But for you know our quarrel is no more,
But to defend their strange inventions,
Which they will put us to with sword and fire ;)
We must with resolute minds resolve to fight,
In honour of our God, and country's good.

Spain is the council-chamber of the Pope,
Spain is the place where he makes peace and war,
And Guise for Spain hath now incens'd the king,
To send his power to meet us in the field.

BAR. Then in this bloody brunt they may behold
The sole endeavour of your princely care,
To plant the true succession of the faith,
In spite of Spain and all his heresies.

NAV. The pow'r of vengeance now implants itself
Upon the haughty mountains of my breast ;
Plays with her gory colours of revenge,
Whom I respect as leaves of boasting green,
That change their colour when the winter comes,
When I shall vaunt as victor in revenge.

Enter a MESSENGER.

How now, sirrah, what news ?

MES. My lord, as by our scouts we understand,
A mighty army comes from France with speed ;
Which is already muster'd in the land,
And means to meet your highness in the field.

NAV. In God's name let them come.
This is the Guise that hath incens'd the king
To levy arms, and make these civil broils.
But canst thou tell me who's their general ?

MES. Not yet, my lord, for thereon do they stay ;
But, as report doth go, the duke Joyeux
Hath made great suit unto the king therefore.

NAV. It will not countervail his pains, I hope.
I would the Guise in his stead might have come ;
But he doth lurk within his drowsy couch,

And makes his footstool on security:
So he be safe, he cares not what becomes
Of king or country; no, not for them both.
But come, my lords, let us away with speed,
And place ourselves in order for the fight. [*Exeunt.*
Enter the KING of FRANCE, GUISE, EPERNOUNE
and DUKE JOYEUX.

KING. My sweet Joyeux, I make thee general
Of all my army, now in readiness
To march against the rebellious king, Navarre;
At thy request I am content thou go'st,
Although my love to thee can hardly suffer't,
Regarding still the danger of thy life,

JOYEUX. Thanks to your majesty; and so I take
my leave.

Farewell, my lord of Guise, and Epernounge.

GUISE. Health and hearty farewell to my lord
Joyeux. [*Exit Joyeux.*

KING. How kindly, cousin Guise, you and your
wife

Do both salute our lovely minions.
Remember you the letter, gentle sir,
Which your wife writ
To my dear minion, and her chosen friend?

[*Makes horns at Guise.*

GUISE. How now, my lord? faith, this is more
than need.

Am I to be thus jested at and scorn'd?

'Tis more than kingly or imperious.

And, sure, if all the proudest kings beside

In Christendom should bear me such derision,
They should know I scorn'd them and their mocks.
I love your minions! doat on them yourself;
I know none else but holds them in disgrace.
And here, by all the saints in heav'n, I swear
That villain for whom I bear this deep disgrace,
E'en for your words that have incens'd me so,
Shall buy that strumpet's favour with his blood.
Whether he have dishonour'd me or no,
Par la mort de Dieu il mourra! [Exit.

KING. Believe me, Epernoune, this jest bites sore.

EPER. My lord, 'twere good to make them friends,
For his oaths are seldom spent in vain.

Enter MUGERON.

KING. How now, Mugeron, met'st thou not the
Guise at the door?

MUGE. Not I, my lord; what if I had?

KING. Marry, if thou had'st, thou might'st have
had the stab,
For he had solemnly sworn thy death.

MUGE. I may be stabb'd, and live till he be dead.
But wherefore bears he me such deadly hate?

KING. Because his wife bears thee such kindly love.

MUGE. If that be all, the next time that I meet
her, I'll make her shake off love with her heels. But
which way is he gone? I'll go take a walk on purpose
from the court to meet with him. [Exit.

KING. I like not this; come, Epernoune, let's go
seek the duke, and make them friends. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Alarums, and a cry within—"The Duke Joyeux is slain."

Enter NAVARRE and his train.

NAV. The duke is slain, and all his power dispers'd,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
Thus God we see doth ever guide the right,
To make his glory great upon the earth.

BAR. The terror of this happy victory,
I hope will make the king surcease his hate;
And either never manage army more,
Or else employ them in some better cause.

NAV. How many noble men have lost their lives,
In prosecution of these cruel arms,
Is ruth and almost death to call to mind.
But God we know will always put them down,
That lift themselves against the perfect truth,
Which I'll maintain as long as life doth last;
And with the Queen of England join my force
To beat the papal monarch from our lands,
And keep those relics from our countries' coasts.
Come, my lords, now that the storm is overpast,
Let us away with triumph to our tents. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter a SOLDIER.

SOL. Sir, to you, sir, that dare make the duke a
cuckold, and use a counterfeit key to his privy-
chamber door. And although you take out nothing
but your own, yet you put in that which displeaseth
him; and so forestall his market, and set up your

standing where you should not. And whereas he is your landlord, you would take upon you to be his; and till the ground that he himself should occupy, which is his own free land. If it be not too free—there's the question. And though I come not to take possession, (as I would I might) yet I mean to keep you out; which I will, if this gear hold.—

Enter MUGERON.

What! are ye come so soon? have at ye, sir.

[Shoots at Mugeron and kills him.]

Enter GUISE and ATTENDANTS.

GUISE. Hold thee, tall soldier, take thou this, and fly.— *[Exit Soldier.]*

Lie there, the king's delight, and Guise's scorn;
Revenge it, Henry, as thou list'st or dar'st,
I did it only in despite of thee.

[The attendants bear off Mugeron's body.]

Enter the KING and EPERNOUNE.

KING. My lord of Guise, we understand that you
Have gathered a power of men;
What your intent is yet we cannot learn,
But we presume it is not for our good.

GUISE. Why, I'm no traitor to the crown of
France;

What I have done 'tis for the Gospel's sake.

EPER. Nay, for the Pope's sake, and thine own
benefit.

What peer in France but thou, aspiring Guise,
Durst be in arms without the king's consent?
I challenge thee for treason in the cause.

GUISE. Oh ! base Epernounge, were not his highness here,

Thou should'st perceive the duke of Guise is mov'd.

KING. Be patient, Guise, and threat not Epernounge
Lest thou perceive the king of France be mov'd.

GUISE. Why, I am a prince of the Valois's line,
Therefore an enemy to the Bourbonites.

I am a juror in the holy league,
And therefore hated of the Protestants.

What should I do but stand upon my guard ?

And being able, I'll keep an host in pay.

EPER. Thou able to maintain an host in pay,
That livest by foreign exhibition !

The Pope and king of Spain are thy good friends,
Else all France knows how poor a duke thou art.

KING. Aye, those are they that feed him with their
gold,

To countermand our will, and check our friends.

GUISE. My lord, to speak more plainly, thus it is.—
Being animated by religious zeal,

I mean to muster all the power I can,

To overthrow those factious puritans.

And know, my lord the Pope will sell his triple crown ;

Aye, and the catholic Philip, king of Spain,

Ere I shall want, will cause his Indians

To rip the golden bowels of America.

Navarre, that cloaks them underneath his wings,

Shall feel the house of Lorraine is his foe.

Your highness need not fear mine army's force,

'Tis for your safety, and your enemies' wreck.

KING. Guise, wear our crown, and be thou king
of France.

And, as dictator, make or war, or peace,
Whilst I cry *placet*, like a senator.

I cannot brook thy haughty insolence.

Dismiss thy camp, or else by our edict,

Be thou proclaim'd a traitor throughout France.

GUISE. The choice is hard, I must dissemble.

[*Aside.*

My lord, in token of my true humility ;

And simple meaning to your majesty,

I kiss your grace's hand, and take my leave,

Intending to dislodge my camp with speed.

KING. Then farewell, Guise, the king and thou
are friends. [Exit Guise.

EPER. But trust him not, my lord, for had your
highness

Seen with what a pomp he enter'd Paris,

And how the citizens with gifts and shows

Did entertain him, and promised to be at his com-
mand—

Nay, they fear'd not to speak in the streets,

That Guise durst stand in arms against the king,

For not effecting of his holiness' will.

KING. Did they of Paris entertain him so ?

Then means he present treason to our state.

Well, let me alone.—Who's within there ?

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Make a discharge of all my council straight,

And I'll subscribe my name, and seal it straight.

My head shall be my council ; they are false ;
And, Epernounge, I will be ruled by thee.

EPER. My lord, I think, for safety of your person,
It would be good the Guise were made away,
And so to quit your grace of all suspect.

KING. First let us set our hand and seal to this,
And then I'll tell thee what I mean to do. [*Writes.*
So, convey this to the council presently.

[*Exit Attendant.*

And, Epernounge, though I seem mild and calm,
Think not but I am tragical within.
I'll secretly convey me unto Blois ;
For now that Paris takes the Guise's part,
Here is not staying for the king of France,
Unless he means to be betray'd and die ;
But, as I live, so sure the Guise shall die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter NAVARRE, *reading a letter*, and BARTUS.

NAV. My lord, I am advertised from France,
That Guise hath taken arms against the king,
And that Paris is revolted from his grace.

BAR. Then hath your grace fit opportunity,
To show your love unto the king of France,
Off'ring him aid against his enemies,
Which cannot but be thankfully receiv'd.

NAV. Bartus, it shall be so ; post then to France,
And there salute his highness in our name ;
Assure him all the aid we can provide,
Against the Guisians and their complices.
Bartus, begone ; commend me to his grace,
And tell him, ere't be long, I'll visit him.

BAR. I will, my lord. *[Exit.*

Enter PLESHE.

NAV. Pleshe.

PLESHE. My lord.

NAV. Pleshe, go muster up our men with speed,
And let them march away to France amain,
For we must aid the king against the Guise.
Begone, I say, 'tis time that we were there.

PLESHE. I go, my lord. *[Exit.*

NAV. That wicked Guise, I fear me much, will be
The ruin of that famous realm of France ;
For his aspiring thoughts aim at the crown,
He takes his vantage on religion,
To plant the Pope and popelings in the realm,
And bind it wholly to the see of Rome :
But if that God do prosper mine attempts,
And send us safely to arrive in France,
We'll beat him back, and drive him to his death,
That basely seeks the ruin of his realm. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter the CAPTAIN of the GUARD, and three

MURDERERS.

CAP. Come on, sirs ; what, are you resolutely bent,

Hating the life and honour of the Guise?

What, will you not fear, when you see him come?

1 MURD. Fear him, said you? tush! were he here, we would kill him presently.

2 MURD. Oh, that his heart were leaping in my hand!

1 MURD. But when will he come, that we may murder him?

CAP. Well then, I see you are resolute.

1 MURD. Let us alone, I warrant you.

CAP. Then, sirs, take your standings within this chamber; for anon the Guise will come.

All three MURDERERS. You'll give us our money?

CAP. Aye, aye, fear not; stand close; be resolute.

[Exeunt Murderers.]

Now falls the star whose influence governs France,
Whose light was deadly to the protestants;
Now must he fall, and perish in his height.

Enter the KING and EPERNOUNE.

KING. Now, captain of my guard, are these murderers ready?

CAP. They be, my good lord.

KING. But are they resolute, and arm'd to kill,
Hating the life and honour of the Guise?

CAP. I warrant you, my lord. *[Exit.]*

KING. Then come, proud Guise, and here disgorge
thy breast,

Surcharg'd with surfeit of ambitious thoughts;
Breathe out that life, wherein my death was hid;
And end thy endless treasons with thy death.

GUISE knocks without.

GUISE. Holloa, varlet, hey! Epernoune, where's the king?

EPER. Mounted his royal cabinet.

GUISE. I pr'ythee tell him that the Guise is here.

EPER. An't please your grace, the duke of Guise doth crave

Access unto your highness.

KING. Let him come in.—

Come Guise, and see thy trait'rous guile outreach'd,
And perish in the pit thou mad'st for me. [*Aside.*

Enter GUISE.

GUISE. Good morrow to your majesty.

KING. Good morrow to my loving cousin of Guise:

How fares it this morning with your excellence?

GUISE. I heard your majesty was scarcely pleas'd,
That in the court I bear so great a train.

KING. They were to blame, that said I was displeas'd;

And you, good cousin, to imagine it.

'Twere hard with me, if I should doubt my kin,
Or be suspicious of my dearest friends.

Cousin, assure you I am resolute,
Whatever any whisper in mine ears,

Not to suspect disloyalty in thee;

And so, sweet coz, farewell.

[Exeunt King and Epernoune.]

GUISE. So!

Now sues the king for favour to the Guise,
And all his minions stoop when I command :
Why, this 'tis to have an army in the field.
Now, by the holy sacrament, I swear,
As ancient Romans o'er their captive lords,
So will I triumph o'er this wanton king ;
And he shall follow my proud chariot's wheels.
Now do I but begin to look about,
And all my former time was spent in vain.
Hold, sword, for in thee is the Guise's hope.

Enter one of the MURDERERS.
Villain, why dost thou look so ghastly ? speak !

MURD. O pardon me, my lord of Guise.

GUISE. Pardon thee ! why, what hast thou done ?

MURD. O my lord, I am one of them that is set
to murder you.

GUISE. To murder me, villain ?

MURD. Aye, my lord ; the rest have ta'en their
standings in the next room ; therefore, good my lord,
go not forth.

GUISE. Yet Cæsar shall go forth.
Let mean conceits, and baser men fear death :
Tut, they are peasants ; I am duke of Guise ;
And princes with their looks engender fear.

2 MURD. [*Without.*] Stand close ; he's coming ;
I know him by his voice.

GUISE. As pale as ashes ! nay, then 'tis time to
look about. [*Murderers enter.*]

ALL. Down with him ! Down with him !

[*They stab him.*]

GUISE. Oh ! I've my death-wound ! give me leave
to speak !

2 MURD. Then pray to God, and ask forgiveness
of the king.

GUISE. Trouble me not, I ne'er offended him,
Nor will I ask forgiveness of the king.
Oh ! that I have not power to stay my life,
Nor immortality to be reveng'd !
To die by peasants, what a grief is this !
Ah ! Sextus, be reveng'd upon the king !
Philip and Parma, I am slain for you !
Pope, excommunicate Philip, depose
The wicked branch of curst Valois's line.
Vive la messe ! perish Hugonots !
Thus Cæsar did go forth, and thus he dies. [*Dies.*

Enter the CAPTAIN of the GUARD.

CAP. What, have you done ?
Then stay awhile, and I'll go call the king ;
But see where he comes.—

Enter KING and EPERNOUNE.

My lord, see where the Guise is slain.

KING. Ah ! this sweet sight is physic to my soul ;
Go, fetch his son for to behold his death.—
Surcharg'd with guilt of thousand massacres,
Monsieur of Lorraine, sink away to hell,
In just remembrance of those bloody broils,
To which thou didst allure me being alive.
And here, in presence of you all, I swear
I ne'er was king of France until this hour.
This is the traitor that hath spent my gold,

In making foreign wars, and cruel broils.
Did he not draw a sort of English priests,
From Douay to the seminary at Rheims,
To hatch forth treason 'gainst their nat'ral queen ?
Did he not cause the king of Spain's huge fleet
To threaten England, and to menace me ?
Did he not injure Monsieur that's deceas'd ?
Hath he not made me, in the Pope's defence,
To spend the treasure that should strength my land,
In civil broils between Navarre and me ?
Tush ! to be short, he meant to make me monk ;
Or else to murder me, and so be king.
Let Christian princes, that shall hear of this,
(As all the world shall know our Guise is dead,)
Rest satisfied with this, that here I swear,
Ne'er was there king of France so yok'd as I !

EPER. My lord, here is his son.

Enter GUISE'S SON.

KING. Boy, look where your father lies.

BOY. My father slain ! Who hath done this deed ?

KING. Sirrah, 'twas I that slew him, and will slay
Thee too, an thou prove such a traitor.

BOY. Art thou king, and hast done this bloody
deed ?

I'll be reveng'd. [*He offers to throw his dagger.*]

KING. Away to prison with him ! I'll clip his wings
Or ere he pass my hands. Away with him.

[*The Attendants bear off the Boy.*]

But what availeth that this traitor's dead,
When duke Dumaine, his brother, is alive,

And that young cardinal that's grown so proud?

Go to the governor of Orleans,

And will him, in my name, to kill the duke.

[*To the Captain of the Guard.*

Get you away, and strangle the cardinal.

[*To the Murderers.*

[*Exeunt Captain of the Guard, and Murderers.*

These two will make one entire duke of Guise;

Especially with our old mother's help.

EPER. My lord, see where she comes,

As if she droop'd to hear the news.

Enter the QUEEN MOTHER and ATTENDANTS.

KING. And let her droop; my heart is light enough.

Mother, how like you this device of mine?

I slew the Guise, because I would be king.

Q. Mo. King! why so thou wert before;

Pray God thou be a king now this is done!

KING. Nay, he was king, and countermanded me;

But now I will be king, and rule myself,

And make the Guisians stoop that are alive.

Q. Mo. I cannot speak for grief.—When thou
wast born,

I would that I had murder'd thee, my son!

My son!—Thou art a changeling, not my son!

I curse thee, and exclaim thee miscreant,

Traitor to God, and to the realm of France.

KING. Cry out, exclaim, howl till thy throat be
hoarse!

The Guise is slain, and I rejoice therefore.

And now will I to arms. Come, Epernouse,

And let her grieve her heart out if she will.

[*Exeunt King and Epernoune.*

Q. Mo. Away! leave me alone to meditate!

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Sweet Guise, would he had died, so thou wert here!

To whom shall I bewray my secrets now,

Or who will help to build religion?

The protestants will glory and insult;

Wicked Navarre will get the crown of France;

The Popedom cannot stand; all goes to wrack;

And all for thee my Guise; what may I do

But sorrow seize upon my toiling soul?

For since the Guise is dead, I will not live. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter two MURDERERS, dragging in the CARDINAL

CARD. Murder me not, I am a Cardinal.

1 MURD. Wert thou the Pope, thou might'st not
'scape from us.

CARD. What, will you 'file your hands with
church-men's blood?

2 MURD. Shed your blood? O Lord no; for we
intend to strangle you.

CARD. Then there's no remedy, but I must die.

1 MURD. No remedy; therefore prepare yourself.

CARD. Yet lives my brother duke Dumaine, and
many more,

To 'venge our deaths upon that cursed king;

Upon whose heart may all the furies gripe,

And with their paws drench his black soul in hell.

I MURD. Yours, my lord Cardinal, you should have said. *[They strangle him.]*
So pluck amain ; he is hard-hearted ; therefore pull with violence ! Come, take him away.

[Exeunt.]

Enter DUMAINE, reading a letter ; with others.

DU. My noble brother murder'd by the king !
Oh ! what may I do to revenge thy death ?
The king's alone it cannot satisfy.
Sweet duke of Guise, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art dead, here is no stay for us.
I am thy brother, and I'll revenge thy death,
And root Valois's line from forth of France ;
And beat proud Bourbon to his native home,
That basely seeks to join with such a king,
Whose murd'rous thoughts will be his overthrow.
He will'd the Governor of Orleans, in his name,
That I with speed should have been put to death ;
But that's prevented for to end his life,
And all those traitors to the church of Rome,
That durst attempt to murder noble Guise.

Enter a FRIAR.

FRI. My lord, I come to bring you news that your brother the cardinal of Lorraine, by the king's consent, is lately strangled unto death.

DU. My brother Cardinal slain, and I alive !
O words of pow'r to kill a thousand men !
Come, let's away, and levy men ;
'Tis war that must assuage the tyrant's pride.

FRI. My lord, hear me but speak.—

I am a friar of the Order of the Jacobines,
That for my conscience' sake will kill the king.

DUM. But what doth move thee, above the rest,
to do the deed.

FRI. O, my lord, I have been a great sinner in my
days; and the deed is meritorious.

DUM. But how wilt thou get opportunity?

FRI. Tush, my lord, let me alone for that.

DUM. Friar, come with me;
We will go talk more of this within. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

*Enter the KING of FRANCE and NAVARRE, EPER-
NOUNE, BARTUS, PLESHE, and SOLDIERS.*

Drums and Trumpets.

KING. Brother of Navarre, I sorrow much,
That ever I was prov'd your enemy;
And that the sweet and princely mind you bear,
Was ever troubled with injurious wars.
I vow, as I am lawful king of France,
To recompense your reconciled love
With all the honours and affections
That ever I vouchsaf'd my dearest friends.

NAV. It is enough if that Navarre may be
Esteemed faithful to the king of France,
Whose service he may still command to death.

KING. Thanks to my kingly brother of Navarre!
Then there he'll lie before Lutetia's walls,
Girting this strumpet city with our siege,
Till surfeiting with our afflicting arms,

She cast her hateful stomach to the earth.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MES. An it please your majesty, here is a friar of the Order of the Jacobins, sent from the President of Paris, that craves access unto your grace.

KING. Let him come in.

Enter the FRIAR, with a letter.

EPER. I like not this friar's look;

'Twere not amiss, my lord, if he were search'd.

KING. Sweet Epernounge, our friars are holy men,
And will not offer violence to their king,

For all the wealth and treasure of the world.

Friar, thou dost acknowledge me thy king!

FRI. Aye, my good lord, and will die therein.

KING. Then come thou near, and tell what news
thou bring'st.

FRI. My lord,

The president of Paris greets your grace,

And sends his duty by these speedy lines.

Humbly craving your gracious reply.

KING. I'll read them, friar, and then I'll answer
thee.

FRI. Sancte Jacobus, now have mercy on me!

[He stabs the king with a knife, as he reads the letter; and then the king gets the knife, and kills him.]

EPER. O, my lord let him live awhile!

KING. No, let the villain die, and feel in hell
Just torments for his treachery.

NAV. What, is your highness hurt?

KING. Yes, Navarre, but not to death, I hope.

NAV. God shield your grace from such a sudden death!

Go, call a surgeon hither straight.

KING. What irreligious Pagans' parts be these,
Of such as hold them of the holy church!

Take hence that damned villain from my sight.

EPER. Ah! had your highness let him live,
We might have punish'd him for his deserts.

KING. Sweet Epernounge, all rebels under heav'n
Shall take example by his punishment,
How they bear arms against their sovereign.
Go, call the English agent hither straight;
I'll send my sister England news of this,
And give her warning of her treach'rous foes.

Enter a SURGEON.

NAV. Pleaseth your grace to let the surgeon search
your wound?

KING. The wound, I warrant you, is deep, my
lord:

Search, surgeon, and resolve me what thou see'st.

[The surgeon searches.]

Enter the ENGLISH AGENT.

Agent for England, send thy mistress word

What this detested Jacobin hath done.

Tell her, for all this, that I hope to live;

Which if I do, the papal monarch goes to wrack;

And antichristian kingdom falls.

These bloody hands shall tear his triple crown,
And fire accursed Rome about his ears;
I'll fire his crazed buildings, and incense
The papal towers to kiss the holy earth.
Navarre, give me thy hand; I here do swear
To ruinate this wicked Church of Rome,
That hatcheth up such bloody practices:
And here protest eternal love to thee,
And to the Queen of England especially,
Whom God hath blest for hating popery.

NAV. These words revive my thoughts, and comfort me,
To see your highness in this virtuous mind.

KING. Tell me, surgeon, shall I live?

SURG. Alas, my lord, the wound is dangerous,
For you are stricken with a poison'd knife.

KING. A poison'd knife!—What, shall the French king die,
Wounded and poison'd both at once?

EPER. Oh! that that damned villain were alive again,
That we might torture him with some new-found death!

BAR. He died a death too good;
The devil of hell torture his wicked soul!

KING. Oh! curse him not, since he is dead.
O, the fatal poison works within my breast.
Tell me, surgeon, and flatter not—may I live!

SURG. Alas! my lord, your highness cannot live.

NAV. Surgeon, why say'st thou so? The king may live.

KING. O, no, Navarre, thou must be king of France.

NAV. Long may you live, and still be king of France.

EPER. Or else, die Epernounge.

KING. Sweet Epernounge, thy king must die. My lords,

Fight in the quarrel of this valiant prince,
For he's your lawful king, and my next heir;
Valois's line ends in my tragedy.

Now let the House of Bourbon wear the crown,
And may't ne'er end in blood, as mine hath done.

Weep not, sweet Navarre, but revenge my death.

Ah! Epernounge, is this thy love to me?

Henry, thy king, wipes off these childish tears,

And bids thee whet thy sword on Sextus' bones,

That it may keenly slice the Catholics.

He loves me not the best that sheds most tears,

But he that makes most lavish of his blood.

Fire Paris, where these treach'rous rebels lurk.

I die, Navarre! come bear me to my sepulchre;

Salute the Queen of England in my name,

And tell her Henry dies her faithful friend. [*Dies.*]

NAV. Come, lords, take up the body of the king,

That we may see it honourably interr'd:

And then I vow so to revenge his death,

That Rome, and all those popish prelates there,
Shall curse the time that e'er Navarre was king,
And rul'd in France by Henry's fatal death.

*[They march out, with the body of the king lying
on four men's shoulders, with a dead march,
drawing weapons on the ground.]*

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DIDO,
QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

Dido Queen of Carthage. This is a very scarce play, only three copies being known to be extant, one in the Bodleian library, one in the library of St. John's collection, and the third in the possession of Mr. Heber. Mr. Malone only knew of two in the possession of Dr. Wright and Mr. Reed. To one of these, now in the Bodleian, he has appended a note from which the following extract is copied—

"Mr. Walton speaks in his list of Plays, (iii. 433) of an elegy being prefixed to it [Dido] on the death of Marlowe; but no such is found in either of those copies. In answer to my enquiries on this subject, he informed me, by letter, that a copy of this play was in Osborn's Catalogue in the year 1704; that he then saw it in his shop (together with several of Mr. Osborn's books that Osborn had purchased) and that the elegy in question 'On Marlowe's untimely death,' was inserted immediately after the title page; that it resembled a play of Marlowe's, entitled the 'Duke of Guise,' and four others, but whether particularly by name, he could not recollect. Doubtless he did not purchase this rare piece, and it is now lost forever."

"Bishop Tanner likewise mentions this elegy, in so particular a manner, that he must have seen it. Marlowe's (Christopher) presence in Ascham's Catalogue, Marlowe's Album; poster, actor, scenario, debate, poet, dramatist, tragedy, poems, etc. Marlowe's Tragedies, etc. Marlowe's Tragedies of Dido, Queen of Carthage. — L. C. Marlowe's Catalogue. Hand printed in 1616. The Year 1604. 4to. Printed in London and some other places."

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dam partem Herois et Leandri multa in Marlovii Commendationem adfert; hoc etiam facit, Tho. Nash, in *Carminē Elegiaco Tragediæ Didonis præfixo in obitum Christoph. Marlovii*, ubi quatuor ejus tragediarum mentionem facit, necnon et alterius de duce Guisio.'—*Bib. Britan.* 1748.

“ I suspect Mr. Wharton had no other authority than this, for saying, that this play was left imperfect by Marlowe, and completed and published by Nashe. For it does not appear from the title-page that it was not written in conjunction by him and Marlowe in the life-time of the former [Marlowe]. Perhaps Nashe's Elegy might ascertain this point.’

It is much to be regretted that no copy of this elegy (if it ever existed) is to be found, as it would not only ascertain the point mentioned by Mr. Malone, but would also prove which of the plays ascribed to Marlowe are really genuine.

The Tragedie of Dido Queene of Carthage: Played by the
Children of her Majesties Chappell. Written by Christopher
Marlowe, and Thomas Nash. Gent.

ACTORS.

JUPITER.

GANYMEDE.

VENUS.

CUPID.

JUNO.

MERCURIE, or

HERMES.

ÆNEAS.

ASCANIUS.

DIDO.

ANNA.

ACHATES.

ILIONEUS.

IARBAS.

CLOANTHUS.

SERGESTUS.

At London, Printed, by the Widdowe Orwin, for Thomas
Woodcocke, and are to be solde at his Shop, in Paule's Church-
yard, at the Signe of the Blacke Beare. 1594.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JUPITER.

GANYMEDE.

CUPID.

MERCURY.

ÆNEAS.

ASCANIUS.

ACHATES.

ILIONEUS.

CLOANTHUS.

SERGESTUS.

IARBAS.

JUNO.

VENUS.

DIDO.

ANNA.

NURSE.

LORDS, &c.

DIDO,
QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Here the curtains draw :—there is discovered JUPITER dandling GANYMEDE upon his knee, and MERCURY lying asleep.

JUP. Come, gentle Ganymede, and play with me ;
I love thee well, say Juno what she will.

GAN. I am much better for your worthless love,
That will not shield me from her shrewish blows :
To-day, when as I fill'd into your cups,
And held the cloth of pleasance while you drank,
She reach'd me such a rap for that I spill'd,
As made the blood run down about mine ears.

JUP. What! dares she strike the darling of my
thoughts ?

By Saturn's soul, and this earth threat'ning air,
That, shaken thrice, makes nature's buildings quake,
I vow, if she but once frown on thee more,
To hang her, meteor-like, 'twixt heaven and earth,
And bind her hand and foot with golden cords,
As once I did for harming Hercules !

GAN. Might I but see that pretty sport a-foot,
O how would I with Helen's brother laugh,
And bring the Gods to wonder at the game.
Sweet Jupiter! if e'er I pleas'd thine eye,
Or seemed fair wall'd-in with eagle's wings,
Grace my immortal beauty with this boon,
And I will spend my time in thy bright arms.

JUP. What is't, sweet wag, I should deny thy
youth?

Whose face reflects such pleasure to mine eyes,
As I, exhal'd with thy fire-darting beams,
Have oft driven back the horses of the night,
When as they would have hal'd thee from my sight.
Sit on my knee, and call for thy content,
Controul proud fate, and cut the thread of time:
Why, are not all the gods at thy command,
And heaven and earth the bounds of thy delight?
Vulcan shall dance to make thee laughing sport,
And my nine daughters sing when thou' art sad;
From Juno's bird I'll pluck her spotted pride,
To make thee fans wherewith to cool thy face;
And Venus' swans shall shed their silver down,
To sweeten out the slumbers of thy bed:
Hermes no more shall shew the world his wings,
If that thy fancy in his feathers dwell,
But as this one I'll tear them all from him,
Do thou but say, "their colour pleaseth me."
Hold here, my little love, these linked gems,
My Juno wore upon her marriage day,
Put thou about thy neck, my own sweet heart,

And trick thy arms and shoulders with my theft.

GAN. I would have a jewel for mine ear,
And a fine broach to put into my hat,
And then I'll hug with you a hundred times.

JUP. And shalt have, Ganymede, if thou wilt be
my love.

Enter VENUS.

VEN. Aye, this is it; you can sit toying there,
And playing with that female wanton boy,
While my Æneas wanders on the seas,
And rests a prey to every billow's pride.
Juno, false Juno, in her chariot's pomp,
Drawn through the heavens by steeds of Boreas'
brood,

Made Hebe to direct her airy wheels
Into the windy country of the clouds;
Where, finding Æolus intrench'd with storms,
And guarded with a thousand grisly ghosts,
She humbly did beseech him for our bane,
And charg'd him drown my son with all his train.
Then 'gan the winds break ope their brazen doors,
And all Æolia to be up in arms;
Poor Troy must now be sack'd upon the sea,
And Neptune's waves be envious men of war;
Epeus' horse to Ætna's hill transform'd,
Prepared stands to wreck their wooden walls;
And Æolus, like Agamemnon, sounds
The surges, like fierce soldiers, to the spoil:
See how the night, Ulysses-like, comes forth,
And intercepts the day as Dolon erst!

Ah, me! the stars surpris'd, like Rhesus' steeds,
Are drawn by darkness forth Astræa's tents.
What shall I do to save thee, my sweet boy?
When as the waves do threat our chrystal world,
And Proteus, raising hills of floods on high,
Intends, ere long, to sport him in the sky.
False Jupiter! reward'st thou virtue so?
What! is not piety exempt from woe?
Then die, Æneas, in thy innocence,
Since that religion hath no recompence.

JUP. Content thee, Cytherea, in thy care,
Since thy Æneas' wand'ring fate is firm,
Whose weary limbs shall shortly make repose
In those fair walls I promis'd him of yore:
But first in blood must his good fortune bud,
Before he be the lord of Turnus' town,
Or force her smile, that hitherto hath frown'd:
Three winters shall he with the Rutiles war,
And, in the end, subdue them with his sword;
And full three summers likewise shall he waste,
In managing those fierce barbarian minds;
Which once perform'd, poor Troy, so long sup-
press'd,
From forth her ashes shall advance her head,
And flourish once again, that erst was dead:
But bright Ascanius' beauties better work,
Who with the sun divides one radiant shape,
Shall build his throne amidst those starry towers,
That earth-born Atlas, groaning, underprops:
No bounds, but heaven, shall bound his empire,

Whose azur'd gates, enchased with his name,
Shall make the morning haste her grey uprise,
To feed her eyes with his engraven fame.
Thus, in stout Hector's race, three hundred years
The Roman sceptre royal shall remain,
Till that a princess, priest-conceiv'd by Mars,
Shall yield to dignity a double birth,
Who will eternise Troy in their attempts.

VEN. How may I credit these thy flattering terms,
When yet both sea and sand beset their ships,
And Phœbus, as in Stygian pools, refrains
To taint his tresses in the Tyrrhene main?

JUP. I will take order for that presently:—
Hermes, awake! and haste to Neptune's realm;
Whereas the wind-god, warring now with fate,
Besiege the offspring of our kingly loins,
Charge him from me to turn his stormy powers,
And fetter them in Vulcan's sturdy brass,
That durst thus proudly wrong our kinsman's peace.
Venus, farewell! thy son shall be our care;
Come, Ganymede, we must about this gear.

[Exeunt Jupiter and Ganymede.]

VEN. Disquiet seas, lay down your swelling looks,
And court Æneas with your calmy cheer,
Whose beauteous burden well might make you
proud,
Had not the heavens, conceiv'd with hell-born
clouds,
Veil'd his resplendent glory from your view;
For my sake, pity him, Oceanus,

That erst-while issued from thy wat'ry loins,
And had my being from thy bubbling froth:
Triton, I know, hath fill'd his trump with Troy,
And, therefore, will take pity on his toil,
And call both Thetis and Cymodoce,
To succour him in this extremity.

*Enter ÆNEAS, ASCANIUS, ACHATES, and one or
two more.*

What! do I see my son now come on shore?
Venus, how art thou compass'd with content,
The while thine eyes attract their sought-for joys:
Great Jupiter! still honour'd may'st thou be,
For this so friendly aid in time of need!
Here in this bush disguised will I stand,
Whiles my Æneas spends himself in plaints,
And heaven and earth with his unrest acquaints.

ÆN. You sons of care, companions of my course,
Priam's misfortune follows us by sea,
And Helen's rape doth haunt us at the heels.
How many dangers have we overpast?
Both barking Scylla, and the sounding rocks,
The Cyclops' shelves, and grim Ceraunia's seat,
Have you o'ergone, and yet remain alive.
Pluck up your hearts, since fate still rests our friend,
And changing heavens may those good days return,
Which Pergama did vaunt in all her pride.

ACHA. Brave Prince of Troy, thou only art our
god,
That, by thy virtues, free'st us from annoy,
And mak'st our hopes survive to cunning joys!

Do thou but smile, and cloudy heaven will clear,
Whose night and day descendeth from thy brows :
Though we be now in extreme misery,
And rest the map of weather-beaten woe,
Yet shall the aged sun shed forth his air,
To make us live unto our former heat,
And every beast the forest doth send forth,
Bequeath her young ones to our scantied food.

ASCA. Father, I faint; good father, give me
meat.

ÆN. Alas! sweet boy, thou must be still awhile,
Till we have fire to dress the meat we kill'd;
Gentle Achates, reach the tinder-box,
That we may make a fire to warm us with,
And roast our new found victuals on this shore.

VEN. See what strange arts necessity finds out;
How near, my sweet Æneas, art thou driven.

ÆN. Hold; take this candle, and go light a fire;
You shall have leaves and windfall boughs enow
Near to these woods, to roast your meat withal:
Ascanius, go and dry thy drenched limbs,
While I with my Achates roam abroad,
To know what coast the wind hath driven us on,
Or whether men or beasts inhabit it.

ACHA. The air is pleasant, and the soil most fit
For cities, and society's supports;
Yet much I marvel that I cannot find
No steps of men imprinted in the earth.

VEN. Now is the time for me to play my part:
[*Aside.*

Ho, young men ! saw you, as you came,
Any of all my sisters wand'ring here,
Having a quiver girded to her side,
And clothed in a spotted leopard's skin ?

ÆN. I neither saw nor heard of any such ;
But what may I, fair virgin, call your name ?
Whose looks set forth no mortal form to view,
Nor speech bewrays ought human in thy birth ;
Thou art a goddess that delud'st our eyes,
And shroud'st thy beauty in this borrow'd shape ;
But whether thou the sun's bright sister be,
Or one of chaste Diana's fellow nymphs,
Live happy in the height of all content,
And lighten our extremes with this one boon,
As to instruct us under what good heaven
We breathe as now, and what this world is call'd
On which, by tempests' fury, we are cast ?
Tell us, O tell us, that are ignorant ;
And this right hand shall make thy altars crack
With mountain heaps of milk-white sacrifice.

VEN. Such honour, stranger, do I not affect ;
It is the use for Tyrian maids to wear
Their bow and quiver in this modest sort,
And suit themselves in purple for the nonce,
That they may trip more lightly o'er the lawns,
And overtake the tusked boar in chase.
But for the land whereof thou dost enquire,
It is the Punick kingdom, rich and strong,
Adjoining on Agenor's stately town,
The kingly seat of Southern Lybia,

Whereat Sidonian Dido rules as queen.

But what are you that ask of me these things?

Whence may you come, or whither will you go?

ÆN. Of Troy am I, Æneas is my name;

Who, driv'n by war from forth my native world,

Put sails to sea to seek out Italy;

And my divine descent, from sceptr'd Jove:

With twice twelve Phrygian ships I plough'd the
deep,

And made that way my mother Venus led;

But of them all scarce seven do anchor safe,

And they so wrack'd and welter'd by the waves,

As every tide tilts 'twixt their oaken sides;

And all of them, unburthen'd of their load,

Are ballasted with billows' wat'ry weight.

But hapless I, God wot! poor and unknown,

Do trace these Lybian deserts all despis'd,

Exil'd forth Europe and wide Asia both,

And have not any coverture but heaven.

VEN. Fortune hath favour'd thee, whate'er thou be,

In sending thee unto this courteous coast:

In God's name, on! and haste thee to the court,

Where Dido will receive ye with her smiles;

And for thy ships, which thou supposest lost,

Not one of them hath perish'd in the storm,

But are arriv'd safe, not far from hence;

And so I leave thee to thy fortune's lot,

Wishing good luck unto thy wand'ring steps. [*Exit.*

ÆN. Achates, 'tis my mother that is fled;

I know her by the movings of her feet:

Stay, gentle Venus, fly not from thy son ;
Too cruel ! why wilt thou forsake me thus ?
Or in these shades deceiv'st mine eyes so oft ?
Why talk we not together hand in hand,
And tell our griefs in more familiar terms ?
But thou art gone, and leav'st me here alone,
To dull the air with my discursive moan. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Enter IARBAS, followed by ILIONEUS, CLOANTHUS,
and SERGESTUS.*

ILIO. Follow, ye Trojans ! follow this brave lord,
And 'plain to him the sum of your distress.

IAR. Why, what are you, or wherefore do you sue ?

ILIO. Wretches of Troy, envied of the winds,
That crave such favour at your honour's feet,
As poor distressed misery may plead :
Save, save, O save our ships from cruel fire,
That do complain the wounds of thousand waves,
And spare our lives, whom every spite pursues.
We come not, we, to wrong your Lybian gods,
Or steal your household Lares from their shrines :
Our hands are not prepar'd to lawless spoil,
Nor armed to offend in any kind ;
Such force is far from our unweapon'd thoughts,
Whose fading weal, of victory forsook,
Forbids all hope to harbour near our hearts.

IAR. But tell me, Trojans, Trojans if you be,
Unto what fruitful quarters were ye bound,
Before that Boreas buckled with your sails ?

CLOAN. There is a place, Hesperia term'd by us,
An ancient empire, famoused for arms,
And fertile in fair Ceres' furrow'd wealth,
Which now we call Italia, of his name
That in such peace long time did rule the same.
Thither made we ;
When, suddenly, gloomy Orion rose,
And led our ships into the shallow sands ;
Whereat the southern wind, with brackish breath,
Dispers'd them all amongst the wreckful rocks ;
From thence a few of us escap'd to land ;
The rest, we fear, are folded in the floods.

IAR. Brave men at arms, abandon fruitless fears,
Since Carthage knows to entertain distress.

SERG. Aye, but the barb'rous sort do threat our
ships,
And will not let us lodge upon the sands ;
In multitudes they swarm unto the shore,
And from the first earth interdict our feet.

IAR. Myself will see they shall not trouble ye :
Your men and you shall banquet in our court,
And ev'ry Trojan be as welcome here,
As Jupiter to silly Baucis' house.
Come in with me, I'll bring you to my queen,
Who shall confirm my words with further deeds.

SERG. Thanks, gentle lord, for such unlook'd-for
grace ;
Might we but once more see Æneas' face,
Then would we hope to 'quite such friendly turns,
As shall surpass the wonder of our speech. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter ÆNEAS, ACHATES, and ASCANIUS.

ÆN. Where am I now? these should be Carthage walls.

ACHA. Why stands my sweet Æneas thus amaz'd?

ÆN. O, my Achates! Theban Niobe,
Who, for her sons' death, wept out life and breath,
And, dry with grief, was turn'd into a stone,
Had not such passions in her head as I.
Methinks that town there should be Troy, yon Ida's
hill,

There Xanthus' stream, because here's Priamus,
And when I know it is not, then I die.

ACHA. And in this humour is Achates too;
I cannot choose but fall upon my knees,
And kiss his hand; O, where is Hecuba?
Here she was wont to sit, but saving air
Is nothing here; and what is this but stone?

ÆN. O, yet this stone doth make Æneas weep;
And, would my prayers (as Pygmalion's did)
Could give it life, that under his conduct
We might sail back to Troy, and be reveng'd
On these hard-hearted Grecians, which rejoice
That nothing now is left of Priamus!
Oh, Priamus is left, and this is he:
Come, come aboard; pursue the hateful Greeks.

ACHA. What means Æneas?

ÆN. Achates, though mine eyes say this is stone,

Yet thinks my mind that this is Priamus ;
And when my grieved heart sighs and says no,
Then would it leap out to give Priam life :
O were I not at all, so thou might'st be !
Achates, see, King Priam wags his hand ;
He is alive ; Troy is not overcome !

ACHA. Thy mind, Æneas, that would have it so,
Deludes thy eye-sight ; Priamus is dead.

ÆN. Ah, Troy is sack'd, and Priamus is dead ;
And why should poor Æneas be alive ?

ASCA. Sweet father, leave to weep, this is not he :
For were it Priam, he would smile on me.

ACHA. Æneas, see, here come the citizens ;
Leave to lament, lest they laugh at our fears.

Enter CLOANTHUS, SERGESTUS, and ILIONEUS.

ÆN. Lords of this town, or whatsoever style
Belongs unto your name, vouchsafe of ruth
To tell us who inhabits this fair town,
What kind of people, and who governs them :
For we are strangers driv'n on this shore,
And scarcely know within what clime we are.

ILIO. I hear Æneas' voice, but see him not,
For none of these can be our general.

ACHA. Like Ilioneus speaks this nobleman,
But Ilioneus goes not in such robes.

SERG. You are Achates, or I deceiv'd.

ACHA. Æneas, see Sergestus, or his ghost.

ILIO. He names Æneas ; let us kiss his feet.

CLOAN. It is our captain, see Ascanius.

SERG. Live long Æneas and Ascanius!

ÆN. Achates, speak, for I am overjoy'd,

ACHA. O, Ilioneus, art thou yet alive?

ILIO. Blest be the time I see Achates' face.

CLOAN. Why turns Æneas from his trusty friends?

ÆN. Sergestus, Ilioneus, and the rest,
Your sight amaz'd me: O, what destinies
Have brought my sweet companions in such plight?
O, tell me, for I long to be resolv'd.

ILIO. Lovely Æneas, these are Carthage walls,
And here Queen Dido wears th' imperial crown;
Who, for Troy's sake, hath entertain'd us all,
And clad us in these wealthy robes we wear.
Oft hath she ask'd us under whom we serv'd,
And when we told her, she would weep for grief,
Thinking the sea had swallow'd up thy ships;
And now she sees thee, how will she rejoice.

SERG. See, where her servitors pass through the hall
Bearing a banquet; Dido is not far.

ILIO. Look where she comes: Æneas, view her well.

ÆN. Well may I view her, but she sees not me.

Enter Dido and her Train.

DIDO. What stranger art thou, that dost eye me
thus?

ÆN. Sometime I was a Trojan, mighty queen:
But Troy is not;—what shall I say I am?

ILIO. Renowned Dido, 'tis our general, warlike
Æneas.

DIDO. Warlike Æneas! and in these base robes?

Go, fetch the garment which Sicheus wore :
Brave prince, welcome to Carthage and to me
Both happy that Æneas is our guest :
Sit in this chair, and banquet with a queen ;
Æneas is Æneas, were he clad
In weeds as bad as ever Irus wore.

ÆN. This is no seat for one that's comfortless :
May it please your grace to let Æneas wait ;
For though my birth be great, my fortune's mean,
Too mean to be companion to a queen.

DIDO. Thy fortune may be greater than thy birth :
Sit down, Æneas, sit in Dido's place,
And if this be thy son, as I suppose,
Here let him sit ; be merry, lovely child.

ÆN. This place beseems me not ; O, pardon me.

DIDO. I'll have it so ; Æneas, be content.

ASCA. Madam, you shall be my mother.

DIDO. And so I will, sweet child : be merry, man,
Here's to thy better fortune and good stars.

ÆN. In all humility, I thank your grace.

DIDO. Remember who thou art, speak like thyself ;
Humility belongs to common grooms.

ÆN. And who so miserable as Æneas is ?

DIDO. Lies it in Dido's hands to make thee blest ?
Then be assur'd thou art not miserable.

ÆN. O Priamus, O Troy, O Hecuba !

DIDO. May I entreat thee to discourse at large,
And truly too, how Troy was overcome ?
For many tales go of that city's fall,
And scarcely do agree upon one point :

Some say Antenor did betray the town ;
Others report 'twas Sinon's perjury ;
But all in this, that Troy is overcome,
And Priam dead ; yet how, we hear no news.

ÆN. A woeful tale bids Dido to unfold,
Whose memory, like pale death's stony mace,
Beats forth my senses from this troubled soul,
And makes Æneas sink at Dido's feet.

DIDO. What! fainted Æneas to remember Troy,
In whose defence he fought so valiantly ?
Look up, and speak.

ÆN. Then speak, Æneas, with Achilles' tongue !
And Dido, and you Carthaginian peers,
Hear me ! but yet with Myrmidons' harsh ears,
Daily inur'd to broils and massacres,
Lest you be mov'd too much with my sad tale.
The Grecian soldiers, tir'd with ten years' war,
Began to cry, " Let us unto our ships,
Troy is invincible, why stay we here ?"
With whose outcries Atrides being appall'd,
Summon'd the captains to his princely tent ;
Who, looking on the scars we Trojans gave,
Seeing the number of their men decreas'd,
And the remainder weak, and out of heart,
Gave up their voices to dislodge the camp,
And so in troops all march'd to Tenedos ;
Where, when they came, Ulysses on the sand
Assay'd with honey words to turn them back :
And as he spoke, to further his intent,
The winds did drive huge billows to the shor

And heaven was darken'd with tempestuous clouds :
Then he alleg'd the gods would have them stay,
And prophecied Troy should be overcome :
And therewithal he call'd false Sinon forth,
A man compact of craft and perjury,
Whose 'ticing tongue was made of Hermes' pipe,
To force a hundred watchful eyes to sleep :
And him, Epeus having made the horse,
With sacrificing wreaths upon his head,
Ulysses sent to our unhappy town,
Who, grov'ling in the mire of Zanthus' banks,
His hands bound at his back, and both his eyes
Turn'd up to heaven, as one resolv'd to die,
Our Phrygian shepherds hal'd within the gates,
And brought unto the court of Priamus ;
To whom he us'd actions so pitiful,
Looks so remorseful, vows so forcible,
As therewithal the old man, overcome,
Kiss'd him, embrac'd him, and unloos'd his bands,
And then,—O Dido, pardon me.

DIDO. Nay, leave not here ; resolve me of the rest.

ÆN. Oh ! the enchanting words of that base slave,
Made him to think Epeus' pine-tree horse
A sacrifice t' appease Minerva's wrath ;
The rather, for that one Laocoon,
Breaking a spear upon his hollow breast,
Was with two winged serpents stung to death.
Whereat, aghast, we were commanded straight,
With reverence, to draw it into Troy ;
In which unhappy work was I employ'd :

These hands did help to hale it to the gates,
Through which it could not enter, 'twas so huge.
O, had it never enter'd, Troy had stood.
But Priamus, impatient of delay,
Enforc'd a wide breach in that rampir'd wall,
Which thousand battering rams could never pierce,
And so came in this fatal instrument :
At whose accursed feet, as overjoy'd,
We banqueted, till, overcome with wine,
Some surfeited, and others soundly slept.
Which Sinon viewing, caus'd the Greekish spies
To haste to Tenedos, and tell the camp :
Then he unlock'd the horse, and suddenly
From out his entrails, Neoptolemus,
Setting his spear upon the ground, leapt forth,
And after him a thousand Grecians more,
In whose stern faces shin'd the quenchless fire,
That after burnt the pride of Asia.
By this the camp was come unto the walls,
And through the breach did march into the streets,
Where, meeting with the rest, " kill! kill!" they cry'd.
Frighted with this confused noise, I rose,
And looking from a turret, might behold
Young infants swimming in their parents' blood !
Headless carcasses piled up in heaps !
Virgins half dead, dragg'd by their golden hair,
And with main force flung on a ring of pikes !
Old men with swords thrust through their aged sides,
Kneeling for mercy to a Greekish lad,
Who, with steel pole-axes dash'd out their brains.

Then buckled I mine armour, drew my sword,
And thinking to go down, came Hector's ghost,
With ashy visage, blueish sulphur eyes,
His arms torn from his shoulders, and his breast
Furrow'd with wounds, and, that which made me weep,
'Thongs at his heels, by which Achilles' horse
Drew him in triumph through the Greekish camp,
Burst from the earth, crying, "Æneas, fly,
Troy is a-fire! the Grecians have the town!"

DIDO. O, Hector! who weeps not to hear thy name?

ÆN. Yet flung I forth, and, desp'rate of my life,
Ran in the thickest throngs, and, with this sword,
Sent many of their savage ghosts to hell.
At last came Pyrrhus, fell and full of ire,
His harness dropping blood, and on his spear
The mangled head of Priam's youngest son;
And, after him, his band of Myrmidons,
With balls of wild-fire in their murd'ring paws,
Which made the funeral-flame that burnt fair Troy;
All which hemm'd me about, crying, This is he!

DIDO. Ha! how could poor Æneas 'scape their
hands?

ÆN. My mother, Venus, jealous of my health,
Convey'd me from their crooked nets and bands;
So I escap'd the furious Pyrrhus' wrath:
Who then ran to the palace of the king,
And, at Jove's altar, finding Priamus,
About whose wither'd neck hung Hecuba,
Folding his hand in her's, and jointly both
Beating their breasts, and falling on the ground,

He with his faulchion's point rais'd up at once,
And with Megara's eyes star'd in their face,
Threat'ning a thousand deaths at every glance;
To whom the aged king thus trembling spoke:—
“ Achilles' son, remember what I was,
Father of fifty sons, but they are slain;
Lord of my fortune, but my fortune's turn'd!
King of this city, but my Troy is fired!
And now am neither father, lord, nor king!
Yet who so wretched but desires to live?
O, let me live, great Neoptolemus!”
Not mov'd at all, but smiling at his tears,
This butcher, whilst his hands were yet held up,
Treading upon his breast, struck off his hands.

DIDO. O end, Æneas, I can hear no more.

ÆN. At which the frantic queen leap'd on his face,
And in his eyelids hanging by the nails,
A little while prolong'd her husband's life.
At last, the soldiers pull'd her by the heels,
And swung her howling in the empty air,
Which sent an echo to the wounded king:
Whereat, he lifted up his bed-rid limbs,
And would have grappled with Achilles' son,
Forgetting both his want of strength and hands;
Which he, disdainingly, whisk'd his sword about,
And with the wound thereof the king fell down;
Then from the navel to the throat at once
He ripp'd old Priam, at whose latter gasp,
Jove's marble statue 'gan to bend the brow,
As loathing Pyrrhus for this wicked act.

Yet he, undaunted, took his father's flag,
And dipp'd it in the old king's chill-cold blood,
And then in triumph ran into the streets,
Through which he could not pass for slaughter'd men;
So, leaning on his sword, he stood stone still,
Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burnt.
By this, I got my father on my back,
This young boy in mine arms, and by the hand
Led fair Creusa, my beloved wife;
When thou, Achates, with thy sword mad'st way
And we were round environ'd with the Greeks,
O there I lost my wife! and had not we
Fought manfully, I had not told this tale.
Yet manhood would not serve; of force we fled;
And as we went unto our ships, thou know'st
We saw Cassandra sprawling in the streets,
Whom Ajax ravish'd in Diana's fane,
Her cheeks swoln with sighs, her hair all rent,
Whom I took up to bear unto our ships;
But suddenly the Grecians follow'd us,
And I, alas! was forc'd to let her lie.
Then got we to our ships, and, being aboard,
Polyxena cried out, Æneas! stay!
The Greeks pursue me! stay, and take me in!
Mov'd with her voice, I leap'd into the sea,
Thinking to bear her on my back aboard,
For all our ships were launch'd into the deep,
And, as I swam, she, standing on the shore,
Was by the cruel Myrmidons surpris'd,
And after by that Pyrrhus sacrific'd.

DIDO. I die with melting ruth; Æneas, leave!

ANNA. O what became of aged Hecuba?

IAR. How got Æneas to the fleet again?

DIDO. But how 'scaped Helen, she that caused
this war?

ÆN. Achates, speak, sorrow hath tir'd me quite.

ACHA. What happen'd to the queen we cannot
shew;

We hear they led her captive into Greece:

As for Æneas, he swam quickly back,

And Helena betray'd Deiphobus,

Her lover, after Alexander died,

And so was reconcil'd to Menelaus.

DIDO. O, had that 'ticing strumpet ne'er been
born!

Trojan, thy ruthless tale hath made me sad.

Come, let us think upon some pleasing sport,

To rid me from these melancholy thoughts.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter VENUS and CUPID, VENUS takes ASCANIUS
by the sleeve.*

VEN. Fair child, stay thou with Dido's waiting maid;
I'll give thee sugar-almonds, sweet conserves,
A silver girdle, and a golden purse,
And this young prince shall be thy playfellow.

ASC. Are you Queen Dido's son?

CUP. Aye, and my mother gave me this fine bow.

ASC. Shall I have such a quiver and a bow?

VEN. Such bow, such quiver, and such golden
shafts,

Will Dido give to sweet Ascanius.
For Dido's sake I take thee in my arms,
And stick these spangled feathers in thy hat ;
Eat comfits in mine arms, and I will sing.
Now is he fast asleep, and in this grove,
Amongst green brakes I'll lay Ascanius,
And strew him with sweet-smelling violets,
Blushing roses, purple hyacinth :
These milk-white doves shall be his sentinels,
Who, if that any seek to do him hurt,
Will quickly fly to Cytherea's fist.
Now, Cupid, turn thee to Ascanius' shape,
And go to Dido, who, instead of him,
Will set thee on her lap, and play with thee ;
Then touch her white breast with this arrow head,
That she may dote upon Æneas' love,
And by that means repair his broken ships,
Victual his soldiers, give him wealthy gifts,
And he, at last, depart to Italy,
Or else in Carthage make his kingly throne.

CUP. I will, fair mother, and so play my part
As every touch shall wound Queen Dido's heart.

VEN. Sleep, my sweet nephew, in these cooling
shades,
Free from the murmur of these running streams,
The cry of beasts, the rattling of the winds,
Or whisking of these leaves ; all shall be still,
And nothing interrupt thy quiet sleep,
Till I return and take thee hence again. [Exeunt.]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter CUPID.

CUP. Now, Cupid, cause the Carthaginian queen
To be enamour'd of thy brother's looks.
Convey this golden arrow in thy sleeve,
Lest she imagine thou art Venus' son;
And when she strokes thee softly on the head,
Then shall I touch her breast and conquer her.

Enter IARBAS, ANNA, and DIDO.

IAR. How long, fair Dido, shall I pine for thee?
'Tis not enough that thou dost grant me love,
But that I may enjoy what I desire:
That love is childish which consists in words.

DIDO. Iarbas, know, that thou, of all my wooers,
And yet have I had many mightier kings,
Hast had the greatest favours I could give.
I fear me, Dido hath been counted light,
In being too familiar with Iarbas;
Albeit the gods do know, no wanton thought
Had ever residence in Dido's breast.

IAR. But Dido is the favour I request.

DIDO. Fear not, Iarbas, Dido may be thine.

ANNA, Look, sister, how Æneas' little son
Plays with your garments and embraceth you.

CUP. No, Dido will not take me in her arms.
I shall not be her son, she loves me not.

DIDO. Weep not, sweet boy, thou shalt be Dido's
son;

Sit in my lap, and let me hear thee sing. [*Cupid sings.*
No more, my child, now talk another while,
And tell me where learn'st thou this pretty song.

CUP. My cousin Helen taught it me in Troy.

DIDO. How lovely is Ascanius when he smiles!

CUP. Will Dido let me hang about her neck?

DIDO. Aye, wag, and give thee leave to kiss her too.

CUP. What will you give me? Now, I'll have this
fan.

DIDO. Take it, Ascanius, for thy father's sake.

IAR. Come, Dido, leave Ascanius, let us walk.

DIDO. Go thou away, Ascanius shall stay.

IAR. Ungentle queen! is this thy love to me?

DIDO. O stay, Iarbas, and I'll go with thee.

CUP. And if my mother go, I'll follow her.

DIDO. Why stay'st thou here? thou art no love of
mine!

IAR. Iarbas, die, seeing she abandons thee.

DIDO. No; live Iarbas: what hast thou deserv'd,
That I should say thou art no love of mine?

Something thou hast deserv'd. Away, I say;
Depart from Carthage—come not in my sight.

IAR. Am I not king of rich Getulia?

DIDO. Iarbas, pardon me, and stay awhile.

CUP. Mother, look here.

DIDO. What tell'st thou me of rich Getulia?

Am not I queen of Lybia? then depart.

IAR. I go to feed the humour of my love,
Yet not from Carthage for a thousand worlds.

DIDO. Iarbas!

IAR. Doth Dido call me back?

DIDO. No; but I charge thee never look on me.

IAR. Then pull out both mine eyes, or let me die.

[Exit Iarbas.

ANNA. Wherefore doth Dido bid Iarbas go?

DIDO. Because his loathsome sight offends mine eye,
And in my thoughts is shrin'd another Jove.

O Anna! didst thou know how sweet love were,
Full soon would'st thou abjure this single life.

ANNA. Poor soul! I know too well the power of
love.

O that Iarbas could but fancy me!

DIDO. Is not Æneas fair and beautiful?

ANNA. Yes, and Iarbas foul and favourless.

DIDO. Is he not eloquent in all his speech?

ANNA. Yes, and Iarbas rude and rustical.

DIDO. Name not Iarbas; but, sweet Anna, say,
Is not Æneas worthy Dido's love?

ANNA. O sister! were you empress of the world,
Æneas well deserves to be your love.

So lovely is he, that, where'er he goes,
The people swarm to gaze him in the face.

DIDO. But tell them, none shall gaze on him but I,
Lest their gross eye-beams taint my lover's cheeks.
Anna, good sister Anna, go for him,
Lest with these sweet thoughts I melt clean away.

ANNA. Then, sister, you'll abjure Iarbas' love?

DIDO. Yet must I hear that loathsome name again?
Run for Æneas, or I'll fly to him. [Exit Anna.

CUP. You shall not hurt my father when he comes.

DIDO. No, for thy sake, I'll love thy father well.
O dull-conceited Dido! that till now
Didst never think Æneas beautiful!
But now, for quittance of this oversight,
I'll make me bracelets of his golden hair;
His glist'ring eyes shall be my looking-glass,
His lips an altar, where I'll offer up
As many kisses as the sea hath sands.
Instead of music I will hear him speak,—
His looks shall be my only library,—
And thou, Æneas, Dido's treasury,
In whose fair bosom I will lock more wealth
Than twenty thousand Indians can afford.
O here he comes: Love, love, give Dido leave
To be more modest than her thoughts admit,
Lest I be made a wonder to the world,

*Enter ÆNEAS, ACHATES, SERGESTUS, ILIONEUS,
and CLOANTHUS.*

Achates, how doth Carthage please your lord?

ACHA. That will Æneas shew your majesty.

DIDO. Æneas, art thou there?

ÆN. I understand your highness sent for me.

DIDO. No; but now thou art here, tell me in sooth
In what might Dido highly pleasure thee.

ÆN. So much have I receiv'd at Dido's hands,
As, without blushing, I can ask no more:
Yet, queen of Afric, are my ships unrigg'd,
My sails all rent in sunder with the wind,
My oars broken, and my tackling lost,
Yea, all my navy split with rocks and shelves;

Nor stern nor anchor have our maimed fleet;
Our masts the furious winds struck overboard:
Which piteous wants if Dido will supply,
We will account her author of our lives.

DIDO. Æneas, I'll repair thy Trojan ships,
Conditionally that thou wilt stay with me,
And let Achates sail to Italy:
I'll give thee tackling made of riveld gold,
Wound on the barks of odoriferous trees,
Oars of massy ivory, full of holes,
Through which the water shall delight to play;
Thyanchors shall be hew'd from crystal rocks,
Which, if thou lose, shall shine above the waves;
The masts, whereon thy swelling sails shall hang,
Hollow pyramids of silver plate;
The sails of folded lawn, where shall be wrought
The wars of Troy, but not Troy's overthrow;
For ballast, empty Dido's treasury:
Take what ye will, but leave Æneas here.
Achates, thou shalt be so meanly clad,
As sea-born nymphs shall swarm about thy ships,
And wanton mermaids court thee with sweet songs,
Flinging in favours of more sovereign worth
Than Thetis hangs about Apollo's neck,
So that Æneas may but stay with me.

ÆN. Wherefore would Dido have Æneas stay?

DIDO. To war against my bordering enemies.
Æneas, think not Dido is in love;
For if that any man could conquer me,
I had been wedded ere Æneas came:

See where the pictures of my suitors hang ;
And are not these as fair as fair may be ?

ACHA. I saw this man at Troy, ere Troy was
sack'd.

ÆN. I this in Greece, when Paris stole fair
Helen.

ILIO. This man and I were at Olympus' games.

SERG. I know this face ; he is a Persian born :
I travell'd with him to Ætolia.

CLOAN. And I in Athens, with this gentleman,
Unless I be deceiv'd, disputed once.

DIDO. But speak, Æneas ; know you none of
these ?

ÆN. No, madam ; but it seems that these are
kings.

DIDO. All these, and others which I never saw,
Have been most urgent suitors for my love ;
Some came in person, others sent their legates,
Yet none obtain'd me : I am free from all ;
And yet, God knows, entangled unto one.
This was an orator, and thought, by words,
To compass me : but yet he was deceiv'd :
And this a Spartan courtier, vain and wild ;
But his fantastic humours pleas'd not me :
This was Alcion, a musician ;
But, play'd he ne'er so sweet, I let him go :
This was the wealthy king of Thessaly ;
But I had gold enough, and cast him off :
This, Meleager's son, a warlike prince ;
But weapons 'gree not with my tender years :

The rest are such as all the world well knows;
Yet here I swear, by heaven and him I love,
I was as far from love as they from hate.

ÆN. O happy shall he be whom Dido loves!

DIDO. Then never say that thou art miserable:
Because, it may be, thou shalt be my love:
Yet boast not of it, for I love thee not,
And yet I hate thee not. Oh, if I speak
I shall betray myself: Æneas, speak;
We two will go a hunting in the woods;
But not so much for thee,—thou art but one,—
As for Achates, and his followers. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter JUNO to ASCANIUS, asleep.

JUNO. Here lies my hate, Æneas' cursed brat,
The boy wherein false destiny delights,
The heir of Fury, the favourite of the Fates,
That ugly imp that shall outwear my wrath,
And wrong my deity with high disgrace:
But I will take another order now,
And raze th' eternal register of time.
Troy shall no more call him her second hope,
Nor Venus triumph in his tender youth;
For here, in spite of heav'n, I'll murder him,
And feed infection with his let-out life:
Say, Paris, now shall Venus have the ball?
Say, vengeance, now shall her Ascanius die?
O no, God wot, I cannot watch my time,
Nor quit good turns with double fee down told.

Tut! I am simple without might to hurt,
And have no gall at all to grieve my foes;
But lustful Jove and his adulterous child
Shall find it written on confusion's front,
That only Juno rules in Rhamnus town.

Enter VENUS.

VEN. What should this mean? my doves are back
return'd,
Who warn me of such danger prest at hand,
To harm my sweet Ascanius' lovely life.
Juno, my mortal foe, what make you here?
Avaunt, old witch! and trouble not my wits.

JUNO. Fie, Venus! that such causeless words of
wrath,
Should e'er defile so fair a mouth as thine.
Are not we both sprung of celestial race,
And banquet, as two sisters, with the gods?
Why is it, then, displeasure should disjoin,
Whom kindred and acquaintance co-unites?

VEN. Out, hateful hag! thou would'st have slain
my son,
Had not my doves discover'd thy intent;
But I will tear thy eyes from forth thy head,
And feast the birds with their blood-shotten balls,
If thou but lay thy fingers on my boy!

JUNO. Is this, then, all the thanks that I shall have,
For saving him from snakes and serpents' stings,
That would have kill'd him, sleeping, as he lay?
What, though I was offended with thy son,
And wrought him mickle woe on sea and land,

When, for the hate of Trojan Ganymede,
That was advanced by my Hebe's shame,
And Paris' judgment of the heavenly ball,
I muster'd all the winds unto his wreck,
And urg'd each element to his annoy:
Yet now I do repent me of his ruth,
And wish that I had never wrong'd him so.
Bootless, I saw, it was to war with fate,
That hath so many unresisted friends:
Wherefore I change my counsel with the time,
And planted love where envy erst had sprung.

VEN. Sister of Jove! if that thy love be such
As these thy protestations do paint forth,
We two, as friends, one fortune will divide:
Cupid shall lay his arrows in thy lap,
And, to a sceptre, change his golden shafts;
Fancy and modesty shall live as mates;
And thy fair peacocks by my pigeons perch:
Love my Æneas, and desire is thine;
The day, the night, my swans, my sweets, are thine.

JUNO. More than melodious are these words to
me,
That overcloy my soul with their content:
Venus, sweet Venus! how may I deserve
Such amorous favours at thy beauteous hand?
But, that thou may'st more easily perceive
How highly I do prize this amity,
Hark to a motion of eternal league,
Which I will make in quittance of thy love.
Thy son, thou know'st, with Dido now remains,

And feeds his eyes with favours of her court ;
She, likewise, in admiring spends her time,
And cannot talk, nor think, of aught but him :
Why should not they then join in marriage,
And bring forth mighty kings to Carthage town,
Whom casualty of sea hath made such friends ?
And, Venus, let there be a match confirm'd
Betwixt these two, whose loves are so alike ;
And both our deities, conjoin'd in one,
Shall chain felicity unto their throne.

VEN. Well could I like this reconcilment's
means ;

But, much I fear, my son will ne'er consent ;
Whose armed soul, already on the sea,
Darts forth her light to Lavinia's shore.

JUNO. Fair queen of love ! I will divorce these
doubts,

And find the way to weary such fond thoughts.
This day they both a hunting forth will ride
Into these woods, adjoining to these walls ;
When, in the midst of all their gamesome sports,
I'll make the clouds dissolve the wat'ry works,
And drench Silvanus' dwellings with their showers ;
Then, in one cave, the queen and he shall meet,

VEN. Sister, I see you savour of my wiles :
Be it as you will have it for this once.
Mean time, Ascanius shall be my charge ;
Whom I will bear to Ida in mine arms,
And couch him in Adonis' purple down. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*Enter Dido, Æneas, Anna, Iarbas, Achates
and followers.*

DIDO. Æneas, think not but I honour thee,
That thus in person go with thee to hunt:
My princely robes, thou see'st, are laid aside,
Whose glittering pomp Diana's shroud supplies.
All fellows now, dispos'd alike to sport;
The woods are wide, and we have store of game.
Fair Trojan, hold my golden bow awhile,
Until I gird my quiver to my side:
Lords, go before; we two must talk alone.

IAR. Ungentle! can she wrong Iarbas so?
I'll die before a stranger have that grace.
We two will talk alone;—what words be these?

DIDO. What makes Iarbas here of all the rest?
We would have gone without your company.

ÆN. But love and duty led him on perhaps,
To press beyond acceptance to your sight.

IAR. Why, man of Troy, do I offend thine eyes?
Or art thou griev'd thy betters press so nigh?

DIDO. How now, Gætulian! are ye grown so brave
To challenge us with your comparisons?
Peasant! go seek companions like thyself,
And meddle not with any that I love:
Æneas, be not mov'd at what he says;
For, otherwhile, he will be out of joint.

IAR. Women may wrong, by privilege of love;
But, should that man of men, Dido except,

Have taunted me in these opprobrious terms,
I would have either drunk his dying blood,
Or else I would have given my life in gage

DIDO. Huntsmen, why pitch you not your toils
apace,

And rouse the light-foot deer from forth their lair?

ANNA. Sister, see! see Ascanius in his pomp,
Bearing his hunt-spear bravely in his hand.

DIDO. Yea, little son, are you so forward now?

ASC. Aye, mother; I shall one day be a man,
And better able unto other arms;

Mean time, these wanton weapons serve my war,
Which I will break betwixt a lion's jaws.

DIDO. What! dar'st thou look a lion in the face?

ASC. Aye, and outface him too, do what he can.

ANNA. How like his father speaketh he in all.

ÆN. And might I live to see him sack rich Thebes.
And load his spear with Grecian princes' heads,
Then would I wish me with Anchises' tomb,
And dead to honour that hath brought me up.

IAR. And might I live to see thee shipp'd away,
And hoist aloft on Neptune's hideous hills,
Then would I wish me in fair Dido's arms,
And dead to scorn that hath pursued me so.

ÆN. Stout friend Achates, do'st thou know this
wood?

ACHA. As I remember, here you shot the deer
That sav'd your famish'd soldiers' lives from death,
When first you set your foot upon the shore;
And here we met fair Venus, virgin like,

Bearing her bow and quiver at her back.

ÆN. O how these irksome labours now delight
And overjoy my thoughts with their escape !
Who would not undergo all kind of toil,
To be well stor'd with such a winter's tale ?

DIDO. Æneas, leave these dumps, and let's away,
Some to the mountains, some unto the soil,
You to the vallies, thou unto the house.

[*Exeunt all but Iarbas.*

IAR. Aye, this it is which wounds me to the death,
To see a Phrygian, far set to the sea,
Preferr'd before a man of majesty.
O love ! O hate ! O cruel women's hearts,
That imitate the moon in every change !
And, like the planets, ever love to range :
What shall I do, thus wronged with disdain,
Revenge me on Æneas, or on her ?
On her ? fond man ! that were to war 'gainst heaven,
And with one shaft provoke ten thousand darts :
This Trojan's end will be thy envy's aim,
Whose blood will reconcile thee to content,
And make love drunken with thy sweet desire ;
But Dido, that now holdeth him so dear,
Will die with very tidings of his death :
But time will discontinue her content,
And mould her mind unto new fancies' shapes.
O, God of heaven ! turn the hand of fate
Unto that happy day of my delight ;
And then, — what then ? — Iarbas shall but love ;
So doth he now, though not with equal gain,

That resteth in the rival of thy pain,
Who ne'er will cease to soar till he be slain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*A storm.—Enter ÆNEAS and Dido in the cave,
at several times.*

DIDO. Æneas!

ÆN. Dido!

DIDO. Tell me, dear love! how found you out this
cave?

ÆN. By chance, sweet queen! as Mars and Venus
met.

DIDO. Why, that was in a net, here we are loose
And yet, I am not free; oh, would I were!

ÆN. Why, what is that Dido may desire,
And not obtain, be it in human power?

DIDO. The thing that I will die before I ask,
And yet desire to have before I die.

ÆN. It is not aught Æneas may achieve?

DIDO. Æneas, no; although his eyes do pierce.

ÆN. What, hath Iarbas anger'd her in aught?
And will she be avenged on his life?

DIDO. Not anger'd me, except in ang'ring thee.

ÆN.. Who then, of all so cruel, may he be,
That should detain thine eye in his defects?

DIDO. The man that I do eye where'er I am;
Whose amorous face, like Pæan's, sparkles fire,
When as he butts his beams on Flora's bed.
Prometheus hath put on Cupid's shape,
And I must perish in his burning arms:

Æneas, O *Æneas* ! quench these flames.

ÆN. What ails my queen ? Is she fall'n sick of late ?

DIDO. Not sick, my love, but sick : I must conceal
The torment that it boots me not reveal ;

And yet I'll speak, and yet I'll hold my peace :

Do shame her worst, I will disclose my grief :

Æneas, thou art he ! what did I say ?

Something it was that now I have forgot.

ÆN. What means fair Dido by this doubtful speech ?

DIDO. Nay, nothing, but *Æneas* loves me not.

ÆN. *Æneas*' thoughts dare not ascend so high
As Dido's heart, which monarchs might not scale.

DIDO. It was because I saw no king like thee,
Whose golden crown might balance my content ;
But now, that I have found what to affect,
I follow one that loveth fame for me,
And rather had seen fair Sirens' eyes,
Than to the Carthage queen, that dies for him.

ÆN. If that your majesty can look so low
As my despised worths, that shun all praise,
With this my hand I give to you my heart,
And vow, by all the gods of hospitality,
By heaven and earth, and my fair brother's bow,
By Paphos, Capys, and the purple sea,
From whence my radiant mother did descend,
And by this sword, that saved me from the Greeks,
Never to leave these new upreared walls,
While Dido lives and rules in Juno's town,—
Never to like or love any but her.

DIDO. What more than Delian music do I hear,

That calls my soul from forth his living seat
To move unto the measures of delight?
Kind clouds! that sent forth such a courteous storm,
As made disdain to fly to fancy's lap:
Stout love! in mine arms make thy Italy,
Whose crown and kingdom rest at thy command:
Sichæus, not Æneas, be thou call'd;
The King of Carthage, not Anchises' son.
Hold; take these jewels at thy lover's hand,
These golden bracelets, and this wedding ring,
Wherewith my husband woo'd me yet a maid,
And be thou king of Lybia by my gift.

[*Exeunt to the Cave.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter ACHATES, CUPID *as* ASCANIUS, IARBAS, and
ANNA.

ACHA. Did ever men see such a sudden storm?
Or day so clear, so suddenly o'ercast?

IAR. I think, some fell enchantress dwelleth here,
That can call them forth when as she please,
And dive into black tempests' treasury,
When as she means to mask the world with clouds.

ANNA. In all my life I never knew the like;
It hail'd, it snow'd, it lighten'd, all at once.

ACHA. I think, it was the devil's rev'lling night,

There was such a hurly-burly in the heavens :
Doubtless, Apollo's axle-tree is crack'd,
Or aged Atlas' shoulder out of joint,
The motion was so over violent.

IAR. In all this coil, where have ye left the
queen?

ASCA. Nay, where's my warlike father, can you
tell?

ANNA. Behold, where both of them come forth
the cave?

IAR. Come forth the cave! can heaven endure the
sight?

Iarbas, curse that unrevenging Jove,
Whose flinty darts slept in Tiphœus' den,
While these adult'ers surfeited with sin :
Nature, why mad'st me not some pois'nous beast,
That, with the sharpness of my edged sting,
I might have stak'd them both unto the earth,
Whilst they were sporting in this darksome cave?

Enter ÆNEAS and DIDO.

ÆN. The air is clear, and southern winds are
whist,
Come, Dido, let us hasten to the town,
Since gloomy Æolus doth cease to frown.

DIDO. Achates and Ascanius, well met.

ÆN. Fair Anna! how escap'd you from the
shower?

ANNA. As others did,—by running to the wood.

DIDO. But where were you, Iarbas, all this while?

IAR. Not with Æneas in the ugly cave.

DIDO. I see, Æneas sticketh in your mind ;
But I will soon put by that stumbling block,
And quell those hopes that thus employ your cares.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter IARBAS to sacrifice.

IAR. Come, servants, come ; bring forth the sacrifice,
That I may pacify that gloomy Jove,
Whose empty altars have enlarg'd our ills.
Eternal Jove ! great master of the clouds !
Father of gladness, and all frolic thoughts !
That with thy gloomy hand corrects the heaven,
When airy creatures war amongst themselves ;
Hear, hear, O hear ! Iarbas' plaining prayers,
Whose hideous echoes make the welkin howl,
And all the woods Eliza to resound :
The woman that thou will'd us entertain,
Where, straying in our borders up and down,
She crav'd a hide of ground to build a town,
With whom we did divide both laws and land,
And all the fruits that plenty else sends forth,
Scorning our loves and royal marriage rites,
Yields up her beauty to a stranger's bed ;
Who, having wrought her shame, is straightway
fled :
Now, if thou be'st a pitying god of power,
On whom ruth and compassion ever waits,
Redress these wrongs, and warn him to his ships,

That now afflicts me with his flattering eyes.

Enter ANNA.

ANNA. How now, Iarbas; at your prayers so hard?

IAR. Aye, Anna: is there aught you would with me?

ANNA. Nay, no such weighty business of import,
But may be slack'd until another time;
Yet, if you would partake with me the cause
Of this devotion that detaineth you,
I would be thankful for such courtesy.

IAR. Anna, against this Trojan do I pray,
Who seeks to rob me of thy sister's love,
And dive into her heart by colour'd looks.

ANNA. Alas, poor king! that labours so in vain,
For her that so delighteth in thy pain:
Be rul'd by me, and seek some other love,
Whose yielding heart may yield thee more relief.

IAR. Mine eye is fix'd where fancy cannot start:
O leave me! leave me to my silent thoughts,
That register the number of my ruth,
And I will either move the thoughtless flint,
Or drop out both mine eyes in drizzling tears,
Before my sorrow's tide has any stint.

ANNA. I will not leave Iarbas, whom I love,
In this delight of dying pensiveness;
Away with Dido; Anna be thy song;
Anna, that doth admire thee more than heaven.

IAR. I may, nor will, list to such loathsome
change,

That intercepts the course of my desire :
Servants, come, fetch these empty vessels here :
For I will fly from these alluring eyes,
That do pursue my peace where'er it goes. [*Exit.*

ANNA. Iarbas, stay ; loving Iarbas, stay,
For I have honey to present thee with.
Hard-hearted ! wilt not deign to hear me speak ?
I'll follow thee with outcries ne'ertheless,
And strew thy walks with my dishevell'd hair. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆN. Carthage, my friendly host, adieu !
Since destiny doth call me from thy shore :
Hermes this night, descending in a dream,
Hath summon'd me to fruitful Italy ;
Jove wills it so,—my mother wills it so :
Let my Phænissa grant, and then I go.
Grant she or no, Æneas must away ;
Whose golden fortune, clogg'd with courtly ease,
Cannot ascend to fame's immortal house,
Or banquet in bright honour's burnish'd hall,
'Till he hath furrow'd Neptune's glassy fields,
And cut a passage through his topless hills.
Achates, come forth ; Sergestus, Ilioneus,
Cloanthus, haste away ; Æneas calls.

*Enter ACHATES, CLOANTHUS, SERGESTUS, and
ILIONEUS.*

ACHA. What wills our lord, or wherefore did he
call ?

ÆN. The dream, brave mates, that did beset my
bed,

When sleep but newly had embrac'd the night,
Commands me leave these unrenowned beams,
Whereas nobility abhors to stay,
And none but base Æneas will abide.
Aboard! aboard! since fates do bid aboard,
And slice the sea with sable-colour'd ships,
On whom the nimble winds may all day wait.
And follow them, as footmen, through the deep;
Yet Dido casts her eyes, like anchors, out,
To stay my fleet from loosing forth the bay:
'Come back, come back,' I hear her cry a-far,
'And let me link my body to thy lips,
That, tied together by the striving tongues,
We may, as one, sail into Italy.'

ACHA. Banish that 'ticing dame from forth your
mouth,

And follow your fore-seeing star in all:
This is no life for men at arms to live,
Where dalliance doth consume a soldier's strength,
And wanton motions of alluring eyes
Effeminate our minds, inur'd to war.

ILIO. Why, let us build a city of our own,
And not stand ling'ring here for am'rous looks.
Will Dido raise old Priam forth his grave,
And build the town again the Greeks did burn?
No, no; she cares not how we sink or swim,
So she may have Æneas in her arms.

CLO. To Italy, sweet friends! to Italy!

We will not stay a minute longer here.

ÆN. Trojans, aboard, and I will follow you :
I fain would go, yet beauty calls me back :
To leave her so, and not once say, farewell,
Were to transgress against all laws of love :
But, if I use such ceremonious thanks
As parting friends accustom on the shore,
Her silver arms will coil me round about,
And tears of pearl cry, ' stay, Æneas, stay ;'
Each word she says will then contain a crown,
And every speech be ended with a kiss :
I may not dure this female drudgery :
To sea, Æneas, find out Italy. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

Enter Dido and ANNA.

DIDO. O, Anna, run unto the water-side ;
They say Æneas' men are going aboard ;
It may be he will steal away with them :
Stay not to answer me ; run, Anna, run.
O, foolish Trojans, that would steal from hence,
And not let Dido understand their drift :
I would have given Achates store of gold,
And Ilioneus gum and Lybian spice ;
The common soldiers rich embroider'd coats,
And silver whistles to controul the winds,
Which Circe sent Sichæus when he liv'd :
Unworthy are they of a queen's reward.
See, where they come, how might I do to chide ?

*Enter ANNA, with ÆNEAS, ACHATES, ILIONEUS,
SERGESTUS and ATTENDANTS.*

ANNA. 'Twas time to run, Æneas had been gone ;
The sails were hoisting up, and he aboard.

DIDO. Is this thy love to me ?

ÆN. O, princely Dido, give me leave to speak ;
I went to take my farewell of Achates.

DIDO. How haps Achates bid me not farewell ?

ACHA. Because I fear'd your grace would keep me
here.]

DIDO. To rid thee of that doubt, aboard again.
I charge thee put to sea, and stay not here.

ACHA. Then let Æneas go aboard with us.

DIDO. Get you aboard, Æneas means to stay.

ÆN. The sea is rough, the wind blows to the
shore.

DIDO. O, false Æneas, now the sea is rough,
But when you are aboard 'twas calm enough ;
Thou and Achates meant to sail away.

ÆN. Hath not the Carthage queen mine only son ?
Thinks Dido I will go and leave him here ?

DIDO. Æneas, pardon me, for I forgot
That young Ascanius lay with me this night ;
Love made me jealous ; but, to make amends,
Wear the imperial crown of Lybia,
Sway thou the Punic sceptre in my stead,
And punish me, Æneas, for this crime.

ÆN. This kiss shall be fair Dido's punishment.

DIDO. O, how a crown becomes Æneas' head !

Stay here, Æneas, and command as king.

ÆN. How vain am I to wear this diadem,
And bear this golden sceptre in my hand!

[*Aside.*] A burgonet of steel, and not a crown,
A sword, and not a sceptre, fits Æneas.

DIDO. O, keep them still, and let me gaze my
fill:

Now looks Æneas like immortal Jove;
O, where is Ganymede, to hold his cup,
And Mercury, to fly for what he calls?
Ten thousand Cupids hover in the air,
And fan it in Æneas' lovely face:
O, that the clouds were here wherein thou fleest,
That thou and I unseen might sport ourselves;
Heaven, envious of our joys, is waxen pale;
And when we whisper, then the stars fall down,
To be partakers of our honey talk.

ÆN. O, Dido, patroness of all our lives,
When I leave thee, death be my punishment;
Swell, raging seas! frown, wayward destinies!
Blow, winds! threaten, ye rocks and sandy shelves!
This is the harbour that Æneas seeks.
Let's see what tempests can annoy me now.

DIDO. Not all the world can take that from mine
arms;

Æneas may command as many Moors,
As in the sea are little water-drops,
And now, to make experience of my love,
Fair sister Anna, lead my lover forth,
And, seated on my jennet, let him ride

As Dido's husband through the Punic streets;
And will my guard, with Mauritanian darts,
To wait upon him as their sov'reign lord.

ANNA. What, if the citizens repine thereat?

DIDO. Those that dislike what Dido gives in
charge,

Command my guard to slay for their offence.

Shall vulgar peasants storm at what I do?

The ground is mine that gives them sustenance,

The air wherein they breathe, the water, fire,

All that they have, their lands, their goods, their lives,

And I, the goddess of all these, command

Æneas ride as Carthaginian king.

ACHA. Æneas, for his parentage, deserves
As large a kingdom as is Lybia.

ÆN. Aye, and unless the destinies be false,
I shall be planted in as rich a land.

DIDO. Speak of no other land; this land is thine.

Dido is thine, henceforth I'll call thee lord:

Do as I bid thee, sister; lead the way,

And from a turret I'll behold my love.

ÆN. Then here in me shall flourish Priam's race,

And thou and I, Achates, for revenge,

For Troy, for Priam, for his fifty sons,

Our kinsmen's loves and thousand guiltless souls,

Will lead a host against the hateful Greeks,

And fire proud Lacedemon o'er their heads.

[Exeunt all but Dido and Attendants.]

DIDO. Speaks not Æneas like a conqueror?

O, blessed tempests that did drive him in!

O, happy sand that made him run aground !
Henceforth you shall be our Carthage gods.
Aye, but it may be he will leave my love,
And seek a foreign land, called Italy ;
O, that I had a charm to keep the winds
Within the closure of a golden ball ;
Or that the Tyrrhene sea were in mine arms,
That he might suffer shipwreck on my breast,
As oft as he attempts to hoist up sail !
I must prevent him, wishing will not serve ;
Go, bid my nurse take young Ascanius,
And bear him in the country to her house,
Æneas will not go without his son ;
Yet, lest he should, for I am full of fear,
Bring me his oars, his tackling, and his sails.

[One of the attendants goes out.]

What if I sink his ships ? O, he will frown :
Better he frown, than I should die for grief.
I cannot see him frown ;—it may not be ;
Armies of foes resolv'd to win this town,
Or impious traitors vow'd to have my life,
Affright me not, only Æneas' frown
Is that which terrifies poor Dido's heart ;
Not bloody spears appearing in the air,
Presage the downfall of my empery,
Nor blazing comets threaten Dido's death ;
It is Æneas' frown that ends my days :
If he forsake me not, I never die ;
For in his looks I see eternity,

And he'll make me immortal with a kiss.

Enter a LORD.

LORD. Your nurse is gone with young Ascanius;
And here's Æneas' tackling, oars, and sails.

DIDO. Are these the sails that, in despite of me,
Pack'd with the winds to bear Æneas hence?

I'll hang ye in the chamber where I lie;

Drive if you can my house to Italy:

I'll set the casement open, that the winds

May enter in, and once again conspire

Against the life of me, poor Carthage queen;

But though he go, he stays in Carthage still,

And let rich Carthage float upon the seas,

So I may have Æneas in mine arms.

Is this the wood that grew in Carthage plains,

And would be toiling in the wat'ry billows,

To rob their mistress of her Trojan guest?

O, cursed tree, had'st thou but wit or sense,

To measure how I prize Æneas' love,

Thou would'st have leap'd from out the sailors'
hands,

And told me that Æneas meant to go!

And yet I blame thee not, thou art but wood.

The water, which our poets term a nymph,

Why did it suffer thee to touch her breast,

And shrunk not back, knowing my love was there?

The water is an element, no nymph.

Why should I blame Æneas for his flight?

O, Dido, blame not him, but break his oars;

These were the instruments that launch'd him forth ;
There's not so much as this base tackling too,
But dares to heap up sorrow to my heart.
Was it not you that hoisted up these sails ?
Why burst you not, and they fell in the seas ?
For this will Dido tie ye full of knots,
And shear ye all asunder with her hands ;
Now serve to chastise shipboys for their faults,
Ye shall no more offend the Carthage queen.
Now, let him hang my favours on his masts,
And see if those will serve instead of sails ;
For tackling, let him take the chains of gold,
Which I bestow'd upon his followers ;
Instead of oars, let him use his hands,
And swim to Italy, I'll keep these sure :
Come, bear them in. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter the NURSE with CUPID, as ASCANIUS.

NURSE. My lord Ascanius, ye must go with me.

CUP. Whither must I go ? I'll stay with my
mother.

NURSE. No, thou shalt go with me unto my
house.

I have an orchard that hath store of plums,
Brown almonds, servises, ripe figs, and dates,
Dewberries, apples, yellow oranges :
A garden where are bee-hives full of honey,
Musk-roses, and a thousand sorts of flowers ;
And in the midst doth run a silver stream,

Where thou shalt see the red-gill'd fishes leap,
White swans, and many lovely water-fowls;
Now speak, Ascanius, will ye go or no?

CUP. Come, come, I'll go; how far hence is your house?

NURSE. But hereby, child, we shall get thither straight.

CUP. Nurse, I am weary, will you carry me?

NURSE. Aye, so you'll dwell with me, and call me mother.

CUP. So you'll love me, I care not if I do.

NURSE. That I might live to see this boy a man!
How prettily he laughs. Go, ye wag,
You'll be a twigger when you come to age.
Say Dido what she will, I am not old;
I'll be no more a widow, I am young,
I'll have a husband, or else a lover.

CUP. A husband and no teeth!

NURSE. O, what mean I to have such foolish thoughts?

Foolish is love, a toy. O, sacred love!
If there be any heaven in earth, 'tis love,
Especially in women of your years.
Blush, blush for shame, why should'st thou think of love?

A grave, and not a lover, fits thy age;
A grave! why? I may live a hundred years,
Fourscore is but a girl's age. Love is sweet;
My veins are wither'd, and my sinews dry;
Why do I think of love now I should die?

CUP. Come, nurse.

NURSE. Well, if he come a wooing he shall speed;

O, how unwise was I to say him nay! [Exeunt.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter ÆNEAS, with a paper in his hand, drawing the platform of the city: with him ACHATES, CLOANTHUS, and ILIONEUS.

ÆN. Triumph, my mates! our travels are at end,
Here will Æneas build a statelier Troy,
Than that which grim Atrides overthrew.
Carthage shall vaunt her petty walls no more.
For I will grace them with a fairer frame,
And clothe her in a crystal livery,
Wherein the day may evermore delight;
From golden India, Ganges will I fetch,
Whose wealthy streams may wait upon her towers;
And triple-wise intrench her round about;
The sun from Egypt shall rich odours bring,
Wherewith his burning beams, like lab'ring bees,
That load their thighs with Hybla's honey-spoils,
Shall here unburden their exhaled sweets,
And plant our pleasant suburbs with her fumes.

ACHA. What length or breadth shall this brave town contain?

ÆN. Not past four thousand paces at the most.

ILIO. But what shall it be call'd? Troy, as before?

ÆN. That have I not determin'd with myself.

CLO. Let it be term'd *Ænea*, by your name.

SERG. Rather *Ascania*, by your little son.

ÆN. Nay, I will have it call'd *Anchisæon*,
Of my old father's name.

Enter HERMES with ASCANIUS.

HER. Æneas, stay! Jove's herald bids thee stay.

ÆN. Whom do I see, Jove's winged messenger?

Welcome to Carthage new-erected town.

HER. Why, cousin, stand you building cities here,
And beautifying the empire of this queen,
While Italy is clean out of thy mind?

Too, too forgetful of thine own affairs,

Why wilt thou betray thy son's good hap?

The king of gods sent me from highest heav'n,

To sound this angry message in thine ears:

Vain man, what monarchy expect'st thou here?

Or with what thought sleep'st thou on Lybia's
shore?

If that all glory hath forsaken thee,

And thou despise the praise of such attempts;

Yet think upon Ascanius' prophecy,

And young Iulus, more than thousand years,

Whom I have brought from Ida, where he slept,

And bore young Cupid unto Cypress isle.

ÆN. This was my mother that beguil'd the
queen,

And made me take my brother for my son;

No marvel, Dido, though thou be in love,
That daily dandlest Cupid in thy arms :
Welcome, sweet child ! where hast thou been this
long ?

Asc. Eating sweet comfits with Queen Dido's
maid,

Who ever since hath lull'd me in her arms.

ÆN. Sergestus, bear him hence unto our ships,
Lest Dido, spying, keep him for a pledge.

HER. Spend'st thou thy time about this little boy,
And giv'st not ear unto the charge I bring ?

I tell thee, thou must straight to Italy,
Or else abide the wrath of frowning Jove.

ÆN. How should I put into the raging deep,
Who have no sails or tackling for my ships ?
What, would the gods have me, Deucalion-like,
Float up and down where'er the billows drive ?
Though she repair'd my fleet and gave me ships,
Yet hath she ta'en away my oars and masts,
And left me neither sail nor stern aboard.

Enter to them IARBAS.

IAR. How now, Æneas, sad ! What mean these
dumps ?

ÆN. Iarbas, I am clean beside myself ;
Jove hath heap'd on me such a desp'rate charge,
Which neither art nor reason may achieve,
Nor I devise by what means to contrive.

IAR. As how, I pray ? May I entreat you, tell ?

ÆN. With speed he bids me sail to Italy :
Whereas I want both rigging for my fleet,

And also furniture for these my men.

IAR. If that be all, then cheer thy drooping looks,
For I will furnish thee with such supplies.
Let some of those thy followers go with me,
And they shall have what thing soe'er thou need'st.

ÆN. Thanks, good Iarbas, for thy friendly aid.
Achates and the rest shall wait on thee,
Whil'st I rest thankful for this courtesy.

[*Exit Iarbas and Æneas's train.*]

Now will I haste unto Lavinian shore,
And raise a new foundation to old Troy.
Witness the gods, and witness heaven and earth,
How loth I am to leave these Lybian bounds,
But that eternal Jupiter commands. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Dido.

DIDO. I fear I saw Æneas' little son,
Led by Achates to the Trojan fleet :
If it be so, his father means to fly ;
But here he is ; now, Dido, try thy wit.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æneas, wherefore go thy men aboard ?
Why are thy ships new rigged ? Or to what end
Launch'd from the haven, lie they in the road ?
Pardon me, though I ask ; love makes me ask.

ÆN. O, pardon me, if I resolve thee why ;
Æneas will not feign with his dear love ;
I must from hence : this day, swift Mercury,
When I was laying a platform for these walls,

Sent from his father Jove, appear'd to me,
And in his name rebuk'd me bitterly,
For ling'ring here, neglecting Italy.

DIDO. But yet Æneas will not leave his love.

ÆN. I am commanded, by immortal Jove,
To leave this town, and pass to Italy,
And therefore must of force.

DIDO. These words proceed not from Æneas' heart.

ÆN. Not from my heart, for I can hardly go ;
And yet I may not stay. Dido, farewell!

DIDO. Farewell! is this the 'mends for Dido's
love?

Do 'Trojans use to quit their lovers thus?

Farewell may Dido, so Æneas stay ;

I die, if my Æneas say farewell!

ÆN. Then let me go, and never say farewell.

Let me go ; farewell! I must from hence.

DIDO. These words are poison to poor Dido's soul :

O, speak like my Æneas, like my love.

Why look'st thou toward the sea? The time hath
been

When Dido's beauty chain'd thine eye to her.

Am I less fair, than when thou saw'st me first?

O, then, Æneas, 'tis for grief of thee.

Say thou wilt stay in Carthage with thy queen,

And Dido's beauty will return again.

Æneas, say, how can'st thou take thy leave?

Wilt thou kiss Dido? O, thy lips have sworn

To stay with Dido: can'st thou take her hand?

Thy hand and mine have plighted mutual faith,

Therefore, unkind Æneas, must thou say,
Then let me go, and never say farewell.

ÆN. O, Queen of Carthage, wert thou ugly black,
Æneas could not choose but hold thee dear :
Yet must he not gainsay the gods' behest.

DIDO. The gods ! what gods be those that seek
my death ?

Wherein have I offended Jupiter,
That he should take Æneas from mine arms ?
O, no, the gods weigh not what lovers do ;
It is Æneas calls Æneas hence,
And woeful Dido, by these blubber'd cheeks,
By this right hand, and by our spousal rights,
Desires Æneas to remain with her ;

*Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam
Dulce meum, miserere domûs labentis : et istam
Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.*

ÆN. *Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis :
Italiam non sponte sequor.**

DIDO. Hast thou forgot how many neighbour
kings

Were up in arms, for making thee my love ?
How Carthage did rebel, Iarbas storm,
And all the world call'd me a second Helen,
For being entangl'd by a stranger's looks ;
So thou would'st prove as true as Paris did,
Would, as fair Troy was, Carthage might be sack'd,
And I be call'd a second Helena.
Had I a son by thee, the grief were less,

* Virgil, lib. iv.]

That I might see Æneas in his face :
Now if thou goest, what can'st thou leave behind,
But rather will augment than ease my woe ?

ÆN. In vain, my love, thou spend'st thy fainting
breath ;

If words might move me, I were overcome.

DIDO. And wilt thou not be mov'd with Dido's
words ?

Thy mother was no goddess, perjur'd man !
Nor Dardanus the author of thy stock ;
But thou art sprung from Scythian Caucasus,
And tigers of Hyrcania gave thee suck.
Ah, foolish Dido, to forbear thus long !
Wast thou not wreck'd upon this Lybian shore,
And cam'st to Dido like a fisher swain ?
Repair'd not I thy ships, made thee a king,
And all thy needy followers noblemen ?
O serpent ! that came creeping from the shore,
And I for pity harbour'd in my bosom ;
Wilt thou now slay me with thy venom'd sting,
And hiss at Dido for preserving thee ?
Go, go, and spare not ; seek out Italy :
I hope, that that which love forbids me do,
The rocks and sea-gulls will perform at large,
And thou shalt perish in the billows' ways,
To whom poor Dido doth bequeath revenge :
Aye, traitor ! and the waves shall cast thee up,
Where thou and false Achates first set foot ;
Which, if it chance, I'll give ye burial,
And weep upon your lifeless carcasses,

Though thou nor he will pity me a whit.
Why star'st thou in my face? If thou wilt stay,
Leap in mine arms; mine arms are open wide;
If not, turn from me, and I'll turn from thee:
For though thou hast the power to say, farewell!
I have not power to stay thee.—[Exit Æneas.] Is
he gone?

Aye, but he'll come again; he cannot go;
He loves me too, too well to serve me so:
Yet he that in my sight would not relent,
Will, being absent, be obdurate still:
By this is he got to the water-side;
And see, the sailors take him by the hand;
But he shrinks back; and now, rememb'ring me,
Returns amain: welcome, welcome, my love!
But where's Æneas? Ah! he's gone, he's gone!

Enter ANNA.

ANNA. What means my sister, thus to rave and
cry?

DIDO. O Anna! my Æneas is aboard,
And, leaving me, will sail to Italy.
Once did'st thou go, and he came back again;
Now bring him back, and thou shalt be a queen,
And I will live a private life with him.

ANNA. Wicked Æneas!

DIDO. Call him not wicked, sister; speak him
fair,
And look upon him with a mermaid's eye:
Tell him, I never vow'd at Aulis' gulf
The desolation of his native Troy,

Nor sent a thousand ships unto the walls,
Nor ever violated faith to him ;
Request him gently, Anna, to return :
I crave but this,—he stay a tide or two,
That I may learn to bear it patiently :
If he depart thus suddenly, I die.
Run, Anna, run! stay not to answer me.

ANNA. I go, fair sister! heaven grant good success!
[Exit.

Enter the NURSE.

NURSE. O Dido! your little son Ascanius
Is gone! He lay with me last night,
And in the morning he was stol'n from me :
I think, some fairies have beguiled me.

DIDO. O cursed hag! and false dissembling
wretch!

That slay'st me with thy harsh and hellish tale,
Thou, for some petty gift, hast let him go,
And I am thus deluded of my boy :
Away with her to prison presently!
Trait'ress too keen! and cursed sorceress!

NURSE. I know not what you mean by treason, I,
I am as true as any one of yours. [Exit.

DIDO. Away with her! Suffer her not to speak!
My sister comes; I like not her sad looks.

Re-enter ANNA.

ANNA. Before I came, Æneas was aboard,
And spying me, hoist up the sails amain;
But I cry'd out, ' Æneas! false Æneas! stay!'
Then 'gan he wag his hand, which, yet held up,

Made me suppose, he would have heard me speak ;
Then 'gan they drive into the ocean ;
Which, when I view'd, I cry'd, ' Æneas, stay !
Dido, fair Dido wills Æneas' stay !'
Yet he, whose heart's of adamant or flint,
My tears nor plaints could mollify a whit.
Then carelessly I rent my hair for grief ;
Which seen to all, though he beheld me not,
They 'gan to move him to redress my ruth,
And stay awhile to hear what I could say ;
But he, clapp'd under hatches, sail'd away.

DIDO. O Anna ! Anna ! I will follow him.

ANNA. How can ye go, when he hath all your fleet ?

DIDO. I'll frame me wings of wax, like Icarus,
And, o'er his ship, will soar unto the sun,
That they may melt, and I fall in his arms ;
Or else, I'll make a prayer unto the waves,
That I may swim to him, like Triton's niece :
O Anna ! fetch Orion's harp,
That I may 'tice a dolphin to the shore,
And ride upon his back unto my love !
Look, sister, look ! lovely Æneas' ships ;
See ! see ! the billows heave him up to heaven,
And now down fall the keels into the deep :
O sister, sister ! take away the rocks ;
They'll break his ships. O Proteus ! Neptune ! Jove !
Save, save Æneas ; Dido's liefest love !
Now is he come on shore safe, without hurt ;
But, see ! Achates wills him put to sea,
And all the sailors merry make for joy ;

But he, rememb'ring me, shrinks back again :
See where he comes ; welcome ! welcome, my love !

ANNA. Ah, sister, leave these idle fantasies :
Sweet sister ! cease ; remember who you are.

DIDO. Dido I am, unless I be deceiv'd ;
And must I rave thus for a runagate ?
Must I make ships for him to sail away ?
Nothing can bear me to him but a ship,
And he hath all my fleet. What shall I do,
But die in fury of this oversight ?
Aye, I must be the murd'rer of myself ;
No, but I am not ; yet I will be straight.
Anna, be glad ; now have I found a mean
To rid me from these thoughts of lunacy :
Not far from hence there is a woman famous'd for arts,
Daughter unto the nymphs Hesperides,
Who will'd me sacrifice his 'ticing reliques :
Go, Anna, bid my servants bring me fire. [*Exit Anna.*

Enter IARBAS.

IAR. How long will Dido mourn a stranger's flight
That hath dishonour'd her and Carthage both ?
How long shall I with grief consume my days,
And reap no guerdon for my truest love ?

DIDO. Iarbas, talk not of Æneas ; let him go ;
Lay to thy hands, and help me make a fire,
That shall consume all that this stranger left ;
For I intend a private sacrifice,
To cure my mind, that melts for unkind love.

IAR. But, afterwards, will Dido grant me love ?

DIDO. Aye, aye, Iarbas, after this is done,

None in the world shall have my love but thou ;

[*They make a fire.*]

So, leave me now ; let none approach this place.

[*Erit Iarbas.*]

Now, Dido, with these reliques burn thyself,

And make Æneas famous through the world

For perjury and slaughter of a queen.

Here lies the sword that in the darksome cave

He drew, and swore by, to be true to me :

Thou shalt burn first ; thy crime is worse than his.

Here lies the garment which cloth'd him in

When first he came on shore ; perish thou too !

These letters, lines, and perjur'd papers, all

Shall burn to cinders in this precious flame.

And now, ye gods, that guide the starry frame,

And order all things at your high dispose,

Grant, though the traitors land in Italy,

They may be still tormented with unrest ;

And, from mine ashes, let a conqueror rise,

That may revenge this treason to a queen,

By ploughing up his countries with the sword.

Betwixt this land and that be never league,

Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas

*Imprecor : arma armis : pugnent ipsique nepotes :**

Live, false Æneas ! truest Dido dies !

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

[*She casts herself into the fire.*]

* Virgil.

Enter ANNA.

ANNA. O help, Iarbas ! Dido, in these flames,
Hath burnt herself ! ah, me ! unhappy me !

Enter IARBAS, running.

IAR. Cursed Iarbas ! die to expiate
The grief that tires upon thine inward soul :
Dido, I come to thee. Ah, me, Æneas !

[Kills himself.

ANNA. What can my tears or cries prevail me now ?
Dido is dead, Iarbas slain ; Iarbas, my dear love !
O sweet Iarbas ! Anna's sole delight ;
What fatal destiny envies me thus,
To see my sweet Iarbas slay himself ?
But Anna now shall honour thee in death,
And mix her blood with thine ; this shall I do,
That gods and men may pity this my death,
And rue our ends, senseless of life or breath :
Now, sweet Iarbas, stay ! I come to thee.

[Kills herself.

THE END OF VOL. II

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